MY VOYAGE IN THE ★ UNITED STATES ★ FRIGATE "CONGRESS"

ELIZABETH-DOUGLAS-VAN DENBURGH

1605

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MY VOYAGE IN THE U. S. FRIGATE "CONGRESS"

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Admiral Samuel Francis Du Pont, U. S. Navy

MY VOYAGE IN THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "CONGRESS"

BY

ELIZABETH DOUGLAS VAN DENBURGH

New York
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OFFICERS OF THE U. S. FRIGATE "CONGRESS,"
1845-1846.

Robert F. Stockton	*Commodore*
Samuel Francis Du Pont	*Commander*
John W. Livingston	*1st Lieutenant*
James F. Schenck	*2d Lieutenant*
Theodore P. Green	*3d Lieutenant*
A. F. V. Gray	*4th Lieutenant*
Richard L. Tilghman	*5th Lieutenant*
Enoch G. Parrott	*6th Lieutenant*
Samuel Moseley	*Fleet Surgeon*
John S. Whittle	*Past Assistant Surgeon*
Charles Eversfield	*Assistant Surgeon*
William Speiden	*Purser*
Walter Colton	*Chaplain*
Van Rensslaer Morgan	*Master*
J. Parker Norris	*Commodore's Secretary*
George Hyde	*Commodore's Clerk*
Constantine Sargeant	*Purser's Clerk*
Edward F. Beale	*Acting Master*
John Guest	*Passed Midshipman*
William H. Thompson	*Passed Midshipman*
James M. Duncan	*Passed Midshipman*
Miles K. Warrington	*Passed Midshipman*
Charles H. Baldwin	*Passed Midshipman*
Maurice Simons	*Passed Midshipman*
Samuel E. Elliott	*Midshipman*
Theodoric Lee	*Midshipman*
Archibald H. Warring	*Midshipman*
Benjamin F. Wells	*Midshipman*
Josiah Stoddard Byers	*Midshipman*
William Mitchell	*Midshipman*
Godfrey de Donallier	*Midshipman*
Captain Zeiland	*Marines*

956881

WARRANT OFFICERS

George Smith	*Boatswain*
Charles Cobb	*Gunner*
John Southwick	*Carpenter*
John Reed	*Sail-maker*
Band of sixteen men	Seamen, over 400

PASSENGERS

Anthony Ten Eyck, U. S. Commissioner to Hawaii, his wife, and his children, Egbert and Harriet, from Detroit, Mich. A friend, Miss Harriet Johnson. A maid, Ellen.

Joel Turrill, U. S. Consul-General to Hawaii, his wife, and his children, Elizabeth Douglas, William, and Mary Hubbard.

William Henry Hubbard, U. S. Vice-Consul to Hawaii, from Buffalo, N. Y.

PERSONS MENTIONED

Alexander G. Abel, U. S. Consul, Honolulu.
Rev. Richard Armstrong, Honolulu.
Capt. Bailey, Whale Ship "Citizen."
Hon. George Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy.
Rev. Mr. Bell, Norfolk.
Mr. P. A. Brinsmade, Honolulu.
Admiral Brown, U. S. N., 1844.
George Brown, U. S. Commissioner, Honolulu.
Lieut. Browning, U. S. N., 1844.
Mr. Burkhead, Rio.
Gen. Castillia, President of Peru.
Dr. Christie, U. S. A.
Mr. Cox, Valparaiso.
Commodore Dallas, U. S. N.
Rev. Samuel C. Damon, Seamen's Chaplain.
Hon. John A. Dix, New York.
Mr. Dorr, U. S. Consul, Valparaiso.
Rev. Mr. Dwight, Norfolk.
Mr. Ferguson, U. S. N. Storekeeper.
Azariah C. Flagg, Comptroller, N. Y.
Dr. Foltz, U. S. N.
Mr. Foster, Alsop House, Lima.
Dr. Gallagher, Callao.
Mr. Gerrett, Rio.
Hon. Ransom H. Gillett, Ogdensburg, N. Y.
Capt. T. H. Gregory, U. S. N.
Capt. Harding, Merchant Ship.
Lieut. Hemsworth, British Navy.
Capt. Henry, U. S. N.

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Mr. Hobson, Valparaiso.
Mr. William Hooper, Honolulu.
Mr. Oliver Ellsworth Hosmer, New York.
Mr. Alfred Hubbard, Middletown, Conn.
Mr. Hudson, U. S. N.
Mr. Hughes, U. S. N.
Lieut. Hunter, U. S. N.
Capt. Jenny, Whale Ship "Meteor."
Mr. Jewett, Chargé d'Affaires, Lima.
Mr. Johnson, Vice-Consul, Callao.
Mr. Johnson, Naval Storekeeper, Callao.
Dr. Gerrett P. Judd, Honolulu.
King Kamehameha III., Hawaiian Islands.
Gov. M. Kekuanaoa, Oahu.
Mr. John Ladd, Honolulu.
Bolitha Laro, Designer of Fortress Monroe.
Samuel Parsons Lathrop, Richmond, Va.
Lieut. Leadbetter, U. S. A.
Lieut. Maury, U. S. N.
Gen. William Miller, H. B. M.'s Consul.
Gen. Oribes, Brazil.
Gorham C. Parks, U. S. Consul, Rio.
Lieut. Pierce, U. S. A.
Lieut. Phelps, U. S. A.
James K. Polk, President.
Lieut. Porter, U. S. N., 1844.
Mr. Prescott, U. S. Consul, Lima.
Gov. Prieto, Valparaiso.
John Ricord, Attorney-General, Honolulu.
Capt. Road, Canal Packet.
Mr. Peter Robinson, Valparaiso.
Gen. Rosas, Brazil.
Commodore Rousseau, U. S. N.
Gen. Mariscal Santa Cruz, President of Bolivia.

Capt. Scott, Valparaiso.
Lieut. Shepherd, U. S. N.
Hon. George C. Sherman, Watertown, N. Y.
Lieut. John Smead, U. S. A.
Rev. Lowell Smith, Honolulu.
Thomas H. Stevens, U. S. Naval Storekeeper, Honolulu.
Ex-President Tyler.
Rev. Mr. Trumbull, Seamen's Chaplain, Valparaiso.
Lieutenant-Commander Turner, U. S. N.
Mr. Upcott, Chargé d'Affaires, Lima.
Capt. Voorhees, U. S. N., 1844.
Ex-President Martin Van Buren.
Theodoric Lee Walker, U. S. N.
Mr. Walsh, U. S. N.
Capt. Walsh, Valparaiso.
Mr. William Ward, Valparaiso.
Mr. Warring, British Consul, Norfolk, Va.
Henry A. Wise, U. S. Minister, Rio.
Dr. R. W. Wood, Marine Hospital, Honolulu.
Gov. Silas Wright, Jr., New York.
R. C. Wyllie, Minister of Foreign Relations, Honolulu.

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I

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven. (Psalms CVII, 23d to 30th verse.)

II

To see the past as it really was is the first delight of man, and the noblest, I may add the most useful of his curiosities. It is always good to know the truth.—Ernest Renan.

Copied from Letter-Book in the Archives of the Navy Department—Bureau of Navigation—December, 1912.

(p. 401) *Navy Department,* October 17, 1845.

Com. R. F. Stockton,
Comdg. U. S. S. Congress, Norfolk.

Commodore:—So soon as the U. S. frigate, of which you have volunteered to take the command, shall be in all respects ready for sea, and you shall have received Messrs. Ten Eyck and Turrill, the Commissioner and Consul to the Sandwich Islands, you will proceed directly to the Pacific, touching at such ports as you may think proper.

On reaching the Pacific, you will by letter, as often as occasion offers, inform Commodore Sloat of your approach, and will, in the meantime, make the best of your way to the Sandwich Islands. You will there land Messrs. Ten Eyck and Turrill at the place of their destination. During your presence at the Islands you will do all in your power to cherish on the part of their government, good feelings towards the United States. You may find there United States stores of which you may avail yourself.

Having done this duty at the Sandwich Islands, you will next proceed with all dispatch to perform the special duty assigned you by the sealed instructions which you are not to open till you pass the Capes of Virginia.

H [sic] You will communicate to all the officers under your command the orders of this Department that no one be concerned in a duel.

Commending you and your ship company to the protection

of Divine Providence, and wishing you a pleasant cruise and a safe return to your country and friends, I am,

Very respectfully,

GEORGE BANCROFT.

(p. 401) *Navy Department,* October 17, 1845.

COM. R. F. STOCKTON,

Comdg. U. S. S. Congress, Norfolk.

Commodore:—The President relies on your co-operating zeal to get the Congress with Messrs. Ten Eyck and Turrill to sea on or before Saturday the 25th instant.

Very respectfully,

GEORGE BANCROFT.

(p. 404) *Navy Department,* October 18, 1845.

COM. R. F. STOCKTON,

Comdg. U. S. S. Congress, Norfolk.

Commodore:—The sealed package which this letter encloses, you will not open till you are beyond the Capes of Virginia. Very respectfully,

GEORGE BANCROFT.

MY VOYAGE IN THE U. S. FRIGATE "CONGRESS"

MY VOYAGE IN THE U. S. FRIGATE "CONGRESS"

1845-1846

My father, Joel Turrill, about the first of August, 1845, received the appointment of U. S. Consul-General to the Sandwich Islands, from President James K. Polk. They had been in Congress together and were old friends. He expected to sail with his family in a regular packet-ship from Boston some time during October. From ten to twelve months were required for letters to reach the Islands and answers returned to the United States, at that time.

As the Commissioner and Consul then at the Islands were each of them "persona non grata" to the Hawaiian Government, the President decided to send the newly appointed Representatives out in a war-ship, and orders from Washington to join the U. S. Frigate

"Congress" at Norfolk, to sail the last day of September, hurried us off south.

Having broken up our home and taken leave of relatives and friends, we left my native place, Oswego, N. Y., at six o'clock Thursday evening, September 26th, and started in a canal packet, commanded by Captain Road, for our destination in the Pacific. The Seneca and Oneida rivers unite to form the Oswego river, which flows northwest from the junction for nearly twenty-five miles and empties at the city of Oswego into the great Lake Ontario. The river makes many miles of the canal; the various falls are overcome by locks. The scenery along the river banks is singularly beautiful during the autumn, when the foliage is tinged with varied bright hues peculiar to the season. We lingered over the landscape and watched the lake and city fading from view as distance increased and light grew dim; it was our long farewell. We three children were much amused when going through the locks, sometimes for safety going below, sometimes being accompanied along the narrow tow-path to watch the slow process. Mother's brother, William

U. S. FRIGATE "CONGRESS"

My a

that

Washington 20 September 1845

My dear Sir /

The President requests me to inform you that the Congress is now ready for sea; but will be detained for Mr Jon Eyck & yourself, if you will proceed to Norfolk without delay. He deems it for the public interest, that you should go to the Hawaiian Islands in a vessel of war; but he desires that the Congress should sail as speedily as possible. She will be detained for you a sufficient time to enable you to reach her.

With sentiments of respect, I remain

truly yours

James Buchanan

Hon: Jack Turrill.

Henry Hubbard, going to assist in Consular duties at Lahaina, Maui, was of our party. Darkness reconciled us to being early stowed away on tiers of narrow shelves curtained off from the saloon. Owing to the excitement and fatigue of departure, neither the thumping against the locks, the shouting to the tandem team, nor the tramping on deck overhead, prevented our sleeping. Our baggage for the long journey and several years' absence was bulky. Daylight Friday morning found us among the fleets of canal boats at Syracuse, N. Y. At nine o'clock we transferred to the cars for Utica, after an early breakfast at the Syracuse Hotel. At noon we changed cars in the Utica depot for Albany, which city we reached about five the same afternoon. Fellow passengers with us on the train were Hon. George C. Sherman and wife, of Watertown, N. Y., he on his way to attend the Court of Errors; also Mr. Alfred Hubbard of Middletown. The four cousins, Mrs. Mary Ann Sherman, Mrs. Mary Sullivan Turrill, Mr. Alfred Hubbard, and Mr. William Henry Hubbard, were never again all together. Mr. Alfred was returning

to the old homestead, built by his great-grandfather, and occupied by the grandfather of these four cousins, located on land once the camping ground of the great Pequot Chief Sassacus. At the Albany depot, Governor Silas Wright, Jr., and Comptroller Azariah C. Flagg, with their wives, met us for a hurried farewell. Having been specially invited, Mother and I hastened to call on Mrs. Shattuck, and she, with Mrs. Sarah Plumb Jenkins, rode in the carriage with us to the Hudson River boat, where Father and Uncle William had preceded us with Willie, Mary, and the baggage.

As Mrs. Jenkins had recently returned from Montevideo, Brazil, she was able to give us valuable advice in regard to our prospective voyage.

Living there during the cruel tyranny of Rosas, she had suffered for food, as no cattle were allowed to be driven into Montevideo, and other supplies were short. Her garden extended to the water-front, and her wall bristled with cannon, and the situation became so uncomfortable, if not unsafe, that she deemed it best to escape. She had sailed in the " Con-

gress," and had tasted water kept in her large iron tanks three years, and still perfectly good. From her brief trip (probably up the Brazil coast to Rio) she formed the highest opinion of the frigate.

In the *Army and Navy Journal,* mention is made of the "Congress," then on the home-stretch of her first cruise, going in May, 1844, from Rio de Janeiro to Montevideo, to look after American interests, the chronic war being in force. "The city was blockaded and besieged, and the American ships and people ashore complained loudly of the scarcity and high prices of provisions. Captain Voorhees, of the "Congress," applied to the authorities to be allowed to send our people some beef, but his request was denied with a rather short reply, which so offended the Captain, that he sent Lieutenant Browning with peremptory written instructions to get the beef for the Americans on penalty of breaking the blockade, if refused.

"Lieutenants Browning and Porter went out to General Oribes' camp and had a fairly satisfactory interview, and got permission to ar-

range with Admiral Brown, commanding the blockade, about supplying our people with provisions, which was done, to Captain Voorhees' satisfaction, and any American ship, bearing permission from him could provision when and where seemed best, which was considered a great victory for the Americans, as such arrangements were denied to all other applicants."

We left Albany at six o'clock that evening on the new steamboat "Oregon," splendid in white enamel and gilding. Another old and valued friend, Hon. John A. Dix, returning to New York, spent the evening with us and accompanied us to the table. Owing to the crowd of passengers, and the closing of the dining-saloon doors just as we reached them, after tedious standing and pushing in line, we were obliged to wait until eight o'clock for our supper. Many passengers were compelled to spend the night in chairs or on the cabin floor. At daybreak we reached New York, and went directly to the City Hotel.

Early we exchanged calls with our cousin, Mr. Oliver Ellsworth Hosmer, and his family,

who assisted us greatly with our shopping. Father's consular full-dress uniform, to be made after government directions and designs, could not be completed under three weeks, as the oak leaf and acorn pattern embroidered with gold thread around the coat required that length of time, even when done by two men, each taking half, consequently it was ordered, to be forwarded when finished. He purchased the required cocked hat and sword, to be worn on state occasions. It was necessary to lengthen the longest sword belt considerably to fit his girth, he standing over six feet, and being large in proportion. Dresses for mother were also to be sent when finished. Lieutenant Leadbetter, U. S. A., and his wife left their cards while we were doing errands. Mother packed, that evening, as time was limited. Uncle William took me to Niblo's Garden on Broadway, where we witnessed a theatrical performance and saw a variety of plants, fountains, and tables for refreshments. Most of all, I enjoyed the music and the lighted garden.

Father informed President Polk that he would comply with his request and arrive

in Norfolk, Va., by the 30th, the date appointed for the frigate to go to sea. To keep this engagement, we were obliged to hasten away from New York on Sunday morning, September 28th. We crossed the ferry to Jersey City, where we met the Hon. Ransom H. Gillett and his wife, old friends from Ogdensburg, N. Y., whose company we enjoyed all the way to Baltimore, they being en route to Washington. Mr. Gillett and my father were Representatives from the State of New York at the same time. He gave me a book, bound in white, "Evangeline, or the Sinless Child."

We took the train for Philadelphia, dined there, at the United States Hotel, and transferred to the cars for Baltimore. It was some time before the train started, but when it did, we ran at the rate of two miles in five minutes, considered remarkably rapid, and we arrived at Baltimore at eleven o'clock the same night. The cars were not lighted till long after dark. Some passengers entering at one of the stations remarked aloud, "These people love darkness rather than light—their deeds must be evil." Father immediately dispatched a note to the

President, informing him that he was in Baltimore, expecting to reach Norfolk at the appointed time. We accomplished more shopping in Baltimore the next day, and left at four o'clock in the afternoon in the steamboat "Jewess." The newly appointed Commissioner, Mr. Ten Eyck, with his invalid wife, his little son Egbert and his baby daughter Harriet, with her nurse Eliza, also their friend Miss Harriet Johnson, made the number twelve, including both families, hastening on to sail in the "Congress." These passengers then met for the first time. After a tedious trip, with a crowd of people, we reached Norfolk, Va., early next morning, and all took rooms at French's Hotel, on Main Street.

The gentlemen lost no time in reporting our arrival, only to learn that our promptitude availed nothing.

The frigate was ready for sea, the Hon. Secretary of the Navy, George Bancroft, had paid his farewell visit and received a parting salute, the officers had bid adieu to their families and friends, not expecting to see them again for three or four years, when the orders came to

carry our twelve passengers, the very day that we presented ourselves, prompt to the hour. No provision for us on board, Commodore Stockton and Captain Du Pont both absent. It was a serious dilemma. On Wednesday, October 1st, Captain Du Pont returned. A consultation was held over the situation. Meanwhile my uncle, Mr. Samuel Parsons Lathrop, came from Richmond to spend several days with us. He introduced us to Mrs. Moseley, formerly Miss Adams, a niece of Dr. Samuel Moseley, Fleet Surgeon to sail with us. When he left for his home, Miss Johnson availed herself of the chance to accompany him, to visit friends at Richmond. Officers of the frigate call frequently, and express themselves happy in the prospect of having ladies on board during the long voyage. The "Congress" band gave us a charming serenade. On Thursday, Father and Mr. Ten Eyck went, for the first time, on board the "Congress," anchored near shore. She is spoken of as "the pride of the Navy." A description of her in the *Army and Navy Journal* states that the keel was laid at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1839, she was launched in 1841,

United States Frigate "Congress"

and put into commission May 6, 1842. She ranks as a first-class frigate, a magnificent ship. When ready for a cruise, carries nearly five hundred men. Complete she cost $400,000. Her dimensions were: length, 179 feet; beam, 47.8; hold, 22.8; and originally a maximum draft of 22.6 feet. Her last sailing trim varied from 14 to 22 inches by the stern. She carried fifty guns, eight 8-inch and forty-two 32-pounders. She was the fourth vessel in the regular Navy to bear the name "Congress."

Mother and I returned Mrs. Moseley's call and met her two daughters and Miss Sharp. Commodore Stockton returned, so we learned it is decided to build a cabin, with staterooms, storeroom, and pantry, across the stern of the spar deck with poop deck above, with a skylight, for our accommodation. About thirty carpenters and mechanics will be employed, striving to complete the work in three or four weeks. These quarters will be handsomely furnished, to be occupied by the Commodore after we land at Honolulu. The mosquitoes annoy us greatly. We sleep under nets. Walking around town helps to pass the time

of our unexpected detention. We visited the old brick church, St. Paul's, on Church Street, near Main Street, built in the form of a cross, in 1739, and twice restored. High on the wall on the south wing a cannon ball struck, fired in 1776 by the English, under Lord Cornwallis, at the time most of Norfolk was destroyed by fire. Many old gravestones and monuments in the yard are extremely interesting. The oldest inscription is:

"HERE LYETH THE BODY OF DOROTHY FARRELL WHO DECEASED THE 18TH OF JANUARY 1673."

On a stone to the memory of William Cooper's two wives are these quaint lines:

"Behold the grave, how low I lie,
As you are now, so once was I,
But as I am, so you must be,
Prepare for death, and follow me."

This style seems to have prevailed in early days, as similar verses are seen on old stones in New England towns.

Our first Sunday at Norfolk was October

5th. Mrs. Ten Eyck and Mother attended Christ Church with Miss French. Rev. Mr. Bell preached. The people of Norfolk seem to be church-goers, for large congregations of various denominations assemble, of whom a large proportion are men. Commodore Stockton spent an hour with us Monday. He is extremely kind and promises to do all in his power to make our life comfortable while on his ship. He invited us to accompany him to the "Brandywine," just returned from China. My parents, Uncle William, Mr. Ten Eyck, and myself formed the party. We walked to the wharf where the Commodore's gig was waiting, changed our plans, and visited first the "Congress," anchored near shore. We noticed we were discerned from the frigate, as flags were draped around the ladders and men assembled about the gangway. We were received with ceremony by Captain Du Pont and officers, and were filled with admiration as they escorted us over the spar and gun decks, explaining much that was novel and new to us. The beauty of the flush deck, so much admired, will be marred in the estimation of many, by

the building of the new quarters. Next we were rowed to the "Brandywine," thus seeing her under most favorable circumstances. The "Vandalia," which suffered so severely from yellow fever, was pointed out to us, lying dismantled, awaiting the disinfecting action of frost. Keeping on, we visited the Navy Yard, and finally returned in the same gig, with appetites keen for the delicious oysters served here. We enjoyed also fresh figs and pomegranates.

The next day Commodore Stockton left for Washington on business, and to visit his family at Princeton. We have become acquainted with the British Consul, Mr. Warring, and his wife, and the Vice-Consul, who all board at French's Hotel. They have been in the United States only six weeks. Ex-President Tyler, with his wife and daughter, spent a day here. Mrs. Tyler wears her hair curled on her neck and looks quite youthful. Egbert Ten Eyck and brother Willie made several raids upon clams, mussels, crabs, and other marine treasures, dear to boys, and brought back plenty of mud.

Our quarters will be handsomely furnished at the Commodore's expense. We are to supply our bedding, table equipage, and provisions, and are busy marking dozens of towels, napkins, and handkerchiefs, to hem at our leisure. The Commodore tells us it would be useless to take servants unaccustomed to the sea. A steward, a cook, and two servants will be assigned us, we to pay them as agreed.

The officers had all taken leave of their families for a three or four years' cruise. Chaplain Walter Colton and Lieutenant I. Zeilan were just married. Nearly all availed themselves of the delay to go home and will be obliged to repeat their farewells. The detention is expensive to them, as well as to us. It is specially inconvenient for my Father, because the Consul is paid by regulated fees after he enters on his duties, while the Commissioner draws a salary from the date of his appointment. For economy the Ten Eyck family moved to lodgings in Portsmouth. We intend soon to change, for the same reason. Commodore Stockton returned Thursday, the 9th, with news as to our early departure. The

next day we moved to a boarding-house on Main Street, one block below French's Hotel, where we secured pleasant front rooms.

The police bell rings at eight o'clock evenings. No colored person can venture out after that hour without a pass. Black servants around us appear competent in their several departments, attentive, obliging, happy, amused at trifles, ever ready to laugh or sing, in fact, quite like children. Wailing and shrieks, with blows and harsh scoldings now and then, we frequently hear during the still evening hours, alternating with cheerful singing and laughter. We understand these varied sounds come from a pen or a jail close by, where slaves are confined while waiting to be sold. We have not yet seen them nor visited the place. Father's belief that selling men and women as slaves in "the land of the free," is inconsistent, is well known. Governor Silas Wright, at Albany, N. Y., February 28, 1845, in a letter to a mutual friend mentions this fact as follows: "I cannot omit to mention one of the official acts of the Judge as an evidence of the soundness of his views and feelings upon a

very important subject. He was a member of the select committee of which Mr. Pinckney, of South Carolina, was the chairman, to which was referred the subject of the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, the committee consisting, I think, of one Member from each State. I speak what I know, when I say that Judge Turrill was mainly and principally instrumental in making that report what it was, as I think, putting that question upon the true and sound ground."

We experienced the first real storm since we left Oswego, on Sunday the 12th; consequently remained quietly in the house.

Several independent military companies turned out the next day, in full uniform, a fine display, to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Yorktown. We continue preparations for the voyage. One afternoon Miss Mary Moseley escorted little Mary and myself for a walk. Among various points of interest, we passed several very old and curiously constructed buildings, had a fine view at the water front, and saw the "Pennsylvania," a large receiving ship which has remained here, at an-

chor, several years. It was after sunset when we returned. Mr. and Mrs. Warring called. We occupy our time writing letters, sewing, shopping, sightseeing, and waiting—principally waiting!

On the 18th, Father and Mother went to Portsmouth, and with Mr. and Mrs. Ten Eyck met a steward from the frigate, to consult about provisions for our mess. The following list was decided upon, with the understanding that stores could be replenished when required, at the ports we enter:

3 bbls. of flour
¾ bbl. hard bread
½ bbl. soda biscuit
½ bbl. kiln-dried meal
1 bbl. crushed white sugar
1 bbl. brown sugar
60 lbs. rice
½ bbl. superior corned beef
½ bbl. salt pork
4 dozen hams
2 dozen smoked tongues
3 pieces smoked beef
4 pieces middling bacon
12 bars soap

½ bbl. No. 1 mackerel
20 lbs. superior black tea
2 lbs. green tea
3 dozen fowls
4 pigs
2 dozen ducks
3 turkeys
} all alive
24 dozen eggs
2 bbls. fresh apples
½ bushel dried apples
½ bushel dried peaches
2 lbs. black pepper
6 boxes table salt
½ box vermicelli

U. S. FRIGATE "CONGRESS"

1 100-lb. keg of best butter
1 bushel white beans
½ bushel black-eyed beans
1 bushel split peas
3 jars pickles
3 bbls. Irish potatoes
1 bbl. sweet potatoes
2 kegs smoked salmon
6 lbs. rice flour
10 gallons molasses
50 lbs. superior codfish
1 bag Java coffee
3 bottles mustard
1 bushel onions
1 box herring
2 lbs. ginger
1 50-lb. keg of lard
1 quarter fresh beef
2 hind quarters mutton
20 lbs. cheese
1 bushel walnuts
½ bushel hickory nuts
¾ lb. assorted spices
½ box macaroni
1 box raisins
6 bottles tomato catsup
1 bottle walnut catsup
1 bottle mushroom catsup
1 bottle Ashburton catsup
1 bottle anchovy catsup
Fresh vegetables, assorted
5 lbs. dried currants
1 box lemons
Sweet herbs, assorted
½ dozen jars preserves
10 lbs. soft shell almonds
½ lb. cayenne pepper
1 bottle Indian curry
2 bottles capers
½ dozen bottles olive oil
Sweet chocolate
Cocoa

Private stores and medicines will be taken in the staterooms by each family as fancied. A new milch goat was proposed, but none could be obtained, so we had no milk.

Mrs. Crocker, a teacher who boards here, has twice taken Mary to visit her school. The

last Sunday evening we were here she, with a clergyman named Dwight, kindly escorted us to the Methodist Church. Next evening young ladies in the house sent to our rooms to ask me to come into the parlor and play the piano for them to dance. I complied, and we enjoyed the amusement.

In the instructions given to the Commissioner and Consul, the President mentioned the tendency of the chiefs and natives generally, at the Sandwich Islands, to indulge in intoxicating drink, and he requested them each to exert all possible influence to counteract this increasing evil and set an example of temperance. My father resolved to comply faithfully with this request during his entire term of office, from that hour, upon all occasions.

Oct. 24th. Father and Mr. Ten Eyck bought sea stores according to the list, while Mother and Mrs. Ten Eyck selected crockery, hardware, and sundries. Uncle William took me to the Navy Yard, which is next in importance to the one at Brooklyn, N. Y. He explained things as we explored. We saw two large unfinished ships protected under ship's

houses. The "Congress" was there, the cabin designed for us just being finished. Several other ships, unrigged, lay in the river. It was a fine sight, and the weather delightful. Portsmouth is less than a mile from Norfolk, on the other side of the Elizabeth River. It is impossible to describe the noise and bustle of the vast number of workmen, at the foundries, machine shops, waterway, and yards, where building new, and altering or repairing old, vessels for the U. S. Service is done. A pleasant park, around which are houses occupied by Navy officers and their families, contains many relics in the way of captured cannon, guns, anchors, chains, and various things rescued from wrecks or valued as historical. Numerous antiquated and curious arms are exhibited in the Armory. A short distance beyond the Yard is Trinity Church, another interesting ancient structure, built in 1762 and restored in 1829. It occupies a corner, is inclosed by a wall, and its burying ground contains many quaint headstones.

Darkies of all ages and shades of complexion abound in the neighborhood. Later

the "Congress" came to anchor off shore at Norfolk once more, in perfect condition from stem to stern, from the hands of the workmen at the Navy Yard. We were notified that all was ready for us and for sea. Our long-anticipated day of departure had come at last; consequently, Saturday, October 25, 1845, our baggage went to the landing and off in boats sent for it. At half past ten, a cutter came for us. We were officially received by the officers and men, with draped gangway, side boys, boatswain's pipe, etc., all of which I am unable to describe in nautical terms. Soon as we stepped on board, a salute of thirteen guns thundered in honor of the U. S. Commissioner and Consul. Order was given to unmoor and the frigate immediately got under way, towed by a steamer fastened alongside, proceeding with a light land wind. On arriving at Hampton Roads, disappointment prevailed when she cast anchor only three miles from Old Point Comfort. The usual salute was fired when we were opposite the town of Norfolk, and another as we passed the "Pennsylvania," which she immediately returned. We are

likely to become accustomed to the noise and smell of powder. After enjoying the beauty of the sail, standing on the poop deck, we descended and took possession of our cabin, which presented a scene of utmost confusion, in strong contrast to the complete order which reigned elsewhere through the entire ship. Our baggage, stores, everything, were piled and crowded, so there was not standing room, much less any place to sit down. We proceeded to unpack and arrange as rapidly as possible, expecting to go to sea the next day, fearing seasickness would then render us unable to settle or give directions. The Commodore selected for us as cook and steward a first-rate young colored man, who has been in his employ a dozen years. His name is Ananias Hubbard. To assist him, and wait on us, two white boys are assigned, Thomas and James. Already we find them invaluable in sorting and arranging things, and making us comfortable.

The contents of our sea-chests are stowed in the large lockers under the long sofa, which extends across the rear of our cabin, in front of the two square stern windows, formerly

portholes for big guns—as are all the windows of the staterooms—why called lockers, only a sailor can tell, as there certainly are no locks. We raise the cushions, open the lids, and cram in—the Commissioner's goods, larboard, the Consul's goods starboard, contrary to etiquette, but convenient and satisfactory. A good-sized storeroom near the starboard cabin door, and a pantry like it by the larboard cabin door, hold a vast amount and have good locks to the doors, which open on the deck. Our large staterooms contain each a bureau, washstand, shelves, hooks, all convenient, besides wide berths, space for one trunk, and room enough for dressing comfortably. A bookcase in the cabin has drawers under it, and the large sideboard between the front doors, with its various compartments, accommodates the silver, cutlery, table linen, sweetmeats, catsup, pickles, etc., while on its top, the pitchers, glassware, candlesticks, all rest secure. All the furniture is firmly fastened in place except the chairs, which can be lashed under the table when necessary.

The beautiful Brussels carpets are covered with sailcloth and the curtains taken down at

sea, leaving blinds on front doors only. Sealed orders are to be opened outside the Capes of Virginia. The Commodore and Captain thoughtfully invited us all to dine with them in their spacious cabin beneath ours, which was our first meal on board. A truly kind attention. Our hosts considerately excused us from wine, for reasons previously stated. Late in the evening we were sufficiently unpacked and arranged to admit of having the berths made up, so the weary passengers retired amid extremely novel surroundings.

Oct. 26th, Sunday. The crew assembled on the spar deck at eleven o'clock, the Commodore and officers present. We children attended with Father, standing near our quarters. Mother, inside the cabin, heard much of the brief service. Chaplain Colton is a Congregational clergyman, and uses the Episcopal form so that the men may participate. He preached an appropriate sermon from the text, "Go up now and look toward the sea." Thinking us not yet fully settled, the wardroom officers kindly invited us to dine with them, but we declined because it was the Sabbath,

and we can have our table set, after a fashion. Father and Mr. Ten Eyck addressed Commodore Stockton a note, desiring, for reasons stated, that he would fix a day for sailing, which would give a short time for further preparation.

The wind was light, still ahead, and there was little prospect of getting away for several days. The Commodore replied that the ship would be delayed until Wednesday or Thursday evening. He, with the Purser, took a passenger steamer for Washington. We lie here with scarcely more motion than if on shore, certainly an easy beginning. For the comfort of all concerned, we quietly continue to straighten out the confusion around us.

Oct. 27th, Monday. Mr. Ten Eyck went to Norfolk to purchase additional supplies, tinware, vegetables, mirrors, sundries, overlooked heretofore. It was remarked that we were not a vain company, as no person remembered the need of mirrors, and we might have departed without any. There is scarcely a breath of wind. A number of vessels near us in the "Roads" "wind-bound," as the term is when

Hon. Joel Turrill

there is no wind, add to the beauty of the scene, which at sunset or by moonlight is truly charming. Rising less than a mile from Old Point, the Rip Raps form an interesting feature of the view. Excellent fishing there attracts many visitors. Doubtless fine sea fish could be caught from our decks if lines were cast over.

Oct. 28th, Tuesday. At ten o'clock, a call to "general quarters." The promptness with which the men respond, is marvelous. We sit in our cabin, and through the open doors see the whole length of the spar deck. This is the first exercise of the guns and mock battle we have witnessed. We children have strict rules laid down by our parents and all are obedient. We are not allowed to go out of the cabin without leave, nor without escort. We may step outside, in what we consider our front yard, a space perfectly sheltered and safe, in front of the cabin, between the storeroom and pantry. The little ones sit on the cabin floor, or play on this bit of deck a great deal and do not cross the imaginary line. There is much to amuse and interest in the maneuvers and management of the ship, and the work of the

sailors, so we are perfectly reconciled to these sensible restrictions. The other place outside where we can stay and all are free to go is on the deck above us, where there are no permanent seats and chairs are not allowed. The frigate carries 400 men, is heavily freighted with provisions, fuel, water, all needed supplies for a long cruise, and a quantity of powder for the Pacific Squadron. Realizing that the children needed exercise, the officers soon arranged that towards evening they should be allowed to play around the mizzenmast. It would be difficult to tell whether the children enjoyed their play most, or the officers sharing the fun. Memories of beloved romping children now far from sight, caused this hour of freedom for our little ones to be hailed by all with delight.

Captain Du Pont sent the fifth cutter this afternoon, to convey our family to Old Point Comfort. Five young officers and Egbert Ten Eyck joined us: Messrs. Elliott, Duncan, Lee, Baldwin, and de Donallier, the last a Prussian officer with the privilege of wearing the American uniform, who makes this cruise to study naval affairs.

The water was smooth as glass, the rowing perfect, the men and oars moving as one. Landing at the Point, we walked to Fortress Monroe, where we were politely escorted about by Lieutenants Phelps and Pierce of the Army. Two hundred and fifty acres were ceded to the United States. On this land the fortress is built, including the ditch, covering about seventy acres. Built somewhat in star form, it may be described as self-protecting. The entire outside walls can be swept by its own guns, from angle to angle. A moat filled with water surrounds it. It is entered by a postern gate from a bridge. Inside are eight magazines at angles of the rows of casements. Gravel slopes lead up to the ramparts where the flag flies from the staff, the guns are mounted, and the views are fine. A parade ground in the center has seats under large oak trees, where visitors can rest, listen to the band, watch the drill, or walk about to inspect trophies, such as cannon surrendered by the British in 1777, or the gun of composition metal, green with age, bearing the date 1727, besides many other curiosities.

Bolitha Laro designed Fortress Monroe and Fort Washington. He died in 1823 and was buried beyond the settlement of Phoebus, near Mill Creek Beach, within sight of Fortress Monroe. The graves of this distinguished engineer and his wife were long neglected or unknown. A post-graduate school of artillery was established in 1824, at Fort Monroe, with frequent target practice. We inquired about Lieutenant Smead, of the Army, now in Texas, and heard his wife is here. So we surprised her by a call, she not having learned of our destination. She entertained us delightfully in her underground quarters, where no ray of sunshine and little light ever penetrates. Rows of black sheet-iron boxes standing up on the ramparts are the chimneys to these places, the gun holes in the sides of the walls are the windows, one of them being used as the kitchen sink, which drains into the moat. Ceilings are low and the apartment cold. Mrs. Smead kept us to tea, made many inquiries about mutual friends at Oswego, N. Y., where her husband was formerly stationed in Fort Ontario. She gave us a rose geranium to place in our cabin

window. We reached the "Congress" soon after sundown. Invited to dine in the ward-room. In family conclave it was decided that the children, except Elizabeth, were too young to accept dinner invitations, consequently I, only, accompanied my parents and Uncle William. Mother was seated between Lieutenants Livingston and Schenck. The drinking water looks like weak tea, being colored by juniper berries, but is not unpleasant to the taste. The "Congress" filled her tanks from the Dismal Swamp, immortalized by Moore's poem, "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp," at the time of his visit to this locality nearly one hundred years ago. A strange region, full of oddities not to be found elsewhere. Water in the Dismal Swamp canal is of a rich brown color, and is considered excellent for drinking, and anti-malarial. This canal was surveyed by Washington. It is entered through a lock, from the Elizabeth River, and extends twenty or more miles through farming and timber lands.

Oct. 29th, Wednesday. Mrs. Smead, with her son John and several ladies and gentlemen

from Fortress Monroe, arrived about noon, and were received by our officers with much attention. They brought another geranium for our window. After visiting in our cabin awhile, we were all invited to examine the ship. Mrs. Smead was again surprised on meeting the Ten Eycks, whom she had known in Detroit. In the wardroom we partook of an elegant collation, soon after which our guests left. The Ten Eycks dined in the wardroom to-day. All are busy writing letters to send off by the pilot. I keep a daily journal, the boys are too young to write well. Brother Willie is sometimes asked to join the officers on watch. He accepted one morning at a very early hour.

Oct. 30th, Thursday. Just one month from the first date appointed for our sailing. Commodore Stockton arrived in the Baltimore boat about four A.M. Anchor was weighed immediately. The ship got under way about break of day, with a light west wind. Awakened early by the commotion, we hastily dressed and all went on deck, where activity reigned. Slowly and steadily we passed into the open sea. Soon after passing Old Point at ten o'clock all

hands assembled on deck. Silence prevailed. Officers gathered on a platform on the starboard or windward side, where the Commodore joined them and he addressed them as follows:

"Captain Du Pont and Officers: You have been selected by your high reputations to aid the enterprise before us. Men, your conduct since you have been aboard this ship justifies the highest confidence in you. There aloft, goes my broad pennant—to your undaunted patriotism and reckless valor I intrust its honor —dearer to me than life. Now we sail for California and Oregon,—then, what pleases Heaven."

While he was speaking, his broad blue pennant rose to the masthead, and at the conclusion of his speech, the crew gave three hearty cheers. The Commodore then said to the Chaplain: "Mr. Chaplain, please pray Almighty God for his protection—when we are in danger, it may be too late." After a brief prayer, the band of sixteen men played "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle." All then dispersed, and the Commodore went up to the poop deck, and was saluted by the firing of thirteen guns,

then the officers proceeded in a body to congratulate him. At noon he sent for us, "children and all," to come down to his cabin; so, on this great occasion, all accepted, and partook of an elegant collation, enlivened by wit and anecdote. Toasts were drunk. Father hearing Purser Speiden (who had recently been at Washington) remark that he understood Mr. Buchanan was in favor of submitting our right to Oregon to arbitration, but that President Polk would not consent, gave as a sentiment, "The Oregon Question,—whenever that is submitted to arbitration, let it be to such arbitrators as the frigate 'Congress,' with Commodore Stockton at their head." While we were still below, the Pilot reported he was ready to leave, so we hastened on deck, to see him off, with the last mail, in the schooner "Waterwitch." As he left, part of our crew ran into the rigging to give him three rousing cheers, which his sailors returned. Going into our cabin, we were startled by the sudden firing of a gun—but soon learned it was in answer to a signal from the pilot boat. At three o'clock, I accompanied my parents and uncle to dine with the

wardroom mess, on invitation from Lieutenant Green, then the caterer. As my father remarked, "it was a most excellent dinner, well served." I enjoyed the sweet potato pudding, which was new to me, and caused much amusement when I asked Mr. Green how it was made. We watched the shore until nearly dark, which closed a day full of excitement and novel experiences.

Oct. 31st, Friday. Out of sight of land when we rose early. One sail seen in the distance. The children were called to see porpoises, quite far away. A little chipping bird, which came out to sea and cannot return, interested us greatly. It found its way into our cabin, where it fed and passed the night. Wind had continued light all night. At seven this morning, we were making only 1½ knots, but later it freshened, so speed increased to 3½ knots. Thermometer 70° in our cabin. At this time we were about fifty miles from the Cape, in seventeen fathoms of water. Men exercised the guns from ten to twelve, and just before sundown the guns were loaded with shot, as usual for sea.

Father took his station on the gun deck, this time, where Commodore Stockton was examining everything minutely. On this occasion as during the first muster, Captain Du Pont delivered his orders in a clear, prompt, and efficient manner, while the skill of the officers was all that ought to be required on any warship. The breeze increased our speed by ten o'clock to 7 knots. Temperature of the water indicated that we were getting into the Gulf Stream. Weather pleasant, the evening delightful, and at night the ocean bright in spots, presenting the appearance of fire. After dark one of the crew knocked down a marine and will be punished. Feuds are not rare between old salts and marines.

Nov. 1st, Saturday. We all went on deck about seven o'clock. Weather mild, and the ocean not so smooth as yesterday. At nine A.M. we were in the middle of the Gulf Stream with large quantities of Gulf weed around us. Mother, Willie, and Mary began to feel sick, so did not appear at the breakfast table. A cry of "sail ho!" brought the well passengers on deck, to see two vessels, one on the bow and

one on the starboard quarter. Wind increased from the southwest, and was blowing hard by ten o'clock. Studding sails were taken in. All the Ten Eyck family, including the maid Ellen, gave up to seasickness. Sixty or more of the men are also overcome by the rough sea. Captain Du Pont kindly lent me "The Missionary's Daughter," and to Father, an exceedingly interesting pamphlet, a treatise on "The Gulf Stream and the Currents of the Sea," read by Lieutenant Maury, U. S. N., before the National Institute.

Four spar deck guns were moved forward from the after ports, which improved the trim for sailing, because the "Congress" was too deep by the stern, being heavily laden. That the population of five hundred will soon consume enough to lighten her to the proper draft before rough weather is due, is the calculation.

Nov. 2d, Sunday. Father and I go on deck about seven every morning. Clear to-day, with rough sea. By noon we had made 220 miles in twenty-four hours. Father, Uncle William, Mary, and myself were all who mustered at

our breakfast. Our servants are all sick. The Commodore sent us our dinner, but we had no regular supper, and ate from the sideboard. Some of the waves come over the forecastle as we pitch. Notwithstanding bad weather Chaplain Colton read divine service, but delivered no sermon. The only passengers present were Father, Uncle William, and myself, standing near the officers as usual. At nine in the evening it blew hard with increasing sea, the wind a little forward of the beam. Long. 67° 24′. Lat. 36° 23′.

Nov. 3d, Monday. Father and I out by seven, found the wind blowing a gale, has hauled several points east, so that we are driven north of our course. It was so rough that in spite of the sand bags, the dishes were in danger at the breakfast table. We feel the motion very much in our quarters. At dinner nothing was safe on the table. It became necessary to put the large dishes on the floor, Uncle William sitting down and holding them, while I fed all who were well enough to eat, by taking one plate at a time, wherever they were seated. At night the gale increased

Mrs. Mary Sullivan Turrill

enough to be dangerous for the frigate, overloaded as she was. Mother and Willie are very sick, and little Mary is quite uncomfortable. We learn that during the prevalence of seasickness, various provisions have been stolen from our storeroom, by unknown thieves, due probably to carelessness with the keys.

Nov. 4th, Tuesday. The gale continues. All our attendants are sick. Mother slept on deck a few minutes and felt better for it. Mr. Colton sent her some homeopathic medicine, from which she derived little or no benefit. The Commodore and Captain invited us to dine with them. We three well ones would gladly have accepted, but received the message too late. Uncle William again sat braced on the cabin floor, and held the platter while he carved. Father, seated by the side of the table, in a chair, reached down for his food, while I, being sure-footed, fed the others, watching my chance, between the rolling and pitching, to carry a plate or glass to the staterooms. I have the care of everything and everybody, with only Uncle William to assist, as Father cannot risk falling by moving around in this tossing time—

he being so heavy. We steer north of our course, with close-reefed sails and wet decks. By night the fore and mizzentopgallantmasts were sent down, the wind howling through the rigging. From the windows in top of the closed cabin doors, we watched with wonder the seamen aloft.

Nov. 5th, Wednesday. The light wind this morning was fair, the sea still rough. By noon we had sailed 630 miles and were about three miles north of Norfolk. Thermometer in our cabin marked 78°. A heavy swell ran all day. Outside there was scarcely a dry spot anywhere. The Commodore and Captain again sent for us. Mrs. Ten Eyck, Uncle William, Father, and I accepted and dined with them, the gentlemen helping the ladies to the ladder and down to the gun deck. Long. 62° 28′. Lat. 37° 28′.

Nov. 6th, Thursday. Morning warm and clear, the wind light, but it freshened towards night and grew cooler. A carpenter, John Amey, was missing at quarters. He was not seen after eight bells of the mid-watch—and search for him was made in vain. It was con-

cluded that he had thrown himself out of one of the ports, the high sea running, and the noise of the wind, preventing the watch hearing the sound. He had worked in our staterooms, putting in fixtures, and was obliging. He seemed in poor health. He remarked to Mother that he was homesick, and was sorry he had shipped. He had been a house carpenter in Philadelphia.

Ever since leaving Norfolk he complained of having trouble in his head. It is now remembered that at times he talked strangely. Last night he walked the deck quite late, speaking to the officer several times. He also took leave of several comrades, telling them he had always done his duty on board and advised them to do the same. At the time, they did not take this seriously. Officers called us to see a water spout, large, well-defined, about six miles away. Several formed afterwards not so distant. Seasickness is abating. Long. 61° 33′.

Nov. 7th, Friday. Up at seven and out on deck with Father, the air cooler. A fresh breeze all day. We are making 9½ knots. Near noon the officers and crew were mustered

on the spar deck—the passengers also assembled. Commodore Stockton came up in full uniform. After the untimely event which convened them was announced by Captain Du Pont, a funeral service was held. Mr. Colton alluded to the sad occurrence in appropriate remarks, stating that the unfortunate carpenter was a worthy man, faithful in discharge of his duties, and had a sister in Philadelphia to whom he was devotedly attached. From circumstances which had come to his knowledge, it was evident that he must have had been laboring under temporary derangement. The Chaplain endeavored to impress forcibly on all the necessity for preparation for death while in full possession of life and reason. Observing an auction afterwards, near the mainmast, and knowing that a sailor's death is followed by a sale of his effects, we inquired and learned that the belongings of the man Amey were in the usual way offered to the highest bidder. The money thus received, is, if possible, sent to his nearest relatives. Showers during the evening. Long. 59° 27′. Lat. 36° 4′.

Nov. 8th, Saturday. The morning summer-

like with very light wind in same direction as yesterday. We spent most of our time on deck. All have recovered from seasickness. Our storeroom is being overhauled and rearranged. Long. 56° 34′. Lat. 34° 47′.

Nov. 9th, Sunday. At seven there was the same mild weather, with a southwest breeze and a quite smooth sea. After inspection, divine service was held. This is always impressive on the ocean. For the first time we all attended. The band played a hymn, the Chaplain read service, "Old Hundred" was sung accompanied by the band. A good discourse by the Chaplain followed. After service, the name of each man was called and as he answered he passed the officers, with his hat off. Later we noticed several hundred of them about the deck with tracts which the Chaplain had distributed. Mother reading a "History of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea," by Rev. John Williams, who was murdered and *eaten* at the New Hebrides. We saw dolphin for the first time and various anecdotes were told about their dying colors. Commodore Stockton visited us. Mrs. Ten Eyck and Miss Johnson

dined, and Father and Uncle William took tea, with the wardroom officers. Fair wind all day, we averaged seven knots.

Nov. 10th, Monday. Mother commenced teaching us three children, in her stateroom, and Father will give us lessons in arithmetic. Afternoons we sew a little. Fair wind continues, so we make nearly seven knots on our course. A vessel on our larboard is sailing in the same direction with us, but a little closer to the wind. A sudden rain in the afternoon fell in large drops. Willie and Egbert went out to paddle about the deck and returned soaking wet. Messrs. Elliott and Duncan spent the evening with us.

Nov. 11th, Tuesday. Wind continues fair, a fact heartily welcome. All are well except Mr. Ten Eyck, who was absent from breakfast. Father and Mother heard our lessons. A vessel in sight is supposed to be a brig which sailed from Norfolk one day before us. It is the monthly inspection day, when an officer in charge looks over each man's clothing, sees whether it is kept in order and what he needs. The men also exercised the guns. Later

the wind shifted to the northwest, continued light, sea smooth. Recited our usual lessons. Another sudden shower in the evening, as if a cloud had burst, drenched all who were exposed to it.

Nov. 12th, Wednesday. Father and I were out as usual by seven o'clock. The wind a little east of north, so continued all day. A long, heavy swell indicated a gale somewhere. We making not more than three or four knots. Our attention being attracted by something novel almost every hour, we accomplish little sewing. In the evening Mr. Van Renssalaer Morgan and Mr. Elliott visited us. Mr. Morgan is the sailing-master. He went below for his charts, to show us our exact position. The "Congress" has been on the starboard tack nearly all the way from Virginia. We found ourselves halfway between the United States and Spain.

Nov. 13th, Thursday. With mild weather and light winds we make six knots or less. In the evening the Chaplain and Midshipmen Lee, Duncan, Byers, and Elliott were our guests. The Captain sent to ask us out to see the

moon's eclipse. Through the large glasses it presented a beautiful appearance, a narrow rim only escaping the shadow. As it is visible in the United States, we imagine our home friends also watching it. Father remarked that it differed from any eclipse he had seen, was finer, owing probably to the favorable opportunity to see it through superior telescopes. Temperature of the water to-day was 70°, and in our cabin the thermometer registered 79°.

Nov. 14th, Friday. Captain Du Pont informed us that we are in the "Horse Latitudes," a belt of about 300 miles extending from 30° to 25° north latitude. Vessels carrying horses to the West Indies were frequently becalmed here—water and provisions giving out, they lost their horses—hence the name. Mother read a small volume on conchology. She has always admired shells. We have resolved to collect shells as we have opportunity. Messrs. Norris and Elliott passed the evening with us. In two weeks we have sailed 1800 miles, and are becoming quite accustomed to life on the ocean.

Nov. 15th, Saturday. When Father at seven

went on deck, the speed was about seven knots an hour—steering northwest. Whenever the decks are holystoned, which makes them very white, there is considerable noise. Commodore Stockton called about two o'clock to see the ladies. Messrs. Lee and Byers spent the evening in our cabin. Nearly eleven at night, a brig was sighted on the starboard bow, apparently a mile to windward. The Captain was on deck at the time, and the Commodore soon joined him. One of the starboard bow guns was fired, the ball not drawn, but the brig did not change her course. Mother, awakened by the firing, made a hurried toilet, stepped out on deck, and was joined by Miss Johnson, soon followed by Mrs. Ten Eyck, whose husband, not feeling well, did not appear. Father and Uncle William remained out until nearly two, waiting in vain for news. Though the brig paid no attention to signals, we kept her in sight all night, tacking whenever she did. Long. 41° 37′. Lat. 30° 32′.

Nov. 16th, Sunday. We were standing nearly southwest when we all went out early to see the vessel a few miles off on our larboard

bow. Another gun was fired, without a ball, the ensign run up, and our ship hove to. The brig hoisted the American flag, but paid no further attention. After our breakfast, we noticed the "Congress" tacked, hove to, then we heard another gun. The brig immediately steered for us, and shortly was under our stern. Captain Du Pont hailed her through his trumpet. She proved to be the "Shawmut" from Boston, bound for Rio de Janeiro, twenty-two days from Hampton Roads, while we are only seventeen days out. After wishing the captain of the craft a pleasant voyage, expressing regret for having delayed him, supposing he might have been bound for the West Indies, so could have taken mail for us, Captain Du Pont took leave of him and the "Congress" again stood on her course. At half past eleven, we assembled for divine service, which the Chaplain read. He omitted a sermon, because we being obliged to tack ship it was a busy time on deck. A sailor gave Willie a hat braided for him. It was lined with blue, tied and bound with black ribbon, and had a star embroidered on top of the crown. The men our boys meet

are kind, but they are not allowed to wander around among them. Once Willie took duff on the gun deck. It is a plum pudding with molasses, served Sundays and Wednesdays. Willie has several times been in the mizzentop, with Father's consent. The rest of us are too timid to watch him climb so high. The officers make a pet of Mary, sometimes bring her fruit, and Father, now and then, takes her below to see them in the cabin, or wardroom. Lemons were in general demand during seasickness, now we use bottled limejuice freely. The children object to the color of the juniper water. It has grown darker, owing to the iron tanks, so they put a little molasses in their glasses at table.

In pleasant weather the band plays on the poop deck, when it is rough they sometimes stand near the mainmast.

Our family was invited to dine with the wardroom officers to-day, but being Sunday, declined. Long. 38° 19′. Lat. 31° 42′.

Nov. 17th, Monday. Cooler than for several days past. With light wind, we head north of east and make six or seven knots part of the

time. Late at night we headed a little south of east. During the afternoon a sail was seen from the maintop, to windward. We had no lessons to-day, because Mother was slightly sea-sick. Mr. Ten Eyck was not well. His wife and Miss Johnson went below to call on the Commodore and Captain. We children retired early. Chaplain Colton and Midshipman Lee spent the evening with Father and Uncle William. Long. 36° 21′. Lat 32° 15′.

Nov. 18th, Tuesday. Father up and out as usual at seven, reported the weather mild, the winds light, our course S.E.½E. After breakfast the ladies all appeared on deck, and the Commodore came up. "Sail ho!" cried from the top, steering in about the same direction as the vessel seen yesterday. Three other sails were in sight during the day, none within speaking distance. One to larboard, two to starboard. Mr. Byers, not having met either of the ladies last evening, called again, accompanied by Mr. Benjamin F. Wells.

Nov. 19th, Wednesday. Wind light, the weather pleasant. Several sailors in the sick-bay are very ill. One contracted chills and

fever at Norfolk, now has congestion of the brain and is in a critical condition; consequently the band playing towards sunset is omitted, the half-hour bells are not struck, the blacksmith's hammers are silent. Commodore and Captain visit the sick, officers are considerate, the patients are faithfully cared for, day and night. The Commodore is subject to illness, he has been ailing lately, but is better. Dr. Moseley is devoted to him. Blackfish are in sight. One on our larboard quarter, apparently twenty feet long. Mrs. Ten Eyck catered for our mess at first; but housekeeping at home on shore, and on a ship of war, are widely different affairs, and she has given it up. Father and Uncle William now manage, and succeed well. Changes of our servants became necessary, for the Commodore could not spare Ananias altogether; hence it is arranged that his cook shall do our cooking, while Ananias will prepare our desserts, and William be our steward.

The boy James proved naturally idle, but Joseph is an excellent waiter and a good boy. Three of our pigs have been reported dead.

Since being marked, a wise precaution, no more of the passengers' pigs have been lost, the rest of our live stock keeping well. Four ships in sight at once, an English frigate on one side, and a large ship on the other side of us, but the wind too light for us to approach them. We saw two blackfish and several Mother Carey's chickens. The little land-bird continues with us. We hope to carry it safely to Brazil. Our geraniums thrive in spite of salt air, and look cheerful in our windows. My parents passed the evening below with the Commodore and Captain, returned to our cabin at half past ten, after which Father walked on our deck another hour with Captain Du Pont, then retired. We were then going between three and four knots on our true course.

Nov. 20th, Thursday. Wind continues light. While we were breakfasting, word was sent by Lieutenant Schenck, then officer of the deck, that a whale was close alongside. We all hurried out. After two or three minutes, the monster came up to breathe, quite near, so we had a fine view of the whale, said to be about thirty feet long. After blowing several times, it dis-

appeared. Five sail were in sight early, a number unusual in this latitude. Near ten o'clock, a vessel was noticed to windward, standing down for us. The "Congress" hove to. With a glass her name was seen to be "Maria." She hoisted the Danish flag, and in less than an hour was under our quarter. She proved to be a brig, forty days out from Rio Grande, bound for Hamburg, loaded with hides. Her captain wished to correct his reckoning, for having no chronometer on board he sailed by dead reckoning. His reckoning of longitude differed seven degrees from ours. The fourth cutter with an officer was sent to arrange for sending a passenger with dispatches by her. The captain consented, although his accommodations were small and poor. The second master, Edward F. Beale, a daring spirit, fond of adventure, hurried to pack up, it being understood that he was to be put on board any craft they fell in with bound to a North American port, or be landed at Dover, England. After two hours' delay, the impatient brig stood on her course. Captain Du Pont hailed her, and put the "Congress" under way

in pursuit. Mr. Beale will be able to assist the brig's captain to navigate more correctly. Midshipman Elliott and de Donallier, with Mr. Hubbard, accompanied him to the brig. As the party scrambled into the boat, two boxes fell overboard. Strange to say, one containing a revolver was secured; while the other, of cigars, floated beyond reach. The sea was running high, the boat often entirely lost to sight, while we all watched it with breathless interest. The gentlemen boarded the brig, where they drank good, pure water, a rare treat, but they obtained no fruit. After taking her passenger, the "Maria" resumed her course, and we again made sail. Long. 34° 4′. Lat. 31° 27′.

Nov. 21st, Friday. The weather is fine, with very little wind. Our course in the morning was west of south. Towards evening, the wind freshened, accompanied by squalls and showers. At night the wind became steady, our course about south and by eleven o'clock we were making about five knots, with very little sail set. One vessel was sighted. Captain Du Pont sent us an interesting book, giving an account of the "Mutineers of the 'Bounty,' and

Settlement of Pitcairn Island." The seaman Spiller is given up, the Chaplain has told him he cannot live, and has taken his last messages for his sister. His mother is dead. He felt a horror of being buried in the sea, but became reconciled to it. His disease has developed into pneumonia. Lieutenant Schenck, with Midshipman Lee, spent the evening with us. Long. 34° 22′. Lat. 30° 32′.

Nov. 22d, Saturday. At half past seven Father reported the wind from the southeast, our course a trifle west of south, the sea rough, we running under reefed topsails. The three ladies were inclined to seasickness. No lessons to-day. I caught a sea-swallow, which alighted on our cabin window, but it soon escaped. Mother reading the "Diary of Lady Willoughby," in the eventful reign of Charles I., lent her by the Captain. She feels a special interest because one of her ancestors, Thomas Parsons, of Great Milton, England, received the honor of knighthood from Charles I., about the year 1634, his descendants still being at Great Milton and the city of London.

Nov. 23d, Sunday. It rained all the morning

and cleared during the afternoon. With the same wind as yesterday we make about seven knots. One of the very sick men is recovering, but Spiller died last night. His body was wrapped as usual in the hammock used by the deceased, with a heavy shot sewed in at his feet, and covered with the flag of our country. The usual morning service was omitted, but as the sun was setting, the boatswain's deep-toned call, "All hands to bury the dead," resounded through the ship. The band played a solemn dead march, while the body, borne by his mess-mates preceded by the Chaplain, was carried up the forward hatch around the capstan to the lee side, the marine guard presenting arms as they passed. Officers and passengers gathered on the starboard side, while the crew assembled round the fore and main masts. When the Commodore and Captain appeared, all heads were uncovered and the Chaplain read the funeral service. At the words, "we commit this body to the deep," the end of the plank on which it rested was raised and the hammocked dead sank into the great waters with a heavy plunge. The band rendered a solemn dirge,

the benediction followed, then deeply impressed, we sadly dispersed and the crew resumed their duties. When Father retired about ten o'clock we were making seven and a half knots. Our long. at noon was 34° 15′. Lat. 36° 0′.

Nov. 24th, Monday. Weather variable, sudden showers alternating with sunshine, but at no time boisterous. Our average run was seven knots. Immediately after breakfast there was a rain squall. With a fresh south breeze we ran about south. The officers think the winds for two days are the wished-for trades. To-day we crossed the Tropic of Cancer, so are no longer in the Temperate Zone. We are reading "Jarvis' History of the Sandwich Islands." Messrs. Schenck, Lee, Baldwin, and Elliott spent the evening with us, and the Chaplain made a brief call. About eleven at night, "all hands" were called to take in sail, but the threatening squall passed by, producing little effect; and Father, usually the last one of us up, retired soon after. Long. 34° 4′. Lat. 32° 18′.

Nov. 25th, Tuesday. With a fine breeze, we sail seven and a half knots, nearly south. The

air is mild. Mr. Colton played chess with Mr. Ten Eyck. Other guests were Midshipmen Lee, Byers, and Elliott.

Nov. 26th, Wednesday. Wind is ahead but light. We continue to beat all day on a southwest course. There is talk of touching at the Cape Verde Islands, which would be delightful. It is not uncomfortable in our cabin, though our thermometer marks 80°. Considerable lightning on the larboard quarter during the evening. Mr. Guest, a cousin of Mr. Lee, and Mr. Elliott visited us. Long. 33° 48′. Lat. 18° 49′.

Nov. 27th, Thursday. The winds are variable, as is also our speed, which is from five to ten knots on our course south one quarter west, at times. It is cooler than yesterday. Showers in the evening. We are reading "A Three Years' Cruise in the Pacific," which gives interesting descriptions of South American countries. Messrs. Schenck and Baldwin were our guests, and Mr. Lee made a short call. Father locked the doors and turned out the lights about half past eleven.

Nov. 28th, Friday. Morning cloudy with fresh wind from the east. We sailing S. by E.

one point E., varying from that to S., so continuing through the day and evening, with nine knots speed part of the time and occasionally sprinkles of rain. Thermometer between 75° and 80°, still the wind was cool, so that wraps were needed on deck. The ship careened so much to leeward, that on that side the spray wet the guns. To-day we have run 225 miles, and are beyond Cape Verde, consequently all hope of calling there and obtaining fresh fruit and vegetables has vanished. In one day more we could have had that pleasure. Mr. Colton came up in the evening. He is much engrossed with some verses he is writing. Messrs. Elliott, Lee, and Norris spent the evening with us. Long. 32° 39′. Lat. 16° 15′.

Nov. 29th, Saturday. Cloudy, with fresh wind. Our course is south by east, we making ten knots, with wet decks fore and aft. With open doors and windows, the thermometer stood at 80° in our cabin. The Commodore and Captain called about two o'clock. They generally make their visits in the afternoon. Mother and I sat awhile in the mizzen chains, watching the flying-fish pursued by dolphins, and the rainbows

in the spray. The water is frequently luminous at night in this latitude. We think we have the true trades at last. Mother is reading " Home," by Mrs. Sedgwick. Company in the evening as usual. When Father retired at midnight, he left the Captain on deck. Long. 31° 43′. Lat. 13° 19′.

Nov. 30th, Sunday. With wind the same as yesterday, we run nine to ten knots. Mr. Colton read the service, but because a few drops of rain fell, omitted the sermon. The thermometer is still at 80°, we are not uncomfortable, as the evening air is soft and invigorating. Father out until nearly midnight. He enjoys walking the deck with the officers. So ends another month. Long. at noon was 30° 8′. Lat. 9° 45′.

December 1st, Monday. We begin the new season with a new month and new week. With our first experience of winter at sea, we have the thermometer at 81°, and all our doors and windows open. Until four o'clock the wind continued fair, then came a rain squall, after which the wind was light and so much south that we were obliged to run one or two points west of our course. Willie had permission to

go into the maintop with a young officer. The squall caught and detained them up there an hour, for the officer dared not risk the lad trying to descend sooner. They, and all who were on duty, were thoroughly drenched, but took no cold. At five o'clock an intelligent and active seaman named Lynch died. He was from Maine, and left his mother there. Messrs. Baldwin, Lee, and Elliott visited us. When Father left the deck about midnight, we were making only three knots. Long. 28° 12′. Lat. 6° 47′.

Dec. 2d, Tuesday. Father on deck at half past six found very little wind. At breakfast time our thermometer stood at 81°. It commenced raining before tea, and continued through the night, coming down in torrents part of the time. The air became oppressively warm, the warmest yet experienced. "All hands to bury the dead," was called about five, it being the custom to conduct burial services near sundown. The proceedings as usual were solemn and impressive. Officers, passengers, and crew, all present, appropriate music was rendered by the band, the marine guard presented arms, the Chaplain

read from the Prayer Book, and made a fitting address. The " Congress " left port with thirty men on the sick list. The number is now reduced to twenty-five. Within thirty days, she has lost three men. Lieutenant Parrott and midshipmen Elliott and Lee were our evening guests. Sea smooth. Long. 28° 12′. Lat. 5° 36′.

Dec. 3d, Wednesday. When we looked out of our cabin doors, a little before seven, it was raining, with scarcely any wind. Hard rain all the morning, and even with all the scuppers open the water was knee-deep on deck; and when all on one side, deep enough to swim in. Rolling of the ship carried it below, where it drenched the officers' quarters, until the hatches were covered with tarpaulin. The crew were allowed to frolic, and many of them washed their clothing. The officer of the deck waded about barefoot with trousers rolled up to his knees. The water put out the galley fires, much to the disgust of the cooks. A supply of clean water was caught for drink and baths, in which we are luxuriating. We feel that juniper berries and iron-rust must almost have stained our faces and hands brown. A stormy

petrel alighted upon the deck, from which it could not rise. It was caught and sent to us. It was black, with web-feet. We released it from a stern window and it flew along close to the water. Sailors have a superstition that a storm will follow the catching of these birds. We saw alongside the first Portuguese men-of-war, a species of beautiful, brilliantly colored jellyfish. Whales sported in the distance. A baited hook was thrown over to a shark just astern, but he did not bite. The trade wind has deserted us, and it was nearly calm through the night. Messrs. Green, Elliott, Lee, and de Donallier visited us. The latter is untiring in zeal to acquire a perfect knowledge of his profession as rapidly as possible. He receives full pay from his Government, and expects to be made a Past Captain on his return. Lat. 4° 50′. Long. 27° 40′. Both by dead reckoning, because of no observation.

Dec. 4th, Thursday. At seven it was clear, with wind south of east, we were making six knots, our course south half point east. The passengers cannot discover any difference between the southeast trades and

winds that were called the northeast trades, as both blow from the same quarter. Observations incline us to think there is not much regularity about these winds, not so much certainly as is generally believed. The sunset was magnificent and the evening lovely. Thermometer, 76°. Lat. 4° 27′. Long. 27° 38′.

Dec. 5th, Friday. Clear, with a light southeast wind. During the day our course varied from south to southwest, we making five to six knots most of the time. After Willie and I finished our lessons, our family spent nearly the whole day on deck, enjoying the delicious air, and conversation with different officers. Great number of Portuguese men-of-war near, their colors brilliant in the sunbeams. I endeavored to catch one, but the string broke, so I lost my net. Sometimes they are drawn up in buckets of sea water. Mother finished reading the "Bridgewater Treatises on the Structure and Uses of Animals." Messrs. Elliott and Baldwin spent the evening in our cabin. Our family on deck had a fine view of the stars. Captain Du Pont invited us to dine with him to-morrow. Lat. 3° 23′. Long. 28° 20′ 30″.

Dec. 6th, Saturday. Father and Mother on deck before breakfast, found the weather clear and delightful, with the wind almost southwest. Thermometer at 81°, but the fresh breeze prevented the cabin being uncomfortably warm. It is generally admitted that we are in the southeast trades. This is cleaning day. Decks throughout the whole ship are being holystoned and scrubbed. We all (except the little children) dined below with the Commodore and Captain. Seven of us, and we met three other guests, Dr. Whittle, Lieutenant Schenck, and Chaplain Colton—a goodly company, charmingly agreeable. After coffee, we listened to the band on the gun deck, then adjourned to the spar deck to enjoy the delightful moonlight until a late hour. We were only one degree from the equator. Lat. 1° 19′. Long. 29° 33′.

Dec. 7th, Sunday. In her eagerness to catch a glimpse of the beautiful Southern Cross, Mother went on deck at half past three this morning. The four stars which compose the constellation are of the third magnitude, one of them less brilliant than the others, but the form renders it an object of interest. At seven

we were going about east, five or six knots on our course. At eleven, the tolling of the bell mustered for divine service. The crew, all in white shirts and blue trousers, assembled on the larboard quarter and around the mainmast, the band and singers between the after hatches, the marines stationed on the poop deck, the officers in their accustomed place on the starboard quarter, with our two families grouped between them and the marines, the Chaplain by the flag-draped capstan, all standing. After reading the service, the Chaplain delivered an excellent sermon, in which he feelingly alluded to the two deaths, naming each of the deceased, giving particulars of his history and last hours. The crew listened with marked interest and seemed deeply impressed by his remarks. The hymns sung were, "Oh, come, let us worship," and "From Greenland's icy mountains," favorites with the seamen. We spent the evening on deck. During the night we passed St. Paul's Island, distant about fifteen miles. It is small, rocky, and uninhabited, the resort of innumerable birds.

Dec. 8th, Monday. Clear, the wind and our

course the same as yesterday. Early, the watch in the main-top cried, "Sail ho!" The craft was hull down, scarcely visible from the deck. She bore down to us on our starboard beam, full sail set, square-rigged, flying the American ensign. We tacked ship twice to keep in her course, thinking her in need of assistance. About eleven the "Congress" hove to and lowered a boat to board her, when a small green and white boat was seen coming towards us, with a dirty-looking crew, in charge of a rough sort of man. He proved to be the second mate of the whale ship "Jason," of New London, homeward bound from a successful cruise of seventeen months in the South Atlantic, via the Cape of Good Hope, and twelve days from the island of St. Helena. She had secured a large cargo of oil and bone. This mate said his share would amount to $800. The "Jason" carried one passenger, a consul from Mauritius, who was deranged. The mate asked for powder and shot to defend his vessel from the Mexicans, with whom he had heard we were at war. We furnished him ammunition, but assured him the United States was at peace with all the

world. He then inquired who was the President of our country, he having been long beyond the reach of news. His boat and crew remained with us while the "Congress" sent a boat to arrange with the captain of the "Jason" to take a bearer of dispatches to our government. Immediately all hands, fore and aft, were busy writing to forward in the mail-bag, hoping letters would reach friends at home by New Year's. It was decided that the Commodore's secretary, J. Parker Norris, should go. So, a little after four o'clock he took leave of us all and shoved off for a pull to the whaler, taking an outfit of provisions and sufficient funds. He was instructed to rejoin the "Congress" as soon as possible by the Panama route, after obtaining news, letters, and dispatches. When Mr. Norris and the whalemen were fairly on board, the "Jason" squared round and was off, while we proceeded on our course, S. W. ¼ S. By sundown we lost sight of the vessel. When Father and Mother left the deck, at eleven o'clock, we were making between six and seven knots. Lat. 2° 25′. Long. 26° 53′.

Dec. 9th, Tuesday. Wind and course nearly the same as yesterday. At nine o'clock two men were punished at the larboard gangway, our gentlemen, with all hands, witnessing it. We know when the blinds are put on our door-windows and the doors closed in the daytime, that the cats are expected. Soon afterwards there was a call to general quarters, and a fire drill, the engine throwing water through hose as high as the yards. The white gun-carriages are being painted black, which we consider an improvement and more warlike in appearance. A flying-fish dropped into the chains and was sent for our inspection. Except for its transparent wings it resembled a mackerel. Father lunched in the wardroom with Lieutenants Gray and Schenck. Perhaps it is the departure of a second bearer of dispatches which has revived interest in the "Oregon Question," and speculation concerning the "Future of California." Mr. Gray remarked that he was very fond of maple sugar, which Father remembered and sent a jar of Jefferson County, N. Y., sugar below, for which Mr. Gray expressed compliments and thanks. Lieutenants Green and

Schenck spent the evening with us, both full of anecdotes and amusing stories. When they left at eleven, Father and Mother went up on our little deck, where they enjoyed an hour in the mild air. Our course then was S. by W. Lat. 1° 23′. Long. 27° 56′.

Dec. 10th, Wednesday. With pleasant weather and a fresh breeze we were making seven knots at seven o'clock. The officer of the deck observed a splendid halo around the rising sun. Master Morgan thinks we "crossed the line" about five o'clock, so we are in the Southern Hemisphere. It is agreed that at last we have the southeast trades, and it is hoped they will not prove so fickle as the northeast trades. Neptune did not pay us a visit, though many of his children on board had never been presented to him. Captain Du Pont, who is indulgent so far as compatible with discipline, was prepared to receive him, with certain restrictions, had a visit been proposed. The men, however, were satisfied "to splice the main brace" instead. Messrs. Elliott, Wells, and Parrott were our evening guests. The latter told an amusing anecdote in regard to his name.

At the Naval Academy he was dubbed, "Exceedingly Green Parrott," on account of his initials, suggestive to cadets on the watch for fun. After their departure my parents spent a half hour on our deck. The North Star no longer visible, the moon shines brightly. Lat. 0° 59′ S. Long. 29° 8′.

Dec. 11th, Thursday. Air is balmy and the breeze takes us about six knots on our course S. by W. We have made 246 miles during the last twenty-four hours. Thermometer 81°. Wind continues fair. Soundings being marked on the chart and the water being a lighter color, we threw the lead several times, but found no bottom, though from 80 to 100 fathoms of line were let out. The island of Fernando Noronha, which we passed, is distant about 130 miles east of Brazil, to which it belongs. It is twenty miles in circumference, with a high peak in the center, and is covered with wood; though, because of scarcity of rain, vegetation is limited. It has two harbors, and beautiful scenery. It is used as a place of banishment by Brazil, which maintains a garrison there to prevent the escape of convicts. No woman is allowed

to land on it. A land breeze was perceptible. A large bird, a species of fish-hawk, circled round our masts desirous to alight, but at length took flight. With royals and studding-sails set, we make ten knots, which is encouraging. A large shark followed the lead as it was hauled in. A hook, baited with a chunk of pork, was cast over, but the monster was not captured. Midshipmen Guest, Lee, and Byers spent the evening in our cabin. Games are our frequent entertainment, whist being the favorite. Lat. 3° 45′ S. Long. 29° 43′ 30″.

Dec. 12th, Friday. Wind, course, and speed same as yesterday. Thermometer 81°. Mother reading the "Life and Correspondence of Dr. Arnold," an eminent Episcopal divine for many years connected with Rugby and Oxford University. A gorgeous sunset followed by splendid moonlight kept us on deck until late at night. No chairs or stools are allowed on either deck. Midshipmen Thompson, Elliott, and Byers called. Lat. 6° 18′ S.

Dec 13th, Saturday. Going eight or nine knots on our S. by W. course, with sea smooth and wind fair all day. A sail on our starboard

beam, because of her effort to avoid us, is suspected of being a slaver. Another in sight apparently bound for England. Midshipmen Baldwin, Elliott, and Byers called, afterwards Father and Mother were out until nearly midnight. Sailing-master Morgan says we made 210 miles. Lat. 9° 48′ S. Long. 30° 18′.

Dec. 14th, Sunday. A sail in sight, standing nearly with us. An awning was spread to shield us from the powerful rays of the sun, this being the warmest day yet experienced. As usual, service was held at eleven, with a sermon from the text, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." The hymn, "God of the seas, thine awful voice bids all the rolling waves rejoice," was grandly sung to the tune of "Old Hundred." After service, Captain Du Pont read the "Articles of War," to which we all listened with deep interest. He is tall, straight, handsome, with brilliant, yet mild brown eyes, commanding figure, and a strong, clear voice. He is dignified, amiable, exceedingly winning in manners, and instructive and agreeable in conversation. Learned without pretension, and truly

kind-hearted, he is rightly considered in the Navy a perfect model of an officer. He sent us a volume of Dr. Arnold's sermons for Sunday reading. Thermometer at 81°, yet we feel the heat more. A trifle more sea on. Everybody on deck, so far as possible. Lat. 15° 46′ S. Long. 33° 58′.

Dec. 15th, Monday. With variable winds our progress averages only five knots. Thermometer still marks 81°. More swell than yesterday. Portuguese men-of-war near spread their tiny pink and blue sails and use their red oars. Within five days we have run 1,000 miles, our ship seems in better trim for sailing than previously. Messrs. Thompson, Guest, Elliott, and Lee visited our cabin. Father and Mother, hoping to see the Southern Cross, watched till twelve o'clock but clouds prevented. Lat. 15° 46′ S. Long. 33° 58′.

Dec. 16th, Tuesday. At daybreak we passed a brigantine within a half mile, without speaking her. Being in the vicinity of a sand-bar, soundings were made, without finding bottom. We meet various officers daily on deck. Lat. 19° 2′ S. Long. 36° 54′.

Dec. 17th, Wednesday. Within 400 miles of Rio, we have lost the trade winds without reaching the land breeze. With all sail set, we make only two knots an hour. Thermometer ranging from 80° to 83°. Owing to lack of usual breeze, we feel the heat more. Much scouring, painting, and polishing outside and in, preparatory to entering port. Messrs. Baldwin, Lee, and Byers called. The latter brought verses he had written and dedicated to us. Father and Mother waited on deck from nine to twelve to see the Southern Cross. When it was about five degrees above the horizon they were disappointed in it, as the stars are not of the largest. Lat. 19° 2′ S. Long. 36° 54′.

Dec. 18th, Thursday. A day full of interest, with more than usual excitement. Early we heard the cheerful cry, "Sail ho!" from the top. Soon after "hammock overboard." A boat was lowered and Midshipman Byers picked it up. Sailors are superstitious about the loss of a hammock. Weather delightful, the sea almost as smooth as the deck. Large quantities of "whale feed" float around. It is supposed to be composed of animalcules. It gives the

water a grey hue. Acres of it are seen, in streaks and spots, the first we have encountered. We examined specimens. The Commodore and Captain took a row outside and around the ship. They invited Willie and Egbert to accompany them. It was very kind and a great treat to the boys. After their return, the drums beat to quarters. Sails were furled and decks cleared for action as if in anticipation of battle with the approaching brig, which was not seen from the deck until after twelve. Commodore Stockton, fully armed, was soon on deck. By his orders our course was changed from S. W. to S. by E. and we bore down for the brig, the Commodore actively engaged in ordering the crew. All the officers and men were fully armed as for battle. The big guns, always shotted at sea, were brought to bear upon the brig, eight sharp-shooters were stationed in each top, the rest of the marines under arms on the poop deck, every man, excited but silent, was at his post everywhere, when the awful cry, "man overboard!" was heard, followed by the instant orders, "cut away the life-buoys," "man the boat," "lower away," and the ship hove to.

The seaman, who fell from the steps of the lee gangway while drawing water, was known to be a fine swimmer, but he made no effort to save himself, either because of injury or fright. We saw him from our stern windows, head thrown back, face just above the water, wildly striking his arms backward, apparently making no exertion with his legs. He was swept by the stern ladder over the dragging rope, and a buoy floated close to him, so close that we thought he would grasp it, but he seemed incapacitated for any action, and his unavailing struggles exhausted him. Young Officer Baldwin stood up in the boat, waving and shouting to encourage him, while the men pulled with a will, yet every effort to rescue him proved vain, and he sank forever beneath the waves. The boat picked up his hat and the buoys and returned, then the "Congress" filled away, all hands resumed their respective places, and the mock battle went on. Soon as near enough to the approaching brig, a petty officer as interpreter stood by Captain Du Pont and hailed her in Spanish. She proved to be a Buenos Ayrean brig manned by negroes, except the

captain and his mate, twelve days out, with a cargo of jerked beef. Our band played, "Hail Columbia," followed by a Brazilian air, when the brig noticed the latter by dipping and hoisting her flag. The vessels exchanged longitude, the captains exchanged bows, and each stood again on her course. No music by the band, as usual at sunset. Father and Mother on deck conversing with the Captain and Chaplain till midnight. The lost sailor was a dangerous man, of bad character, given to fighting, intractable, and the only well seaman it was determined to send back from Rio, when weeding out takes place. A young sailor on board, who has lived in Oswego, N. Y., fell from the "Macedonian" one night, the sea running high, in a storm. He succeeded in reaching the "grab rope," but seeing the maintop man throw him a coil of rope, fearing it would hit his head, he let go and swam off a short distance. He endeavored to regain the "grab rope," but failed and was borne away. Seeing the boat with lanterns approaching, he just supported himself and waited. At a short distance from him, *not seeing him,* the boat

changed its course and rowed in another direction. He shouted, could not make them hear, then undressed, swam for his life, keeping with the wind miles astern of the ship, often resting. The boat cruised in all directions until recalled. Returning, she again chanced near the brave fellow, who called to them not to run him down. He was picked up after being five hours in the water. Lat. 19° 58′ S. Long. 37° 44′.

Dec. 19th, Friday. Clear at seven, making six knots. A sail on our larboard bow, six miles off, standing N. W. Another sail reported from the top at eleven, standing W. Our course was immediately changed from S. W. to W. by S. so that we bore down upon her. A large ship with broad pennant and Brazilian colors, she was heavily armed. The Commodore sent aloft his broad pennant and colors. All hands having been called to quarters, every warlike preparation was made as for an engagement. Cutlasses and pistols were belted on to ward off boarders, magazines opened and powder-boys ran around with black bags, while big guns were freed for action as on previous drill. This Brazilian sloop of war was a school-

ship and her deck seemed filled with young officers. Our band gave her a Brazilian air in passing, to which she replied with a bugle, the tune we failed to recognize. A rain squall prevented further exchanges. We hurried into our cabin and others were driven below for shelter, so we separated without learning the ship's name. We next passed an American brig bound for Rio, out-sailing her. Messrs. Guest and Elliott passed the evening in our cabin. Father on deck conversing with wardroom officers until midnight. Lat. 21° 36′ S. Long. 38° 55′.

Dec. 20th, Saturday. Father out by six o'clock, found the wind fresh, we bounding on at the rate of twelve knots. At that hour we passed a brig on the same course with us. She hoisted the American flag, and by ten o'clock we left her out of sight. Another sail appeared, and we passed her about ten. Soon we discovered two trees floating, then an oar, within three miles. Splendid weather, the thermometer at 85°. Sailing-master Morgan calculated that land would be sighted before noon to-day. At half past eleven the joyful cry,

"Land ho!" was heard from the foretop. "Where away?" echoed from the deck. "Two points on the weather beam, sir," rang out in response; and soon after twelve, the cloud-like land was distinguished from the deck, and in time the mountains on Cape Frio.

A slight mistake had been made of only 0° 28′ in our latitude, by dead reckoning, and Mr. Morgan was highly praised for his accurate navigation, during a voyage of 6,000 miles, covering seven weeks of time. He generally takes his observations from the poop deck. He is faithful in giving the daily reckoning to the passengers, and often showing them charts. At noon the sun was vertical, and cast no shadow. By dark the lighthouse, with its revolving light on Isla Rosa or Flat Island, called by sailors "Razor Island," loomed into view, nearly twenty miles distant. We noticed several sail standing in different directions as we passed along the range of mountainous coast. Our twelve-knot breeze lulled after awhile, hence it was decided to "lie off and on" during the night, keeping the revolving light in view. Cape Frio, sixty-eight miles east of Rio,

was fading in the distance. The bold bluffs and gorgeous sunset were enchanting, and there was breeze enough to prevent our suffering from heat. Lat. 23° 17′ S. Long. 41° 37′.

Dec. 21st, Sunday. On deck early, found ourselves six or eight miles from the lighthouse, the Sugar Loaf and Organ Mountains visible in the distance. The fresh breeze was not favorable. We passed a succession of magnificent scenes. Distant irregular peaks, cloud-capped tops, beautiful islands covered with date, palm, cocoanut, and other tropical trees, studding the shore. Along the coast about the harbor the land is high, rising into mountain peaks, the sides frequently presenting the appearance of barren rocks. Corcovado, with its observatory and watch-tower on the summit, is prominent. Island after island is fortified, and fortifications extend on the mainland. As we approached nearer, the " Congress " began to beat in, through a passage less than a mile wide. The ladies and children disappeared into our cabin, while the Commodore took his station alone on the poop deck, in full uniform. Every officer and man was on the alert to bring the frig-

ate grandly into port. Passing the battlements of Santa Cruz at the foot of the mountain on the right, and the famous granite Sugar Loaf on the left, on, slowly and gracefully, beyond the succession of forts, innumerable country seats among the hills, shipping of all nations, at three o'clock in the afternoon we cast anchor in the man-of-war anchorage of one of the most magnificent harbors of the world, in range of the Palace, nearly a mile from the landing. The "Congress" entered this port for the first time a year ago, with Captain Voorhees in command, as described in the following extract from the *Army and Navy Journal*: "The frigate 'Congress' arrived at Rio, Jan. 28, 1844, from the Mediterranean, having had pleasant weather every day. She ran up to the anchorage with all sail set, before the wind, to royals. All the top and lower yard men were aloft, ready to furl and let go all halyards with the anchor. All the sheets were laid out and furled in one minute from letting go the anchor and the first rope. The rapidity of this operation caused unusual applause for the seamanship from all the shipping in port. But

when visitors came to see the ship inside, their admiration knew no bounds." Coming in a year later, under a different command, it is not likely the "Congress" lowered her record, though Captain Voorhees had the advantage of fair wind and all sails set. The U. S. Sloop of War "Plymouth," here three weeks from the Mediterranean, saluted the Commodore's pennant with thirteen guns, which salute was returned, then the "Congress" saluted the Brazilian flag with twenty-one guns, which was returned, gun for gun, from the fort. The Commander of a Brazilian warship, and several English officers called. Captain Henry came and spent the evening on board. He appointed eleven o'clock to-morrow to receive Judge Turrill, and show him his ship. As the day drew to a close, we went up on the deck, which is our roof, to admire the scenes around us. Shipping of all nations is in this matchless harbor. The city with its palaces, churches, convents, barracks, and gardens, were objects of exceeding beauty and novel interest. This day is the fifteenth anniversary of the marriage of my parents. Certainly the event is grandly

celebrated. Bumboats came loaded with oranges, pineapples, bananas, and various tropical fruits, but were not allowed alongside until the crew were piped to supper. Then all were supplied, and after fifty-two days at sea, were fully prepared to relish them. The illumination of the terraced city and the lights of the shipping were fairy-like.

Dec. 22d, Monday. At daybreak our steward went on shore and brought off fresh water, milk, meats, vegetables, and fruits for the day, which he will continue to do while we remain in port. Bumboats alongside sell fruit and collect washing. At half past nine U. S. Consul Parks made his official visit. Father met him, by invitation, in the Commodore's quarters. They were happy to renew old acquaintance. Mr. Parks tendered his services to show us the "lions" of this charming city. Captain Henry invited Father to meet at eleven o'clock the American Minister, Henry A. Wise, the Brazilian Minister of Marines, the U. S. Consul, Gorham C. Parks, Commodore Stockton, Captain Du Pont, and several other officers, on board the "Plymouth." They were

taken over the "Plymouth," then partook of an elegant collation, the table loaded with all kinds of choice viands and the luxuries of the season. According to etiquette our Commodore left first, and received a salute which was immediately returned by the "Congress." Next to depart was the Brazilian Minister of Marines, who was saluted, with the Brazilian flag at the forepeak, and the salute returned by a Brazilian man-of-war. U. S. Minister Wise took leave next, with a salute, then U. S. Consul Parks, also with a salute, after which Captain Du Pont returned in his gig with Father to our frigate. They declared they had never seen a ship in superior order. She is one of the finest in our navy, of graceful build, with flush deck, and kept throughout in such perfect order as to command for Captain Henry and his officers universal praise and admiration wherever she goes.

After dinner Father and Willie went ashore and met Mr. Parks, who escorted them sightseeing. They visited shops, looked about for rooms, and went into the Public Garden under the Aqueduct on Signal Hill. Commodore

Stockton is not prepared to receive the official visit of the U. S. Minister, and as Mrs. Wise cannot call upon Mrs. Ten Eyck and Mrs. Turrill until after that visit, we were invited to waive ceremony, and dine with them on Thursday at half past five. After an early evening call from our Captain and Chaplain, we admired the splendid views from deck, listened to the chimes of the cathedral bells on shore, the usual nightly music and watch cries from the shipping of various nations, until a late hour. The clear morning tempted Father, Uncle William, and Willie to see Mr. Parks in his office and at his lodgings, returning to our dinner.

At three Father escorted Mother and myself on shore for the first time. What a sensation to walk on terra firma once more! We went first to Mr. Parks' rooms, where he insisted we should taste every kind of fruit then in season which he could possibly procure. We all walked around Palace Square, which is thronged all the time. The Palace forms two sides of an oblong park opening on the bay near the landing. It consists partly of the

old palace of the Viceroys, and partly of a convent which belonged to the Carmelites, and the architecture is insignificant. We passed churches and many other handsome buildings, through streets filled with shops where everything Paris or New York affords could be purchased, into stores where flowers of every description are imitated with the brilliant plumage of tropical birds and insects, the breasts of humming-birds being displayed with wonderful effect. Feather work, diamonds, precious jewelry, silver, and rare goods are sold in Rua do Ouvidor, a narrow street, exclusively a promenade, all carriages being forbidden. This rule attracts crowds of elegantly dressed pleasure-seekers, particularly during lovely evenings. We spent much of the afternoon in Passeio Publico, or Public Garden, a beautiful water-side park containing fountains, walks on the beach, seats under arbors, and iron fences around the flower beds, the effect quite enchanting. Here various tropical trees, shrubs, and plants, the cocoanut, date, orange, palm, Botany Bay fir, reeds for fish-poles, pineapple, cacti, splendid althæa roses, with numerous

fruit and flowering trees, whose names we could not learn. A shrub with bright yellow and dark green foliage, is curious, being the Brazilian colors. It was difficult to control our amusement when the gardener called our special attention to a choice variety of the "American velvet plant," which proved to be our wild mullen in blossom. While still in the Garden, the heir-apparent, accompanied by ministers of state and ladies, escorted by cavalry, drove up. There were two carriages, each drawn by four mules, one for the royal family. As they entered the Garden, one of the men, covered with gold lace, carried the son of Dom Pedro II., heir to the throne, a child apparently of ten or twelve months, with light complexion and blue eyes. Great solicitude was felt about this infant, as no eldest son has come to the throne in Brazil. During the entire walk around the grounds, accompanied by four ladies, the ministers went bareheaded. As they passed, the multitude all took off their hats, Mr. Parks and Father following the custom of the country. The Emperor and Empress were absent in an adjoining province. The charms of sight-

seeing detained us, so we reached the mole too late for the sunset boat. Fortunately the Captain's gig was sent with the letter-bag, and we returned in it to our floating home. We promenaded the deck till time to retire, enjoying conversation with officers, and the scenes and sounds of this matchless harbor.

Next morning was clear, thermometer at 85°. Messrs. Turrill and Hubbard took the ten o'clock boat, spent the morning at the U. S. Consulate, returning at one. Mr. Ten Eyck and family took lodgings on shore. In the afternoon our family all went ashore in the Commodore's barge at his invitation, it being his first landing. He has taken lodgings at the Hotel Pharoux, where he will remain for the present, coming on shipboard occasionally. We went by invitation to the Consul's rooms. He intends sending for his family next spring. After they arrive, they will try housekeeping. Before we could start out shopping, one of the sudden rains of this country began, which confined us to the hotel. It continued to pour in torrents during the afternoon and evening. It became evident, by the water two feet deep in

Vice Consul William Henry Hubbard

the streets, that we could not return to the ship. We watched the flood from the windows. The novelty of seeing people carried over the crossings on the shoulders of wading blacks, through rapid streams, many mishaps, and queer sights were amusing, while agreeable conversation sped the hours delightfully. The Hotel d'Europa being full, Mr. Parks secured the only available room for himself, kindly yielding his apartments to us with the utmost cordiality. He provided a full supply of fruits upon the sideboard, which, with unstinted hospitality, he urged us, especially the children, to eat. After tea was served in the rooms, cots were brought in for the children, who, being weary, were soon asleep. Further conversation with our friend, then he bade us good-night. Thus we spent Christmas Eve in a foreign city. Christmas is a holy day with all classes in this Catholic country. Bells ringing nearly all night, chants of the priests of the nearest churches, singing of negroes in the streets, disturbed our sleep, though we listened with interest to the novel sounds.

Christmas morning (1845), after a nine

o'clock breakfast, we said good-by to Mr. Parks, did a little shopping, then Mr. Brewer invited us into the parlor of his store, where we waited for the ten o'clock boat. Soon after casting off, it commenced raining, and continued to pour until we reached our ship, very wet. We were sorry not to keep our engagement to dine, "children and all," at the American Minister's, three miles out of the city. Carriages were engaged, but the weather would not permit the drive. Commodore Stockton and several gentlemen did attend, but Captain Du Pont and other invited guests were disappointed. Lieutenant Schenck and Dr. Eversfield spent the evening with us.

Still cloudy the next morning, with every indication that the storm was not over. Boats go at regular hours to and from the landing. Father and Uncle William left at ten and returned at one. The fourth cutter is assigned the passengers, but is seldom called, on account of frequent invitations to ride in the Commodore's barge, or the Captain's gig, and the regular cutters being convenient. Mother busy sorting our baggage, and preparing for colder

climes. Our evening guests were Messrs. Lee, of Washington, Mr. Byers, a Southerner, and Mr. Duncan, son of Dr. Duncan of Ohio, with whom Father is acquainted. Father and Uncle William spent the next morning on shore. During their absence, Mr. Wise came on board unofficially. The brig "Sappho," forty-two days from New York, entered the harbor. Her captain sent a boat with the mate to deliver newspapers with his compliments, the latest date November 13th. Election news is eagerly gleaned. First Lieutenant Livingston spent a couple of hours in the evening with us. We have more breeze and fewer mosquitoes than on shore. Sunday, with no service on board. The brig "Courier" sails for New York to-day, will carry our mail. At three o'clock the frigate "Raritan," Captain Gregory, arrived from La Plata. The usual powder was burned in salutes by the "Congress," "Plymouth," and other ships, returned by the "Raritan." She anchored near the "Congress." As soon as the "Columbia" arrives to relieve her, the "Raritan" will return to the United States.

Father and Mother went ashore Monday

afternoon, were joined by Mr. Parks, took a carriage and rode to the residence of Mr. Wise, a large house with a fine garden. They passed many beautiful cottages, built in Gothic style, with lovely gardens in front, filled with fruit and flowers, also public squares, statuary, and fountains. Saw hundreds of slaves, coal-black, shining in the sun, naked to the hips, carrying heavy burdens, washing at the fountains, and driving mules. It is stated that upwards of fifty thousand slaves were brought from Africa into Rio de Janeiro alone, three years ago, in a single season. The weight they carry on their heads, as they trot single file after the leader, who shakes a rattle or chants, such as kegs of water, sacks of coffee or sugar, and merchandise, is truly astonishing. Sugar and coffee are the most important products of Brazil, and cotton ranks next as a staple. All the largest cities are on the seacoast, affording superior opportunities for commerce. Minister and Mrs. Wise greeted them cordially, Captain Gregory being with them. Mrs. Wise was Miss Sargent of Philadelphia. They gave Mother specimens of Brazilian minerals, shells, and curious beans.

After an agreeable call, they all walked through the lovely grounds, gathering samples of fruits, flowers, and spices to carry away. The return drive was equally enchanting, through different streets. Captain Gregory reached the mole first, and offered them his gig, and the row back afforded them the opportunity to make the acquaintance of the pleasant young officer, Mr. Hunter, in charge. Two officers called in the evening.

Dec. 30th, Tuesday. We rose at the morning gun, to prepare for an excursion upon the Corcovado, or Hunchback, the highest peak among the neighboring mountains. At eight o'clock we reached the landing, where Mr. Parks met us as agreed. Mother wore her riding-habit, but the saddle-horses had not arrived. Father and Uncle William took us children to the omnibus station and secured seats for Larangeiras, or The Oranges, at the foot of the mountain, within half a mile of Mr. Stevens' residence. We enjoyed greatly the ride through the city and suburbs. Mother and Mr. Parks galloped through the same streets and came up exceedingly warm, after we

reached the terminus, where we found Mr. Stevens waiting to guide us. He walked slowly up with us, we stopping here, there, and yonder, to pluck wild flowers, or enjoy the view. Mother and Mr. Parks continued their ride and reached the house first. After resting and partaking of refreshments, Mr. Stevens with Father and Mother set out on horseback for the top of the Corcovado, leaving Mr. Parks and Mr. Hubbard to entertain the children. We watched the riders winding around the rocky paths, sometimes hidden by the dense forest, then started for our climb. At first Mother's horse, a spirited animal, took the lead and instead of following the winding path, made a dash up the mountain-side. Losing his foothold he began sliding back, fearing he might fall on his left side and crush her, she disengaged her foot from the stirrup and as he fell, threw herself on his right side, where she caught by a bush and escaped injury. The horse slid into the path, raised himself to his feet, and being gentle, waited while Mother remounted. Mr. Stevens then took the lead, and the sure-footed horses following behind, ascended the

path, steep in places, but quite good except in two or three spots badly washed by recent rains. The trail was shaded by immense trees, wild orange and coffee, with jessamine, lovely flowering vines, interspersed with many varieties of orchids, mosses, wild flowers, and ferns in profusion. At the foot of the steepest part of the mountain called "The Saddle," stands a pavilion and stable, where horses are usually left, and parties proceed on foot. As a Brazilian company was enjoying a picnic on the veranda, our tourists rode on until they almost reached the top. They tied the horses in the shade and climbed to the summit. The crown is naked granite, surrounded by a railing. From this height of over two thousand feet, the view is magnificent on all sides. It overlooks the city, harbor, bays, verdure-covered islands, mountains, and valleys. To the east are country seats, palaces, the four-acre botanical garden with its famous avenues of palms, its clump of bamboos, its great variety of trees and plants, its fountains and arbors, and beyond these a long stretch of seacoast; all combined in this marvelous view. Descending, the

gentlemen led Mother's horse while she gathered wild flowers. At a cool stream they drank and took some refreshments. Mounting again, they enjoyed a succession of splendid views, halted at the "Mother of Waters," descended safely and arrived about one o'clock at "The Spot," a beautiful valley of about fifty acres where Mr. Stevens resides. It contains two pretty Gothic cottages, one occupied by Mr. Hamilton, nephew of the British Minister.

Meanwhile we children, escorted by Messrs. Parks and Hubbard, visited the "Mother of Waters," where the mountain torrents and little rills are gathered in an immense aqueduct constructed in 1740, whence the water is conveyed to the public fountains and to supply the whole city. It is a region of unparalleled beauty. We mistook the path, as easily may be done, for there are many which cross and diverge. For a little we were lost, which here is considered extremely dangerous, but we could often see Mr. Stevens' house from bends in the trails, so found our way out. The forests of Brazil are of vast extent, furnishing a great variety of useful and ornamental woods. They

also abound in wild animals and reptiles, many of them believed to be dangerous. Birds in great variety of size and color, from the giant condor to the tiny humming-bird. Myriads of birds migrate from this coast to the United States and Canada, and return yearly. How they are guided by night and through storms remains an unsolved mystery. They are said to cover the distance from land to land in two or three days, while our best ships are known to spend fifty days or more en route between these countries, which proves conclusively the vast advantage of wings over sails!

When we all assembled in the drawing-room, joined by Mrs. Hamilton, the gentlemen sang songs to my simple accompaniment, and we all joined in "We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne." At three, dinner was announced, Mr. Stevens taking Mother, while Father gave his arm to Mrs. Hamilton. The dinner was served in good style, followed by jellies and preserves made by nuns, and by fruits in great variety and perfection. Every one enjoyed the repast. Afterwards we strolled about the exquisite grounds, through

irregular paths winding in different directions, called at Mrs. Hamilton's cottage, rested under spice trees, tasted the delicious sprouts of the cinnamon, and admired the rills of pure water, until after six, when reluctantly we took leave of our host and the charming valley. Father started first with Willie and Mary. I followed with Uncle William, after seeing Mother and Mr. Parks mounted. They rode back over Gloria Hill, passing the beautiful church of Our Lady of Glory, a conspicuous object from distant points, especially from the bay. We sauntered down, gathering wild flowers as we went to the omnibus. The driver was playing cards, and we were abliged to wait nearly an hour for him to finish his game. Rio drivers indulge in eccentricities as surprising as they are exasperating. Another striking instance of their strange ways is afforded by the experiences of four of our wardroom officers, who drove out to pay their respects to Minister Wise on Christmas Day, and discovered, when they called for their carriage, after a very agreeable visit, that the driver had unharnessed his horses and put them

in the stalls to avail himself of fodder that cost him nothing!

We all re-assembled at the Hotel d'Europa a little after dark, had tea in Mr. Parks' rooms, bid him good-night soon after, and proceeded to the landing, where we took a shore boat and reached the "Congress" soon after nine o'clock, somewhat fatigued. The negroes have a peculiar way of rowing, half rising from the seat with each stroke, chanting as they row. Our party was the first from the ship to ascend the high peak of the Corcovado. December 31st is a holy day in the city, churches all open and bells ringing, but we failed to learn whether it was to honor a saint or the closing year. We received cards from Captain Du Pont for a fête on board to-morrow. Mr. Ten Eyck and family returned this morning. His wife coughs more on shore than at sea. Several gentlemen called in the evening. Large copper coins are used in Brazil. Twenty reis make one cent, and ten thousand reis equal five dollars. Merchants are frequently accompanied on the streets by a slave with a heavy coin-box. Prices named in the city alarm strangers. Mr.

Hubbard has a bill for a snack on shore in the currency of the land. Birds 1,500 reals, coffee 200 reals, orgeat 240 reals, bread 80 reals, and sundries which bring the amount to 2,620 reals or just $1.31 of our United States money. A drive in a livery carriage drawn by mules, or a trip in a boat rowed by negroes may cost from five to ten thousand reis.

January 1, 1846, Thursday. Our family all up early, greeted each other and our friends with wishes for a "Happy New Year." We superintended putting our cabin to its best appearance, as Captain Du Pont had requested us to receive the lady guests. Preparations for the fête were going on throughout the ship. It was a gay holiday here. Brazilian flags were flying from ships, forts, and public buildings. Salutes were fired and bells rung. In addition to being New Year's Day, it is the anniversary of the discovery of this magnificent bay. Although undoubtedly visited in 1502, it remained without a name until Juan Diaz de Solis entered it Jan. 1, 1515, and thinking it the entrance to a river, named it Rio de Janeiro, the river of January.

Guests began to arrive about one o'clock. Hon. Henry A. Wise, in whose honor the fête was given, came at two, with his wife and daughter, and was received with much ceremony. Mr. Burkhead brought his wife, her mother, Mrs. Hunter, who was the wife of a former U. S. Minister, and Miss Greig, an English lady. Miss Walsh came with her two brothers, one Secretary to the U. S. Legation, the other an officer on the "Raritan." Lieutenant Hemsworth and his wife came from the English frigate "Crescent," which lies here as a receiving ship. Also Mr. McKee, supercargo of the brig "Francis Partridge," and his wife. Mr. Ferguson, Naval Storekeeper, with his wife and daughter. Mr. Parks, the U. S. Consul. Captains Gregory and Henry, U. S. N., and many officers of the fleet, all in full uniform, as were the officers of the "Congress," besides several merchants.

After all who wished had been shown around the ship, the guests were invited into the Commodore's cabin below, where a table spread with brilliant cut glass and silver, loaded with the luxuries of the season and tastefully decorated,

awaited them. I remained in our cabin to receive ladies who chanced to arrive late. Mrs. Wise was seated at Commodore Stockton's right, Mr. Wise with Mrs. Ten Eyck at his left. Mrs. Turrill at Captain Du Pont's right, and Mrs. Hunter at his left. The other ladies were agreeably interspersed about the table, and such gentlemen as could find seats, others standing. Many toasts were given and responded to. Judge Turrill was called upon to propose, in behalf of the mothers present, the health of the young Prince Royal, son of Dom Pedro II., to which he acceded. Most of the gentlemen left the table when the ladies retired, several of the younger ones who remained drank toasts, and from the sounds we heard above, seemed to enjoy themselves without much restraint. The band furnished excellent music, and a few indulged in dancing, a pleasure which I shared. Coffee and cake were served on deck. Our cabin was open to all. Many promenaded and conversed, and all passed off delightfully. When Minister Wise left, about five o'clock, a salute was fired, the yards manned, and three cheers given. Other guests soon followed, and

in a short time our frigate was in as perfect order as if nothing unusual had occurred. The children remained in the large staterooms most of the afternoon, and regaled themselves with a bountiful supply of delicious oranges, maid Ellen in care of baby Hattie. Captain Du Pont sent up delicious refreshments in the evening for all the passengers, thus kindly attentive to everyone.

Next morning Mr. and Mrs. Hemsworth of the "Crescent" called. Mrs. Wise invited all the children to spend the day with her, but Mother decided that Willie and Mary better go some other time, so I accompanied Egbert and Hattie Ten Eyck and maid Ellen. We reached the residence soon after ten o'clock. Everything was done for our pleasure. Mrs. Wise kindly persuaded me to remain over night, so she wrote a note to Mother telling her Mr. Wise would bring me in his carriage next day, and sent it when the others left. Father has ordered an undress uniform coat made here. He and Uncle William, with a party of ten, dined at the Hotel d'Europa, as the guests of Mr. Parks at half past three o'clock. At sun-

set Mrs. Ten Eyck, with Mother and Willie, went on shore. At the rooms of Mr. Wright, a wealthy American merchant, they met Mr. and Mrs. McKee. At eight o'clock Mr. Wright insisted on their taking tea with him, so they walked through several streets to his immense warehouse. He, like most of the large dealers, keeps a steward to provide for the table of himself and thirty clerks. They were waited on by slaves.

The slave trade is carried on at the various ports, vast numbers being imported yearly. They carry heavy burdens to and from the wharves. Minister Wise was in correspondence with the Secretary of State, in reference to the African slave trade carried on by Americans to Brazil, which our limited number of war-ships was powerless to control. These slavers start out from New England chiefly, though a few go from New York. Consul Parks also called the attention of our Government to the insufficient force of our Navy to prevent American vessels from carrying on this immense slave trade to Brazil. That Commodore Stockton is strongly opposed to slavery

is well known at home and abroad. The tea, with toast and cakes, was very nice. The party then went to the hotel, where the gentlemen from the dining-room joined them in Mr. Parks' parlor. Soon all strolled about the many beautiful shops, took ices, and finally we parted with our hospitable shore friends and returned in the ten o'clock boat.

Next morning, after the Wise children had recited their lessons, they were at liberty for the day. They gave me specimens of the pale yellowish-pink topaz of this country, and a few small shells, which begin the collection I intend to make during my travels. They made my visit delightful and urged me to return to-morrow to remain with them until we sail. I bade them good-by and accompanied Mr. Wise, who went to the city on business. We reached the landing too late for the ten o'clock boat. Father was at the Consul's office, making copies of papers to assist in his duties at the Islands, when Mr. Wise told him that I had returned, so he met me and put me in the second cutter at eleven and I reached the "Congress," ladened with fruit and flowers,

the gifts of Mrs. Wise. Thermometer in our cabin stood at 90°. Father returned at twilight, after he and Mr. Parks had dined with Mr. Burkhead at his place of business. The evening was splendid. While we were enjoying the sea breeze on deck, music suddenly burst upon us from the water. Looking over the side, we saw a barge floating with the tide, containing serenaders from the "Raritan" with their band. Captain Du Pont ordered his band on deck to play at intervals between the music of the "Raritan" band. At parting, the two bands played together "Auld Lang Syne." This being a holy day, calkers from shore refused to work until extra pay was offered. The officers are anxious to have all repairs and painting speedily finished.

Our Chaplain read service and made a few remarks appropriate to the first Sabbath of the year. Just as he concluded at noon, a Brazilian member of Parliament and party came to visit, bringing a letter of introduction to our Captain. They sat in our cabin until Captain Du Pont was disengaged, but we were unable to communicate with them. Sunday is

a favorite visiting day in Brazil. It is estimated that "scarcely one-fifth of our war vessels have a Chaplain on board, as required by law," and even when appointed, these important officers spend much time on shore. Because the Chaplains are sometimes dubbed *"Idlers"* with clerks and marines and others who do not stand watch, and are not seamen, is no reason why the great need of their presence among such a large number of men deprived of service on shore, and all consolation in time of danger and death, is not always insisted upon as of the utmost importance. Mr. Hubbard spent the day on shore. Pleasant breeze in the harbor. Thermometer ranges from 80° to 90°.

Monday at two o'clock the U. S. frigate "Columbus" anchored near us and exchanged the usual salutes with our fleet, the forts, and other ships. She is fifty-two days from Hampton Roads, exactly our record. She flies a yellow flag. Father obtained the use of a boat for the afternoon and our family returned the call of Lieutenant and Mrs. Hemsworth on board the "Crescent." We found them taking a four-o'clock dinner of fish, wine, and fruit. All ex-

cept the last, which we always relish, we declined. Leaving these friends, we rowed to Praya Grande, a beautiful town opposite Rio, celebrated for its sweetmeats. Father explored the town, while we wandered along the beach, picking up shells and admiring the pretty country seats and lovely gardens. Returning about dusk, all of us enjoyed the row with the well-drilled crew. Uncle William had gone to Rio, so missed this delightful excursion. We spent the charming evening on deck with several ship friends. Tuesday the morning was warm and cloudy. Father went to the Consul's office, but as it was a holy day, no business was accomplished. He spent a brief time in one of the churches and returned in the one o'clock boat.

The Captain's gig floating astern, was being scrubbed inside and out by part of its crew, we watching the performance from our stern windows. Work soon turned to play. The fun of splashing each other, standing up and rocking the gig from side to side, increased until it was capsized and all hands thrown out. We had rowed in the gig often enough

to learn the name of the boatswain. Soon as the jolly tars, merry with the ducking, scrambled back, we noticed he was not among them. Not stopping to think, I shouted from the open window, "Patterson is missing" repeating the cry and turned away in alarm. Instantly sobered, two men plunged overboard and rescued Boatswain Patterson from his peril beneath the gig. Thus was a tragic possibility avoided. The incident was soon the topic of discussion over the decks, fore and aft.

Several officers of the "Columbia" called on us. They have twenty-five cases of smallpox on board and call it a mild form of varioloid. However, they lost one man at sea with it, and there are six new cases this morning. All intercourse between the ships is prohibited, yet the quarantine is not strictly observed. The "Columbia" spoke the packet "Charles" from Boston, near the line, with Mrs. J. J. Jarvis and other ladies on board, bound for Honolulu. She is the ship on which we expected to take passage, and is to stop only once if at all during her long voyage. Captain Du Pont allowed such of the men as desired

to go in swimming soon after sundown. We remained on deck till a late hour. Part of the "Raritan's" band came in a boat and serenaded us. Our band replied from the deck. The boat then rowed to the "Columbia." While the band played there, we continued to enjoy the enchanting music over the water. Next morning all our family, except little Mary, took the ten o'clock boat for shore. Father spent the morning in the Consul's office, while we three explored the shops and made some purchases. We all returned in the one o'clock boat. As we passed under our stern windows, Mary seized a fork off the waiting-table and waved it in welcome to us, not having her handkerchief ready. We brought fruit and candy to her. After dinner Father left again. He and Mr. Parks took a long walk through Coffee Street to the ice house, by the old English burying ground, and back to the hotel. After resting and taking refreshments they went to the landing, where Father took the boat. This is not the fruit season, still we have plenty, though officers accustomed to Rio consider prices high. Oranges a penny

each, pineapples two or three cents, bananas two cents a bunch, mangoes a penny each, potatoes all brought from Nova Scotia or Ireland, four cents a pound, apples brought on ice from Boston readily sell for twenty-five dollars a barrel. Ice costs six cents a pound.

Theodoric Lee Walker, a midshipman on the "Raritan," came to see us and remained to dinner. He and Theodoric Lee on the "Congress" are cousins, and we were acquainted with their mothers in Washington. He sailed in the "Columbia," which was carrying Mr. Everett to China, and when Mr. Everett returned to the United States, he was transferred to the "Raritan."

Judge and Mrs. Turrill received cards for a dinner to be given at the U. S. Minister's residence, Engenho Vecho, next Tuesday, the day set for the departure of our frigate.

Father visited the Commodore in the evening. He said they spent considerable time discussing the "Oregon question," and expressed the opinion that the issue might not designate the line to which we claim, so it was not easy to calculate results.

Jan. 9th, Friday. We improved this rainy day by arranging our trunks and bureau drawers preparatory to sailing. Father went on shore in the morning and sent acceptances to the dinner invitation. Commodore Stockton had received a pressing letter from Mr. Wise urging him to delay his departure until Wednesday, on account of his dinner party, and consented.

Twenty new cases of smallpox are to-day reported on the "Columbia," among them Mr. Hughes, who was in our cabin two days ago. We are surprised that quarantine is not strictly enforced. Mr. Byers took tea and passed the evening with us. Consul Parks, Messrs. Brewer and Parker also called.

Jan. 10th, Saturday. Father and Uncle William were on shore all the morning, buying stores for our mess. We prepared to call on Mrs. Burkhead in the afternoon, but it commenced raining just as the boat was ready and we did not go. Commodore Rousseau, of the "Columbia," visited the "Congress," and received the usual salute. I wondered if he was disinfected, and kept a wide distance from him.

Captain Gregory, of the "Raritan," sent Mother, with his compliments, a box of dried peaches for pies, which he brought from Mendoza. We closed letters for relatives at home to send by the brig "Noble," bound for Baltimore, and have already forwarded a mail-bag by the "Courier," of New York.

Jan 11th, Sunday. The weather is clear and pleasant. Mr. and Mrs. Wise, with their two daughters, two sons, and Miss Leslie, an Irish young lady, came on board to attend divine service. There is only one place for Protestant worship in Rio, the English Chapel.

The awning protected us from the heat of the sunshine, and the crew looked fine in clean white and blue. After the discourse from the text, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" the missionary hymn was sung with the usual vigor. Miss Anna Wise dined with us. The others took a family dinner with the Commodore, and spent considerable time in our cabin afterwards. About six o'clock they left, taking brother Willie to remain at Engenho Vecho until Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ten Eyck were on shore, hav-

ing their children vaccinated, for they felt uneasy about the smallpox. Father escorted Mother, Mary, and me, on shore in the sundown boat. We proposed attending vespers, but found no church open for service. We went into some shops, and then into one of the most splendid churches in Rio. We procured a guide, who lighted a lamp and showed us through the building, and the adjoining catacombs. He requested us, in broken English, to take off our hats and bonnets as we approached the altar. He took us also into the place where the dead are deposited and walled in. It was guarded by a fierce dog, chained, which I dreaded to pass. Father gave the guide a fee for his trouble, and he urged us "to call again to-morrow"! This church is located near the Theater and is the place where Dom Pedro I. made his last appeal to the Brazilians before abdicating the throne. We noticed the opera and shops open, music abundant, and no appearance of the Sabbath. We walked to the Hotel d'Europa, where the servant informed us that Mr. Parks was lying down. Not to disturb his rest, we went into

the parlor below and ordered bananas, cakes, and water, and there rested till nearly ten, when we went to the landing and reached the ship safely a little before eleven, little Mary sleeping most of the way in Father's arms.

Jan 12th, Monday. Father and Uncle William went to the Consul's and afterwards selected our private stores. They met Mr. Clapp, to whom they had been introduced a few days before. A distinguished Brazilian with his wife, both richly dressed, visited the "Congress," and were politely received by Captain Du Pont. They spoke French and expressed great admiration for our frigate, as all visitors do.

Our captain kindly offered us his gig, and at five o'clock Mary and I accompanied our parents to the "Raritan," where Captain F. H. Gregory met us at the foot of the steps with a hearty greeting of welcome. He made our visit delightful. He introduced us to First Lieutenant Shepherd and Mr. Hudson, who informed us that he had made application to join the "Congress," and to Dr. Foltz, surgeon of the fleet. We found them all agreeable and

kind. Captain Gregory added to my little store of shells, which encouraged my attempt to gather a fine collection, and he presented me a small volume on conchology, in which he wrote his name and mine. His home is in New Haven, Conn., in a beautiful cottage which he calls "The Anchorage."

We rowed next by appointment to the usual landing to take in Mr. Ferguson. Not finding him in his office, we waited for him till half past six, when he made his appearance and we set off for Botafaga Bay. Captain Du Pont was displeased when he learned that Mr. Ferguson had wasted our time, and declared he would see that nothing of the kind occurred again.

Botafaga Bay, when fairly entered, resembles a small lake surrounded by high hills and rugged cliffs, among which the Sugar Loaf is prominent. No opening into it could be seen from the fountain near which we landed, by running the bow of our boat onto the sand beach. We entered the "Cove" directly opposite the fountain, in front of Mr. Burkhead's residence. After proceeding forty or fifty rods,

we reached his delightful home at half past seven. It was nearly dark, owing to being delayed by Mr. Ferguson, so we could see little of the grounds. We passed through a lane planted with tropical trees and shrubs, a charming spot at the back of a steep mountain covered with verdure. We found Mr. Burkhead at home, but his wife and her mother were absent. In about a half hour they returned, weary with walking, having been engaged in the city making preparations for Mrs. Burkhead to leave in a few days on the "Plymouth" for Montevideo, where her married sister resides. After taking leave of the ladies at about half past eight, we went with Mr. Burkhead to our boat, took leave of him on the beach, and put off for our floating home. The water was smooth, the moon shone brightly, and we had a charming row of over five miles, and arrived at half past nine, well satisfied with our trip.

Jan 13th, Tuesday. The morning clear and pleasant. I went on shore with Father in the ten o'clock boat. While he was busy at the Consul's office, I went to the feather store and selected a few flowers, admiring most those

made of humming-birds' breasts. Bright-colored insects also are manufactured into flowers and ornaments. We met at Gerrett's store, where Father settled the company bills, and left money with Uncle William to pay his private bills, including carriage hire. We left on the one o'clock boat. Mother had busied herself fitting up our staterooms for sea. Father and Mother dressed for the entertainment, and started between three and four o'clock. Mother was weighed on shore. Weighing 107 pounds, found she had gained four since leaving Norfolk.

They started for Engenho Vecho about half past four in a Chelsea, a sort of gig, drawn by sleek fat mules, one of which the postilion rides. The drive through the valley Larangeiras is one of great beauty. Soon after five they alighted, finding the Commodore, Captain, and several officers of the " Columbia " already there, notwithstanding the quarantine. Commodore Stockton arrived an hour later. Mr. Ten Eyck came alone about the same time, his wife having changed her mind at the last moment.

Mrs. Wise met Mother in the dressing-room. They entered the drawing-room together, where Mother was presented to such gentlemen as she had not previously seen. Father was introduced to Miss Walsh, and at the request of Mr. Wise, escorted her to the table. Mrs. Wise took the arm of Captain Gregory, while Commodore Rousseau gave his arm to Mother, and they led the way to the dining-room. As they passed, Commodore Stockton, to banish her fears of smallpox, said to Mother in a low tone, "He has on his dress suit."

Mrs. Wise was seated at Commodore Rousseau's right hand and Mother on his left, Commodore Stockton and Mr. Wise opposite them, Captain Gregory at the left of Mrs. Wise, with Miss Walsh and Father next, then Mr. Parks and Mr. Ten Eyck. Miss Leslie and Miss Wise were the only other ladies. Dr. Foltz was at Mother's left, and several other officers were present. The dinner was elaborate, with many courses, and a great variety of fruits and confectionery served in excellent style. One of the toasts given was, "The united ladies of England and the United States."

Some guest remarked "That does not include Miss Walsh," when Captain Hemsworth replied "That is entirely Miss Walsh's own fault." All left the table about half past seven, and took a stroll through the lovely grounds. Coffee was handed round and conversation enjoyed in the hall.

Mr. Wise is exceedingly kind. He has offered Father any assistance in his power by throwing business into his hands. He spoke of their former position in Congress. He said he was an original Democrat in favor of William Harris Crawford and Andrew Jackson, but opposed to Martin Van Buren. He said Mr. Polk would have had his support had he been in the United States, but under no circumstances could he have voted for Henry Clay.

Soon after nine, my parents left, taking Willie with them to the great sorrow of the children, who cried at parting with him, and could not easily be quieted, so attached had they become during his brief stay with them.

It was moonlight. A little before ten they alighted at Gerrett's store, where several officers of the "Congress" were waiting for the ten

o'clock boat. Commodore Stockton arrived soon after, Commodore Rousseau with Captain Gregory not far behind. The latter invited Father and Mother to take his gig, which brought them to our ship soon after ten.

The parting at the landing was sad. Mr. Brewer's hearty good wishes, Captain Gregory's "God bless you," Mr. Parks' silent hand-grasp, will not soon fade from memory. It is sad to bid adieu to such warm friends. We feel under deep obligation to all who have contributed to the enjoyment of our stay in Rio.

During the afternoon Mr. Brewer had brought me a present from Mr. Parks, a pin of Brazilian brilliants, similar to one worn by Mrs. Wise, but larger. It had one center stone and eight smaller ones set around it.

Mother repacked her tin cases and trunk, wrote letters until after midnight, and spent the remainder of the night on the lounge in the cabin, as the heat was very oppressive.

The English frigate "President," commanded by Admiral Dacres, entered port yesterday, exchanging the usual salutes. We viewed her as an interesting relic, because she

was captured from us in 1814. She injured her keel in leaving New York harbor, the "Endymion" attacked her and was beaten off, the British squadron then closed around her, and Commodore Decatur surrendered to the Commander of the squadron. Commodore Stockton was a midshipman on board the "President" at the time of this capture. Admiral Dacres, then a captain, commanded the "Guerriere," when she was captured by the "Constitution," Captain Hull commanding. While a prisoner in Boston, Captain Dacres was treated with great kindness and attention. Meeting Commodore Hull years after in the Mediterranean, he loaded him with similar attentions.

Jan. 14th, Wednesday. Father was early awakened by the noise and bustle on board, caused by weighing anchor and setting sail. He was on deck about sunrise. Some anxiety was manifest among our officers, as this was our first departure from a foreign port this cruise, and it was desired to go out in the best possible style, especially as the officers and crews of the numerous war-ships around

the harbor were watching every movement with critical eyes, but we did credit to our reputation, and glided off without assistance or blunder. A steamer came alongside to tow us if required, but we had a light breeze and the tide with us, and declined its help. Mr. Brewer alongside nearly an hour in his boat, at last bid Mrs. Ten Eyck and Miss Johnson good-by. Father saw him and he left a farewell message for Mother and myself, and headed for shore. Others came on board for final errands or parting words. Mother and the children appeared about seven, when we were fairly under way. Half an hour later we passed between the Sugar Loaf and the Castle. By nine, were outside the lighthouse. The morning was clear so we had a fine view of the harbor and coast. About five we lost sight of the Sugar Loaf, and in a couple of hours more the Corcovado also disappeared, we making eight knots.

In the forenoon we saw a large turtle floating on the ocean, which must have weighed nearly 200 pounds. The letter-bag was forgotten, which, for those who sat up all night finishing

letters, is a bitter disappointment. Mother slept much of the day to make up for past lack of rest. Captain Du Pont was quite ill with an attack of cholera-morbus, and Lieutenant Livingston unable to be on duty owing to over-fatigue in getting the ship to sea.

Officers and men were weeded out at Rio. Three midshipmen, Messrs. M. K. Warrington, S. B. Elliott, and A. H. Waring, were detached from the "Congress" to go home in the "Raritan" with fifteen or twenty seamen, leaving some fifteen on our sick-list, with lameness and various slight ills. One worthless man deserted. Mr. Hudson's application for transfer from the "Raritan" was not granted. We left in port the "Raritan" bound home, the "Columbia" going to La Plata, and the sloop-of-war "Plymouth" bound for the same place.

I now weigh seventy-eight pounds, and have found it convenient to wind my two long braids of hair around my head, instead of having them hang down my back. Sometimes I fasten them with the silver arrow given me when leaving

home. We all remained late on deck, as the air was just cool enough for comfort. The evening was very bright.

Jan. 15th, Thursday. At half past seven we made between eight and nine knots. It was clear and pleasant. At noon we were 260 miles from Rio in Lat. 26° S. Much of the morning was spent by Father superintending the opening and packing of stores, and putting quantities of oranges and limes in long, narrow bags, to festoon from nails, for they keep well thus cared for. We keep baskets of fruit in our staterooms for constant use. Commodore Stockton called in the morning. Father was absent at the time. Only Mother and I saw him. As the weather continues fine, we spent most of the evening on deck.

Jan. 16th, Friday. It is pleasant with floating clouds. The thermometer at 87°. All sail is set. The wind is directly aft. We lost sight of land to-day. Much of Willie's clothing is too thick for a tropical climate, so, driven by necessity, Mother cut and made a pair of thin white pants for him, by way of experiment. By omitting the pockets as too intricate for

her skill, she succeeded quite well, but imagine a boy of nine without pockets!

At eleven the sentence of the court-martial was read to the three men who were tried on board the "Plymouth," in Rio de Janeiro, it appearing by the papers that the Commodore had remitted half the sentence of the court in each case. He would like to abolish whipping in the Navy. The sentence, thus modified, was executed in the presence of all hands, the gentlemen passengers invited as witnesses, the first man receiving fifty, the second forty, and the third twenty-five lashes.

From a copy of the log of the first cruise of the "Congress," it appears that Captain Voorhees was a firm believer in corporal punishment, either over the frock, or on the bare back. For various offenses there were inflicted during the 1,988 days, or three years' cruise, 4,084 lashes of the "cat," including 290 inflicted on four men by order of court-martial, the number of lashes varying from five to twelve in each case, chiefly in port, and rum generally the cause of the trouble. I am thankful such punishment is seldom resorted to on the second voyage,

for it seems terrible. When our cabin doors are closed in daytime and the blinds put up, I go in the stateroom, and hold a pillow round my head till they are opened again. Then I feel certain all is over. We spent the evening on deck in company with Captain Du Pont, whose society is always charming. Lat. 28° 53′ S.

Jan. 17th, Saturday. With a fair light wind we made from four to five knots during the day. Many butterflies were observed about the ship. Several large ones settled in our cabin. In the last twenty-four hours we have sailed 105 miles.

Mother and I sorted 600 limes, wrapping them in paper, hoping to keep them longer. Lieutenant Schenck passed the evening with us. After he left at ten, we went on deck and found preparations making for a squall, indicated by the barometer. When we retired at about eleven, we were making nine knots. We left Captain Du Pont on deck, where he remained until four next morning. The wind changed and blew strongly in the course of the night, but before it reached us, was much spent.

Jan. 18th, Sunday. We heard the sails snapping, early in the day, in the wind. Father went out. He reported a gale blowing, the ship carrying very little canvas, our course S. E., the wind dead ahead. The ship rolls considerably. No church service was held. Mother sick, kept her berth most of the day, but feeling better at noon, she indulged in rich soup and roast pig at dinner. As might have been expected, she was worse. She recovered in time for tea—thus fickle is seasickness. The thermometer is at 70°. We feel the change, and are obliged to wear warmer clothing. Butterflies and sea-gulls, a strange combination, are numerous. Lieutenant Livingston saw a whale spout about 8 A.M. The wind blew hard until one, then abated a trifle. It was cool all day with slight sprinkling of rain during the night. Lat. 32° 15′. We are in the neighborhood of St. Catharine, a small island belonging to Brazil, where fruits and flowers abound.

Jan. 19th, Monday. With the wind still ahead, on one tack we run out to sea, and on the other go close in shore, so that beating around we gain little on our course. An albatross,

brown with white wings, has joined the black gulls, which follow in our wake after food. The thermometer is at 75°. The weather clear and cool. Early in the evening the wind hauled round a little, so that we are able to make our course at the rate of four knots an hour. Lieutenant Schenck visited us. Lat. 32° 47′ S. Long. 46° 29′.

Jan. 20th, Tuesday. It is clear. A great change in the temperature makes winter clothing necessary. The wind hauled to the west so that we could run on our course, which is S. W. by S. The gulls keep us company. The graceful albatross has not deserted us. Much pleasure we derive from watching them. "A sail!" was cried at one, three points on the larboard, which is the weather bow. Standing before the wind she disappeared about three. During the morning a large fin was seen sticking out of the water, but as the fish did not rise above the surface, we could not determine what manner of fish it was. One of the guns on the spar deck has had a shot jammed for some time past, so that it could neither be driven down to the powder, nor drawn out. It was not

used in Rio for salutes. Renewed efforts to draw the shot were made to-day. The gun was hoisted to the mainmast muzzle down, beaten with battering-rams of long planks and sledge hammers. After the officers had exhausted all mechanical skill in vain, it was decided to fire it off. It was taken to one of the forward starboard ports, a train laid from the gun deck, and a slow match applied. All hands were ordered below. The passengers assembled in the Commodore's cabin. Not a soul was left on the spar deck. After moments of intense suspense, we heard the bang and whiz, rushed to the portholes, and caught a glimpse of the refractory ball booming over the ocean in several skips, before it sank forever. Commodore Stockton was immensely relieved after his grave apprehensions. He was the first to spring from his chair and look out at the ball. This happened about seven. We went up to our quarters and took tea just at dusk, thankful that no one was hurt, nor even the gun injured.

The wind continued fair, we going seven to eight knots. Lat. 33° 49′ S., the coast about 150

miles away. In the evening we entertained Mr. Guest. Mother, Father, and I took our accustomed walk afterwards on deck for exercise.

Jan. 21st, Wednesday. Father on deck at half past six found clear weather, not so cold as the last two days, the wind fair but light, we making only three knots. The death of the coon, brought from Norfolk, was announced, the result of an injury after surviving the great heat of the tropics. It belonged to Mr. E. F. Beale, when he left was given by him to Mr. Byers, had become a favorite, and will be greatly missed.

A shark was reported astern. Lieutenant Tilghman, officer of the deck at the time, ordered the shark-hook thrown out. At first the monster was under water and looked like a huge green spot. When he discovered the pork, we saw him making towards it, his two slim pilot-fish advancing to examine it. A moment after, he was fast on the hook, and was hauled close under the stern, where he struggled desperately, but was towed alongside, and taken on deck through a forward starboard port-hole,

the pilot-fish following to the last. He measured six feet less one inch, had only two rows of teeth, and was pronounced three years old. We all went forward to inspect him, one man held a bowline round his tail, another a stick in his mouth. His skin was rough like a toad's, his eyes were close to his mouth, giving him the advantage of looking in two directions at once. As this is the first shark captured, Lieutenant Tilghman presented the jaw to Father as a trophy. Steaks were cut from near the tail, which most of us tasted. Father and Uncle William pronounced them tender and excellent. Owing to prejudice, Mother declined to try it. Whist counters were made of the backbone.

The gulls still follow us, the single albatross has gone, but a flock of albatross passed by at noon. We are south of the mouth of the river La Plata, in Lat. 35° 22′. Lieutenant Green, with Mr. Thompson, spent the evening in our cabin. Mr. Guest called.

Jan. 22d, Thursday. At half after seven it was pleasant, our course was S. W. by S. ½ S. Shark steaks on the table were relished by the gentlemen and boys. The first Cape pigeons

appeared, which were watched with interest, more albatross also were seen, with the usual sea-gulls. Uncle William threw out a line for an albatross, but some fish, a shark possibly, bit off the line, and swallowed bait, corks, and three hooks, an uncomfortable diet one would think. The sea-nettle floats by us constantly. Sharks increase in number.

A call was made this afternoon to general quarters. All fires and lights were extinguished. For the first time on this voyage, the men fired at a mark with their carbines, and did not seem familiar with the use of firearms.

We had later a dead calm, though there was a slight rolling swell on the ocean, but the surface was as smooth as glass. The sunset was beautiful, the clouds hanging along the horizon looking like a distant coast.

Lieutenant Schenck spent the evening with us. Just before eleven, I went on deck with my parents, and for the first time saw the Magellan clouds. The dark cloud near a star of the Southern Cross is supposed to be a space without stars or light. The two white clouds on its right at a considerable distance from it

and each other, forming a triangle, are supposed to be groups of innumerable stars far-distant in space. Thermometer 75°. Lat. 36° 59′ S.

Jan. 23d, Friday. The sun shone brightly, the air was balmy like a May morning at home. The ocean presented an aspect which it seldom wears—as smooth as glass, waving with gentle undulation, but unbroken by a ripple. The ship scarcely seems to move on the water, though two and a half knots are marked on the log. An albatross rests quietly in our wake. The Captain sent a messenger, while we were at breakfast, requesting the ladies and gentlemen of the cabin to dine with him to-day. There was target practice with carbines again. Cape pigeons are about in different directions, most of them of dark color, and the first stormy petrels appeared. Before noon a school of porpoises played around, and some came alongside. A sailor threw a harpoon into one, and he was taken on board. He was nearly seven feet long, had a long narrow jaw, skin brown and smooth like an eel's, meat red, heart and liver like a land animal. Porpoise liver and

steak were afterwards served on our table. The jaw was given to Mr. Ten Eyck.

At half past three, Lieutenant Green of the wardroom escorted all the passengers, except the four youngsters, to dinner. The dinner was admirable, the conversation lively, and all enjoyed themselves greatly. We left the table a little before six, and spent a part of the evening on deck, when a fresh breeze sprang up, carrying us eight knots on our course. The sea seemed alive with fish, birds, hundreds of porpoises, and a whale at a distance. We never imagined the ocean so far south could be so beautiful or full of interest. Lat. 37° 14′ S. Long. 51° 56′.

We were sleeping soundly about midnight, when the drum beat to quarters, but we were not resolute enough to rise to observe the action. We are notified when a night-drill is to take place, and instructed never to be alarmed at the cry of fire.

Jan. 24th, Saturday. A little after six we heard the watch sing out, "Sail ho!" Father dressed immediately and went on deck. It was not visible from there, was to windward, going

probably as fast as we, in the opposite direction. We were making at the time, nine knots on our course.

The porpoise captured yesterday furnished steaks for our breakfast and dinner, which resembled the poor Rio beef. It was not considered equal to the shark. Large quantities of "whale-feed" around. Very little swell on the sea. Fog, or a haze resting on the water at a distance, was said to be occasioned by our being on soundings. About five, the fog closed in upon the ship, so we could not see twice her length. The "lookout" was stationed just as at dark. The fog continued all the afternoon and night, the atmosphere so damp that water dripped from the rigging as if it had been raining. It was quite cold.

Captain Du Pont expressed himself pleased with the promptitude of all hands at the drill last night. The young officers and men dressed, lashed their hammocks, brought them on deck, stowed them away, took their respective stations, and in seven minutes from the first tap of the drum the decks were cleared for action and every man at his post. After the drill, by

the light of battle lanterns, silently as possible, the crew were dismissed to their rest.

Target shooting has been practiced lately. Commodore Stockton made two shots which were not remarkable. Lieutenant Tilghman and Midshipman Lee each touched the outer edge of the bull's eye. Father is an excellent rifleman. At his first shot he sent a ball through the center of the bull's-eye. He concluded he had better rest on his laurels.

On the gun deck there was the excitement of "ship on fire," of which we knew nothing, until it was over. A sailor, contrary to orders, boiled a kettle of the composition used for blacking hats, over the galley fire, instead of the proper place on deck. It took fire, blazing up to the woodwork above, burnt it considerably, but was soon extinguished. The man was punished for disobedience.

A bow appeared in the heavens, a perfect arch, but not of vivid colors. Soundings were made without finding bottom. Lieutenant Schenck and Mr. Hyde, the Commodore's clerk, passed the evening with us. Whist is the favorite game.

The night was dark, the phosphoresence uncommonly bright, and the wake of the ship a blaze of light. Between eleven and twelve, the officer of the deck sent for us. Hastily dressing we went out, when a magnificent scene spread before us. Millions of small fish filled the water, thousands of porpoises darting in every direction among them, each leaving behind a curving, meandering train of light. The display was much like innumerable serpentine fireworks, the motions of the fishes being as distinct as the flashing of meteors. Captain Du Pont was called, and we all admired the scene as long as prudence permitted in so damp an atmosphere. One large porpoise was speared by the sailors, and a choice piece sent to the passengers. After midnight the breeze freshened, and we bounded along at the rate of eleven knots. Large numbers of Cape pigeons and other birds are about us. Lat. 39° 26′ S. Long. 53° 57′ 30″.

Jan. 25th, Sunday. The heavy fog cleared about eight, when we were making eleven knots on our course, with a fine, steady breeze, and very little motion. Owing to the Chaplain

being, from a cold, too hoarse to speak, no church service was held.

The barometer indicating a storm, the top-gallant masts and royals were sent down. The topmasts are to be lightened of tons of weight, and a new set of sails is to be bent on, ready for Cape Horn weather. The thermometer was at about 70°. Towards night the wind died away, and continued light. The sun set a little after seven. Lat. 42° 13′ S. Long. 56° 34′.

Jan. 26th, Monday. The weather is variable, sunshine, rain, wind, and calm suddenly succeeding each other. The wind veering around from one quarter to another, almost boxed the compass, and kept the men on the stir. The heavens were covered with clouds, and there was considerable thunder and lightning in the southwest. Every preparation was going on for a gale, still no gale came, and soon after ten the sun began occasionally to make its appearance through the clouds. We passed a school of grampus and porpoises. Birds abound. The vast number of birds we called Cape pigeons, Lieutenant Green told us

yesterday, are not pigeons. Father does not agree with him, so the question remains uncertain.

The "stump topgallant masts" were sent up in place of the taller ones removed, and six big guns sent below—thus preparation for the rough weather we expect to encounter goes on. The sun was not visible at noon, hence no observation was obtained, but our latitude is supposed to be 43° 38′ S. Messrs. Schenck, Byers, Lee, Thompson, and Guest spent the evening with us, consequently we were able to form two sets for whist.

Jan. 27th, Tuesday. Father out by seven, reported the wind fair, carrying us eight to nine knots on our course. About one the barometer fell rapidly. Thunder and lightning, dark clouds to windward, with everything indicating a severe storm. Officers and men in storm rig bustled to take in sail. Scarcely a rag was left. By two the rain fell in torrents, but there was very little wind with it. It continued damp and rainy most of the afternoon. A little before night it cleared. We had a beautiful sunset, the wind became fair, but as we

had very little sail, we made only four or five knots. We saw to-day few fish and no birds. Messrs. Schenck and Hyde were in our cabin for the evening.

Jan. 28th, Wednesday. It is damp and cloudy with little wind. The sun made its appearance about noon. The thermometer was at 60° with variable weather. We were all day on soundings, sixty fathoms indicated by the lead at noon, and fifty-five at seven this evening. We saw butterflies and birds, but no fish. Lat. 46° 31′ S. Messrs. Green, Baldwin, and Byers spent the evening in our cabin.

Jan. 29th, Thursday. Going on deck at seven, we found the wind fresh from the east, the weather damp and chilly, the ship making eight or nine knots on a S. by W. course. At noon the sun shone brightly, and the weather was milder. Our soundings to-day were sixty-five fathoms. A cheerful cry of "Sail ho!" from the man in the foretop, was answered with "Where away?" from the officer of the deck through his speaking-trumpet. "Two points on the weather bow, sir" (larboard bow). We shortened sail and signaled to her.

She was bound east, but soon tacked and stood west for us.

The drum beat to quarters. All was bustle and excitement as if for battle. In a short time it was discovered that instead of being, as was first supposed, a man-of-war, she was a whaler. When she dropped under our stern, her captain's offer to send a boat was accepted. Soon her mate boarded us. She was the "Charles Drew" of New Bedford, seventeen months out cruising for whales in the Pacific, last from Maui, H. I., four months ago. She doubled Cape Horn some two weeks ago, had little wind, and that from the S. W. She fell in with several vessels waiting for a change of wind to take them around to the Pacific. She is returning from a successful cruise, lacking about 200 barrels of a full cargo, and will cruise about for a couple of weeks up to Lat. 45°, hoping to fill up. Then square away for home.

The mail-bag was hastily prepared and despatched by him, when he took leave of the "Congress," and we stood on our course, our band saluting the "Drew" with "Hail Co-

lumbia." We had a fair wind all day and night. The soundings gave sixty-three fathoms, the thermometer stood at 68°. Our noon latitude was 48° 17′ S. Messrs. Schenck, Hyde, Baldwin, Guest, and Lee were with us in the evening. Two sets of whist.

Jan. 30th, Friday. A fresh wind with rough sea obliged us to take in the topgallant sails, and reef the topsails. We were close hauled to the wind, our course S. ¼ E. During the day we made three, six, eight, and nine knots. A cold rain with hail and sleet beating on us made suffering for the men. It is midsummer here, with between seventeen and eighteen hours of daylight. We got no observation at noon, but it cleared a little in the afternoon. We took soundings and found seventy-five fathoms by the line, with the bottom black sand. At four the latitude was 51° 16′ S., the longitude 65° 56′, making us about two hundred miles from Staten Island, and ninety-eight from the point of land by the Straits of Magellan. Mother and I sewed industriously.

Mrs. Ten Eyck gained up to the time of our arrival at Rio, but since then has failed, coughs

more, has more pain in her chest, and keeps to her room more than previously. The rest of us are all in perfect health, though little Hattie is always rather delicate. Sailing-master Morgan, from whom we generally obtain our reckoning and a sight of the charts, spent the evening with us, also Messrs. Thompson and Guest.

Jan. 31st, Saturday. At seven the wind had changed to the N. W. Our course was S. E. by S. at the rate of four knots. Between ten and eleven it came round again to the eastward, cool, but not so strong as yesterday. It was cloudy, with occasionally a little mist. We got no observation at noon. The wind continued light all day. In our cabin the thermometer marked 60°. Towards evening a nice little stove was put up for us, which makes us very comfortable. Uncle William fished for albatross. One bit at his cork, but wisely avoided the hook a little under water. We went on deck to enjoy the beautiful sunset. Messrs. Guest and Thompson passed the evening in our cabin.

Feb. 1st, Sunday. This day begins a new week and a new month. The seven-knot

wind from the southwest sends us outside of Staten Island, which is about forty miles distant, instead of through the Le Maire Strait. Great quantities of seaweed, called "kelp," a seaweed from the Cape Horn region, floats by us. Dr. Whittle says that in Orange Bay, where it grows in great abundance, it is considered safe to navigate close to it. It is always thought safe to sail up to the edge of it, as it grows in water thirty or more feet deep. We saw, jumping out of the water, several fish, apparently eighteen inches long and eight to ten broad. The wind continued increasing till it almost blew a gale.

At eleven we had a short divine service, all, even Mr. Colton himself, keeping on their caps. He read only a small portion of the service, and gave us no sermon.

A squall struck us and our old foretopsail was blown to tatters. It was sent down, and a new one bent on. The sun peeped out for a few moments. Much of the day we children watched from the door windows the operations of the crew, the pitching of the ship, and the effect of the gale generally. The Commodore

and Captain were both on deck watching closely the "Congress," and her struggles during the hardest of the blow. Such was the direction and force of the wind, that for awhile we were running a due east course. After awhile, the wind hauled so that our course was east by south. About noon all hands were called on deck to shorten sail, and in less than an hour were called again to take another reef in the sails. Other precautions for security were taken. The "Congress" sails uncommonly steady, rolling less than formerly. Notwithstanding the blow, we got along well at dinner, mustering our whole mess except the invalid, Mrs. Ten Eyck, without even spilling our soup. The dishes slid about considerably, but with watchful care and the aid of sandbags, escaped breakage.

Mr. Morgan succeeded in getting an observation at noon, and found our latitude to be 53° 52′ S., our longitude 64° 45′. Yesterday's latitude was 52° 2′ S., longitude 66° 7′, showing that we had made some easting during the last twenty-four hours. A few Mother Carey's chickens, and a solitary albatross kept us com-

pany all day. We now have twenty hours of daylight. Father and Mother went on deck after tea, but soon came in, the wind had abated somewhat, but the air was damp. Messrs. Baldwin and Green made us a short call.

To-day has given us a foretaste of Cape Horn weather. We retired early. I delight in my cot. It hangs from hooks in the cabin ceiling in front of Mother's door. It is not to be mistaken for a hammock, being vastly more comfortable. In rough weather it swings a race with the chandelier, in the strife to touch the ceiling. In this strife neither will ever win, unless the "Congress" rolls over, which she almost seems to threaten at times.

Feb. 2d, Monday. Father on deck, about six, was joined by Mr. Morgan soon after, who said we ought to make Staten Island by eight o'clock. Only sail enough to steady the ship was carried during the night, but more was set at this hour. The wind was light, we making only two knots on our S. E. course. When we breakfasted at eight the wind was increasing. A half hour later "Land!" was cried from the

maintop, but it was not visible at all from the deck. A sail, probably a bark, on our larboard quarter was visible for several hours, standing in the same direction, evidently gaining on us, the heavy sea causing her to disappear as if she had gone to the bottom, to reappear as she rode the crest of a wave, she so small to battle with the elements of this stormy region.

By nine, the wind increasing, the Commodore gave orders to make sail, more was accordingly set, we soon were going ten knots on our course, and in a short time passed out of sight of the bark, which was following us at a distance. The morning was so cold that Father found it very uncomfortable on deck with his overcoat on. We were enjoying a good fire, but the officers and sailors outside looked extremely cold. The gale increased, with some sleet and hail. By a little after eleven all hands were called to take in sail. Storm sails were set, and everything prepared for severe weather. We dined at two, and found great difficulty, even with the aid of sandbags, in keeping our dishes on the table. We had a

merry time, each being appointed to seize upon a certain dish, whenever the ship lurched. Father and Miss Johnson, seated on the leeward side of the table, slid away from it to the great peril of the molasses jug and pudding sauce, intrusted to their care. The sea continued running high. The ship plunging into it, pitching and rolling, as we watched from our closed front doors the mountains of water which threatened to engulf us. At five it was announced at our door that whales were on the quarter. We rushed out, but saw none. Returning for our wraps, we remained on deck twenty minutes, when they spouted a half mile astern. Albatross were numerous. Uncle William threw a line for one, but some fish took the bait. Mother Carey's chickens keep us company close under our stern, skimming the ocean in immense numbers, occasionally resting on their wings, just touching the water with their feet. A sort of mist or fine rain occasionally passed over us, which at a little distance resembled a thick fog. Daylight did not disappear till nearly nine, then the moon, although it was cloudy,

prevented its being dark for an hour or two longer.

Mother is reading "Stories of the Sea," by Captain Marryat. Sailing-master Morgan did not succeed in getting an observation to-day. By dead reckoning we are in latitude 54° 22′ S. Mr. Baldwin was in the cabin in the evening. By ten we had all retired, but sleep was much disturbed by the motion and sudden lurches of the ship.

Feb. 3d, Tuesday. Father would gladly have left his berth at daybreak, about three o'clock A.M., but said he feared disturbing those of us who could sleep, and it was too cold to remain long outside the cabin even with his overcoat on, so he waited anxiously for the time to pass till he heard five bells strike, or 6:30, when he rose and quietly went on deck. He found it colder than yesterday, with a heavy sea on. About seven bells, the other sleepers began to rouse, one by one. As soon as he ascertained that we were all up, he directed Joseph to remove the cot and have the cabin put in order for breakfast. Soon after eight, we sat down to breakfast, Father on the lee-

side of the table. Before the meal was finished, the ship gave a tremendous lurch, his chair slid back till it was brought up against the book-case, and Miss Johnson made another slide backwards, deserting her special charge, the molasses jug, which capsized. Glasses and cups went tumbling over the sandbags, liquids dripped from the white linen to the duck-covered carpet, to the despair of lovers of neatness and order. The backsliders regained their positions at table as soon as possible, assisted in righting upset dishes, finished eating, and hastened the removal of everything to prevent another like disaster. After breakfast, Father went below to the gun deck. He found the lee guns frequently dipping into the ocean, and the ports scooping salt water on to the deck.

The Commodore, followed by the Captain, made his appearance on the spar deck about ten. All hands were called, and orders given to tack ship. As soon as the yards, sails, and all, could be "set right," we were standing on the other or "starboard tack." We kept it until six P.M., making nearly a due west course, when we again tacked ship and stood to the

southeast. It is considered well "to hold our own" until the wind is favorable for doubling the Cape. We are about eighty-five miles from Staten Island, making during the day four to six knots.

A heavy sea is rolling, it is very cold, the hatches are covered, and dead lights in. The men are wet much of the time. Life-lines are stretched. We saw at a distance four spouters, said to be sperm whales. Albatross and stormy petrels follow us for hours, to pick up the food thrown overboard. At sunset the wind abated. It was not so cold. After tea I made molasses candy on our stove. It required the utmost vigilance to balance the skillet against the ship's motion to prevent spilling. Messrs. Schenck, Hyde, Baldwin, and Byers, were our evening guests, entertained with conversation and cards.

At eleven, Mother and Miss Johnson took a run for exercise, on the spar deck. It was dark. The motion of the ship prevented sleep until almost morning. Whenever that is the case, we listen for the trumpet orders, to try to guess what is going on outside.

Feb. 4th, Wednesday. Father did not leave

his stateroom until eight, though he was awake early. Returning from a look outside, he reported the wind about south, our course S. W. by W., we making about two knots. The three days' gale seemed, by midnight, to have expended its strength. Orders were given to set all sail, which being done, our speed was somewhat increased. The little bark, previously seen, was visible most of the day, standing with us. A Cape pigeon is sitting in the wake of our ship, quite near. It is the first one noticed, is black and white. Those we so called before must have been a sort of gull.

About noon a school of porpoises drew near. The sailors harpooned one, and we all went forward to see it. It differed from those previously seen, was large, plump, and handsome, light-colored on the belly, with a broad white stripe of irregular width, on each side extending from the head to the tail, the whole skin smooth and glossy. The shape of its nose was quite different from the others we have seen. It was not so sharp; the body was shorter and thicker, exactly resembling the engraving in a book I have. Efforts were made to catch others

while the school played about us, but without success. Some of the liver appeared on our table.

The ship tacked several times during the afternoon. While standing on one of the tacks, we came near the little bark we had seen so bravely bearing up against wind and sea. She was a "trader" and hoisted the "Stars and Stripes," but we did not "speak" her. We saw whales later. The sunset was clear and beautiful. We went on deck several times to watch the reefing of sails and wearing ship. Lat. 55° 24′ S. Long. 61° 4′. In the open air the thermometer stood at 46°, in the water at 40°. The barometer was at 29.56. Mr. Guest visited us in the evening. By eleven we had retired, Father as usual locking the two doors.

Feb. 5th, Thursday. Our earliest riser, Father, was up at four, but, learning the hour, returned to his bed without undressing, where he waited until seven, then went on deck. The wind was not strong, but came in gusts and puffs at that time, and was more favorable. Our course was S. by W. ½ W. A school of whales were spouting not far off. At eight,

just when breakfast was ready, Father saw one spout on the larboard bow, not a quarter of a mile off. As we finished our breakfast word was sent in that a whale was alongside.

We rushed out and saw him close by the larboard bow. He sank, and in a moment, after passing under the ship, appeared on the starboard bow. Mother was so long in donning cloak and hood that she missed the sight. Mr. Tilghman, officer of the deck at the time, said that when he first saw this whale he came up so close to the larboard quarter that he could have jumped upon him. The whale turned upon his side, he had a good view of its whole body, and saw its eye distinctly. Three more appeared on our starboard quarter, though a short distance away. We had a fine view of their full proportions as they came to the top of the water. They were large, and for a time, seemed to keep pace with us, and come to the surface frequently, but soon dropped astern. For a long time we watched them spouting and throwing their huge tails in the air.

An albatross bit at my uncle's bait, but escaped. The wind hauled, so that at ten our

course was south; but by night we were making no better progress on a S. E. course. The smoke compelled us to dispense with a fire in our stove. Just before tea Father went up on the poop deck and saw a small whale, quite near, cross our track under our stern. It passed quickly along, did not spout, but came frequently to the top of the water. The wind freshened during the evening. None of us went out except my parents, who for warmth and exercise, took a brisk walk, almost a run, on the spar deck. The Master got no observation at noon. The thermometer on deck was at 41° to 42° most of the day. No visitors in our cabin this evening, which is very unusual. The falling barometer is lower than ever before during this voyage. Our latitude in the afternoon was reckoned to be 56° 42′ S. Long. 61° 41′.

Feb. 6th, Friday. There was a strong wind and heavy head sea all night, though the predicted storm did not equal our worst anticipations. The grown folks found it difficult to sleep until towards morning. Father, after being awake for hours, turned out at six, and

went on deck as is his habit, to survey the situation. He found the wind decreasing in fury, but even for old salts it was difficult to stand or walk.

Numerous birds follow us. Uncle William threw out a baited hook with a long line, and soon drew an albatross slowly to the side, whence it was lifted on board. It looked much larger standing on deck than when resting on the water. The black wings, lined with white down, measured twelve feet from tip to tip. Mr. Green, officer of the deck, ordered it carried forward. While we were breakfasting, word came that the men had unlocked its wings and tossed it overboard, which proved to be the case. We did not get a feather. Many sailors are superstitious in regard to killing these birds. As he wanted the wings, my uncle patiently fished again. The great birds would bite eagerly, but escaped by breaking or straightening the hooks. The hooks catching in the ends of their bills do not injure the birds. Before noon another, measuring ten feet, was brought on deck and its wings locked. It was not so handsome as the first, being nearly all

brown. Uncle William gave this one to Quartermaster Riggs, reserving to himself the wings; the quills, however, were all pulled out before they were brought to him. A boatswain made dogvanes of the feathers, and the sailors cooked and ate the bird. Yesterday Uncle William's cap was blown overboard, and the various birds immediately clustered round it to satisfy their curiosity.

Mr. Livingston, speaking of Mother Carey's chickens, told us this morning of one being caught, a string put about its body so that it could be easily recognized, which was watched and known to have followed a ship 5,000 miles. These and the albatross follow ships great distances to feed on the scraps daily thrown overboard.

Most of the afternoon and evening there was a drizzling rain, towards night the wind freshened and hauled, so that we headed S. W., and made a trifle of progress on our *true* course. About dark it began to blow quite hard, and by eleven was a gale. Our ship pitched so much that several times she took in a sea over the forecastle, which she had not done before

on this voyage. Messrs. Schenck and Byers passed the evening with us. Mrs. Ten Eyck, more feeble, has remained in her stateroom since Thursday. We are now in the Antarctic Ocean.

Feb. 7th, Saturday. Father was on deck by seven. At breakfast he reported little wind, the weather clear and pleasant, the ship rolling greatly. He saw three albatross, also a couple of Cape pigeons. Although the thermometer before breakfast stood at 41°, the air outside was mild, particularly in the sun. At noon our latitude was 57° 42′ S., our longitude 61° 33′. The noon observation to-day was the first for a week. With variable winds, often in our teeth, we make little progress, and are farther from Cape Horn than a week ago to-night.

Soon after noon the heavens became again overcast with clouds, the wind increased, hauled a little, and about three we tacked ship and stood W. by N. At five we were making nearly six knots. The wind became a gale, the ship pitched and rolled more than *ever before* during this voyage, it seeming at times as if she might roll over or go under the moun-

tains of water, as she pitched bows down, but she always righted. The gale continued its fury all night. Comfort was unknown, fore and aft—below and aloft—and between decks. The tossing made sleep impossible for those who occupied berths, their time and strength being required to keep themselves from being thrown out, a danger which specially threatened my father, owing to his size. Being in a cot, I had the advantage, although the unusual double motion of rolling and pitching, with sudden jerks, was disagreeable and at times alarming. The noise cannot be described, but must not pass unmentioned. Messrs. Thompson, Lee, and Baldwin braved the storm to spend the evening with us. What have the Antarctic elements in store for us beyond the storms already encountered? The midshipmen's quarters are uncomfortable beyond description.

Feb. 8th, Sunday. After a restless night, we woke to find the fury of the storm increasing. Father, as usual, went out about eight, but was not inclined to stay longer than necessary to inspect compass and weather. By the aid

of the servants and sandbags we succeeded in taking our breakfast without a crash.

As there could be no church service, Mother read to our family most of the day, in her state-room. About noon, hail with snow fell, to the delight of the children, who gathered snow-balls on deck. The men also frolicked with it. Sleet covered the bulwarks and deck gear. Owing to clouds, no observation was taken at noon to-day. The gale continued all day. The waves were tremendous. The guns on the spar deck, as well as those on the gun deck below, were frequently in the water, the waves came tumbling along as if about to engulf us. Being so rough, it was impossible to keep dishes on the table at noon. Few of us attempted to sit near it, but took our plates in various nooks and corners. At tea-time no attempt was made to set the table, but as a substitute we had a sort of lunch in the evening. Mother made lemonade, which she undertook to keep right side up and pour while Father soaked sea-biscuit, and distributed the pieces, our hot bread having been taken from the oven just in time to be washed overboard. Hot tea was

out of the question. Uncle William sat on the floor well braced, the platter of cold boiled ham between his feet, from which, aided by Mr. Ten Eyck, he managed to cut slices. We took these in our fingers, and succeeded well enough in satisfying hunger. I held a jar from which I distributed pickles with a fork, which all received in primitive style. Being comparatively sure-footed I was able to reach all, even Mrs. Ten Eyck in her berth.

It was the Sabbath, we were encountering a tremendous storm, but we could not avoid shouts of laughter at the peculiar aspect of one another, whose chosen morsels were dashed from their expectant lips, or they themselves pitched about, regardless of propriety. Uncle William sustained remarkably well his reputation as carver, until the maid Eliza in attempting to cross the cabin, fell against me, and knocked me on to my uncle, who rolled his whole length over the ham, which feat was of no special advantage to it or to his clothing. Our comical adventures seemed endless, but in due time we all succeeded in tumbling unhurt into our respective beds. There the swinger in

the cot had the advantage over those obliged to hold themselves in their berths. The grandeur of the ocean during its fury was beyond description. Even Mother was satisfied with waves "mountain-high," of which she had read—and now witnessed.

The mishaps of the day were not confined to our cabin. At dinner the steward brought us word from the galley that two saucepans had been upset there, the frying pan and its contents washed out at the scuppers, and the hominy scattered over the gun deck. What was saved from the general wreck was served up with difficulty, but it appeased our craving appetites.

As the gale increased in the afternoon, Mother desired to see the ocean in its grandeur. Though some of the officers thought she could not stand on deck, Father and Mr. de Donallier each clasped a stanchion for support, and held her near our door. As they stood talking with Purser Speiden, a heavy lurch came, and a crash. They instinctively sprang backwards, as the starboard arm-chest dashed by them furiously, carrying away the larboard steps to the

poop deck, and bringing up against the ship's side, was seized by men who sprang to prevent further damage. It was a narrow escape, for the chest passed close to them, as they were on the point of stepping on the very spot over which it rushed, immensely heavy as it was.

It was extremely cold—snow-squalls passed over us during the night. Mr. Speiden, who was with the Wilkes exploring expedition, said this gale was beyond any he had ever seen. He thought the waves high enough to be called mountainous.

Mother retired from the deck fully satisfied with having experienced a gale seldom exceeded, fully worthy of admiration and awe. Messrs. Green, Thompson, and de Donallier called during the day and evening to inquire after the welfare of the passengers, and share the warmth of our fire. By eleven we had all retired, but like the night before, there was little sleep for us.

Our Chaplain thus described this day: "The gale veered last night and brought the heave of the sea under our quarter. It was enough to make our ship roll the masts out of her. Every-

thing not secured by strong lashings fetched away. Even the shot were thrown from the combings of our main hatch. At seven o'clock P. M., our barometer is now down to 28.44, and is still falling. The gale has become truly terrific; the sea and sky seem rushing together. We can only carry our storm trysails; and even their strength is tested to the last thread. The whole ocean is white with foam which falls in cataracts from the crests of roaring waves. It is terrible and sublime to watch one of these huge combers heaving up within the horizon, and rolling mast-high upon you. Niagara gazed at from the boiling abyss is its only parallel. The hail is driving upon our deck, the sea breaking over our bows, and a starless night closing in. Yet a spirit of cheerfulness and alacrity in duty animates all. Captain Du Pont, with his thorough experience and sound judgment, leaves the deck only to return to it again. Our First Lieutenant is exercising that vigilance which never fails him, through the ship, and our watch officers meet the emergency with great firmness. But our trust is in Him, who can say to the wave, 'Hitherto shalt thou

come and no further and here shall thy proud strength be stayed.' "

The Commodore's barge was stove by a sea, which we shipped on the windward side, taking in considerable water on the upper deck. It was in the mid-watch, and Mr. Tilghman, officer of the deck at the time, told us that the sea was tremendous, and that at five and at six bells, there were snow-squalls, which as they passed over, produced almost total darkness.

Feb. 9th, Monday. We assembled in the cabin at eight with the gale unabated. The motion made it worse than useless to attempt to set the table, so leaving the chairs lashed under it, as we could use neither, our tea and coffee were sent to the staterooms, with hot rolls, sea-biscuits, and slices of cold boiled ham, which comprised our breakfast, taken literally from hand to mouth.

This is beyond doubt a real " Cape Horn southwester." Even in this region of storms it would be set down for a great gale. During the night nearly every heave of the sea rolled the lee guns under. Water everywhere! Thermometer at 33°, the greatest degree of cold yet

experienced. Several officers jokingly advised Mr. Hubbard not to go forward, as the men had threatened to appease the spirit of the albatross by throwing him overboard. It seems the bird was killed by some young sailors, against the protests of the older tars.

The midshipmen in the starboard steerage were unfortunate. A hammock boy opened their locker just as the ship gave a lurch. The result was a smashing of tableware, leaving only a half dozen whole plates, a loss which cannot be repaired at sea. A barrel of flour broke loose, was dashed to pieces, and washed out of the scupper with the next wave. The wardroom sustained two crashes, and the loss of crockery was quite inconvenient under the circumstances. In the private rooms many officers found themselves minus their entire toilet sets. Mr. Colton's library, secretary, mirror, and wash-stand "fetched away" in the mid-watch. His clothing and books among the wreckage on the floor were drenched. He relates that as "he went out on the gun deck to get a light, the watch on deck had just been relieved, and were crowding below covered with sleet, stiff with cold,

and wading through water ankle-deep to reach their hammocks, there to turn in to sleep in their drenched garments." The crew are constantly getting falls. Though life-ropes are stretched in various directions for them to hold on by, one has broken his arm, but no one has been more seriously injured.

To-day we shipped a heavy sea over the galley, which washed away the Commodore's cook with his coffee-pot and pans. The cook, a colored gentleman, standing six feet three inches in his shoes, being too large to pass through the scupper, brought up against the lee-side of the ship, receiving no injury other than a few thumps against the gun-carriages, and a thorough drenching. He found it, however, a difficult task to collect his cooking utensils, and the scattered fragments of a half-cooked breakfast floating here, there, and among the guns. A similar accident lost us our hominy and a few dishes.

The Commodore has been ill for several days. We feel anxious about him, as the physicians are unable to discover the cause of his sufferings. Our dinner was another "snatch as you can"

meal. Father appropriated a stateroom wash-stand for his use, while Mother put her plate in the lower berth, and occupied a cricket instead of a chair. Father set his plate in the wash-basin, and his tumbler in place of the soap-dish, while he braced one foot against the side of the room, with the back of his chair against the berth, and thus succeeded in keeping quite steady. Having Sir William Johnson, the colored individual who serves us in the double capacity of steward and table waiter, bring them their portion of the spoils, they managed to make a hearty dinner. It seemed to be an extraordinary occasion, not likely to recur. Of course, the children scrambled for themselves, and were easily fed without mishap and with lots of fun.

After noon the wind hauled and abated considerably. At four we tacked ship and stood W. by S. Then our watchful Captain retired to take a much-needed rest, having had no sleep for forty-eight hours. The ship sailed easier on this tack, riding the waves instead of rolling in the trough. Our chairs were unlashed, and we gathered around the tea-table, con-

gratulated each other on our deliverance from the gale and its discomforts and dangers, our faces once more towards Cape Horn. During the past few days the officers have called frequently to talk over the weather, and warm themselves by our stove. The gun deck has been afloat since the commencement of the storm. It is wonderful that general sickness has not followed the exposure to wet and cold.

Feb. 10th, Tuesday. Our stove refused to draw. To escape the smoke we went early on deck. The thermometer was at 35°. We found the swell gradually subsiding, and the birds collecting in our wake to feast upon the crumbs. A solitary Cape pigeon, a dozen albatross, numerous Mother Carey's chickens, with birds resembling snipe, skimmed along the surface of the sea. Captain Du Pont joined us on deck. He remarked that the swell or sea during the gale was the longest he had ever seen, that had we been in a small craft, pitching in that sea, we should have realized the severity of the blow, so we can truly say we have seen the ocean rolling in the " majesty of its might." A heavy head sea prevented our spreading

much canvas, but we were able to take our course, heading W. by N., making from five to seven knots. During the gale we drifted east from fifty to sixty miles, and have now regained what we had lost, and are just about where we were a week ago! Lat. 57° 34′. Long. 61° 32′. A zigzag cruise!

Captain Du Pont had one anxiety of which we were ignorant. The "Congress" had never been so tested since she was refitted, her bolts might draw and let her guns adrift, but they stood the test, so there will be no further dread of that danger, an immense relief to those in command. Towards evening it was clear and milder. A sail, seen from the maintop for a brief time, was presumed to be our little friend the bark, having survived the storm, still bravely striving to double the Cape. Mr. Schenck spent the evening in our cabin. Mr. Guest made us a call.

Feb. 11th, Wednesday. Father on deck at eight, found it mild for this region and clear, our course W. by S., we making five knots. The long swell had subsided, leaving the ocean surface quite smooth. We saw a sail on our

starboard beam. The officer of the deck informed us that when first seen she was three points on our starboard beam, showing that we were outsailing her. Some thought she might be the "Charles" from Boston. The weather is fine, but the wind light and against us. We were sorry to hear this morning that Commodore Stockton was very ill, and had been, all night long, Dr. Moseley having been with him most of the time. Lieutenant Gray also is quite sick. Latitude at noon 56° 16′. Longitude 64°. Thermometer 35°.

At one, we tacked ship, but the wind hauled so that from four we were making little better than an east course, so tacked again, and made nearly a S. W. course. Our companion, the bark, followed suit both times. It is probably the same which was in company with us before the great gale. It is singular that we should occupy almost exactly the same relative positions at four this afternoon, as a day or two previous to the storm. The wind hauled, and at eight we tacked again, but the bark stood on her course and we were soon out of sight, making an E. by S. ½ S. course. We stood on

this tack until twelve, then tacked again. It was cloudy to-day, with occasional sunshine, but quite pleasant after tea on deck, when, of course, we wore shawls and overcoats.

Mother is reading "Scenes, Incidents, and Adventures in the Pacific," by Jacobs, who sailed in the "Margaret Oakley," with Captain Morrell. Messrs. Guest, Schenck, and Baldwin, called in the evening.

Feb. 12th, Thursday. At eight o'clock it was mild for this climate, the thermometer at 35°. Having tacked ship at five, our course was S. E. by S. ½ S. During the morning watch there was snow and hail. About nine we tacked again, our course then W. by S. ½ S. The wind is light but favorable, we slowly gain on Cape Horn, distant sixty miles. The Commodore's servant informed us that his master was quite sick last night, but was better this morning. We learn that Lieutenant Gray continues quite ill. Few birds are in sight, only a solitary albatross, and a flock of "chickens." At four we were making a S. E. ¼ E. course, having tacked ship again. The air then was chilly, it

feeling like snow. Gradually the wind hauled, so that at seven we were making a S. by W. ½ W. course. We all went on deck immediately after tea, to see the full moon rise, and the gorgeous clouds—a beautiful sight. There was little or no wind, or as some would express it, "scarcely a breath was stirring." Two beautiful albatross floated on the water astern, the whole scene fit for the brush of a painter, or the pen of a poet. Without the moon we should have had little darkness, as daylight does not end till nearly ten, and commences again at two. There must be long and dreary nights during the winter season here.

The Chaplain, Purser, and Sailing-master called. After they left we amused ourselves with a game of whist. About half past eleven Mother went on deck with Father, but as it had been raining and the deck was damp, she did not remain long. After seeing her to the cabin, Father went up to the poop deck, where he remained till after midnight. The ship was then making five knots on our course S. by W. ½ W. The wind freshened during the night, so that the rate of our speed increased to ten

knots, still on our course, to our encouragement.

Feb. 13th, Friday. Our frigate is laboring in a considerable sea on a rainy morning, so that we feared we had encountered another S. W. blow. We were therefore agreeably surprised to learn upon meeting at the breakfast table that we were still on our course, the wind being N. W., thus had been making good progress during the night. The report was that we were "just opposite the Cape," or as some stated it we were "up with the Cape," so notwithstanding the drizzling clouds, and the dark gloom that overcast the heavens, every countenance lighted up with a smile, the sailor's tread was more elastic, and all appeared delighted with the prospect of so soon "doubling the Cape," and exchanging its stormy winds for the bland breezes of the Pacific. All things in this life are unstable, so our fair wind proved, for shortly after eight it hauled, and by two it was dead ahead, blowing a gale.

At noon Sailing-master Morgan took an observation and found we were in latitude

57° 23′ S., longitude 67° 49′. During the day we had drifted considerably to the east, the wind blowing strong in the afternoon, but abating a little in the evening, though the sea continued very rough, consequently nearly all night the frigate rolled disagreeably. The evening was clear and cold. Mr. Guest visited us.

At ten we were making only two knots, even that on a S. by E. ½ E. course! a direction in which it was not desirable to make haste. The rolling made sleep difficult, almost impossible indeed, until after daylight. Towards morning a N. W. breeze sprang up, heading us *once more* on our *true course.*

Feb. 14th, Saturday. It is another rainy day, therefore rather dismal. The air is mild, the winds variable, changing almost as fast as the men can brace the yards. At eight the wind was fair but light, we not making more than two knots, but as that was on our true course no one was disposed to complain. The wind hauled a little, so that by ten we were not quite up to our course. It continued to haul, making constant change of sail necessary dur-

ing most of the afternoon. In the evening, our course was S. by W. Did ever a man-of-war have a more tedious battle with the elements?

It was damp and unpleasant, so we all remained in the cabin most of the day. Father reading "Lord Byron." We obtained no observation, but Captain Du Pont told Father in the evening that we were in latitude 58° 49′. Early in the evening Father visited the ward-room. Mr. Schenck called on us. Afterwards my parents went on deck for a short time for fresh air and to watch the sea. The heavy swell all night made the ship roll too much for good rest.

Feb. 15th, Sunday. It was a cloudy morning, we made four or five knots on a W. by S. course. Our latitude at noon was 58° 50′ S. Our longitude 68° 18′. This was Master Morgan's estimate from the log, as he was not able to get an observation. We are supposed to be about forty-five miles west of Cape Horn, and about 160 south of it, and are anxious to consider ourselves "around." We gained on our course, having passed the Diego

Ramirez. Owing to rain there was no church service. The Chaplain presented my brother Willie with a book. We children spent most of the day with our parents in Mother's large stateroom, reading and being read to. The cabin was cheerless because the stove smoked and we had no fire. At evening the wind changed, consequently we enjoyed a good fire before we retired. The thermometer was at 40°. We kept our dishes on the table with great difficulty and at tea did not succeed, for when we had nearly finished, the ship gave a lurch, the dishes began to slide, some were brought up by the sandbags, while others went on the floor. Father caught the pitcher of chocolate, some full cups were upset. When the wreck was cleared and the fragments collected, we found no damage sustained other than one cup broken, a sugar dish demolished, and a large stain on our clean tablecloth, always our clean tablecloth! The wind blew a gale *as it has every Sunday since we left Rio,* and had not abated at evening, so the crew had little Sabbath rest. During most of the day and evening we were standing in a

northwesterly direction veering from W. to N. W.

Feb. 16th, Monday. At half past seven there was little or no wind, the weather was milder, the thermometer at 44°, we headed N. W. Just after breakfast we tacked ship, and stood S. S. W., with light wind. The breeze increased, and sometimes during the day we were making a west course. All day and night we continued on this same tack, making from five to nine knots. The wind was adverse to our running north, but we made some westing, and consider that we have "passed the Cape," so that there is now no danger of being blown back. It has been a long and severe struggle with baffling winds, terrific storms, and heavy sea. To-day the swell is heavy, and the frigate pitches tremendously. I stand at the cabin door, to watch the bows go down, the immense volume of water rise above, and wonder if we will go to the bottom head first, but the noble ship rises to plunge into the next huge wave with the same result. Most of the twenty-four hours we had rain alternating with fog equal to a moderate rain. For several days little

has been seen of either sun or moon. Much anxiety is felt about the Commodore, who is somewhat better to-day, but continues very ill. Lieutenant Gray is convalescent. In the afternoon Mother sat a short time on the arm-chest outside the cabin door, merely to take the fresh air. We were alone in the evening, no one calling, which is quite unusual, some of the officers visiting us almost every evening.

Father went on deck late for a half hour, and at midnight turned in. He says he slept three or four hours, often roused from his slumber by the pitching of the ship, as she struck a sea heavier than usual.

Feb. 17th, Tuesday. The morning was foggy, the thermometer at 45°, but the dampness made it chilly and quite uncomfortable. Taking the variation into account, we were making a west course, which is "our true course," but in keeping it we sail so close to the wind that we can make only five knots. while with the same amount of wind one or two points free, we could make eight or nine knots. The stiff breeze continued fair all day and

through the evening, with a heavy sea rolling. It was cloudy and damp most of the time. The sun did not show itself at noon, so we got no observation, but say we have at last doubled Cape Horn! We saw no birds. As for fish none have been seen for a long time. Mr. Guest called about dusk, but our entire family at the time were "taking the air" on deck. During the evening we had no visitors. Father was again on deck at eleven, as it was then clear, not a cloud to be seen, and the stars brilliant though the moon shone brightly. A half hour later he retired but did not sleep till after three bells (1:30 A.M.). He remarked that a rough sea and hard mattress are not conducive to sleep.

Feb. 18th, Wednesday. At eight the fresh breeze was reported "fair," and notwithstanding a very heavy swell, we were making six to seven knots. During the morning the sun was occasionally visible. The temperature was the same as yesterday. During breakfast a heavy lurch put all the dishes on the table in motion. Father, sitting on the leeside, was unfortunately sprinkled liberally with a com-

plete salad dressing of mustard, catsup, etc., from the castor driving across the table on its passage to the floor. In this instance the breakage was confined to the catsup bottle, dashed to pieces as it struck. After repairing damages, Father moved his chair to windward, and thus finished the meal. We saw no birds, they seem to have deserted us. Just before twelve the Master got an observation. He makes our latitude 58° 30′ S. Our longitude 77°. The wind increased so that it had become a "gale" by twelve. The ocean presented a sublime appearance, being literally lashed into fury by the terrific force of the wind. Father ventured on deck to interview Master Morgan, and remained until chilled through, admiring the majesty of the scene. He thought the "Congress" must be in good trim, as she behaves better than during former storms.

The violence of the gale increased rapidly, so that by two o'clock it might well be called a hurricane. An hour later, we sailed under close-reefed maintopsail, and fore and mizzen storm trysails. The ship behaved nobly, bear-

ing us on our course against the fury of the elements. Very few dishes were placed on the table. As on a former occasion, under similar trying circumstances, Father braced his chair in the stateroom, and secured his plate and glass on the wash-stand. Each of us took a slice on a plate, and held fast to it in some secure place. The dishes migrated continually, finally the macaroni dish leaped over the sand-bags, and landed on the floor some six feet from the table, where it was dashed in pieces, while a small pitcher containing molasses turned a complete somersault over the sand-bags in the center of the table, without spilling a drop of its contents. The roar, a noise like thunder, evinced the terrific energy of the gale while it lasted and it seemed as if no ship could safely ride such seas. The "Congress" was never so strained before. During her last three years' cruise she did not encounter one gale. Towards sunset the wind gradually moderated, so that the ship was comparatively steady.

At tea we managed better, and there was no disaster except the upsetting of the tea-

pot, the tea pouring over Father's hand, and up Mother's sleeve, but being below blood heat, it caused no serious injury.

We have experienced rough weather for eighteen days, and shall probably continue to have it till we leave this region of storms. This day's blow may however be considered the most severe of the entire voyage. During the hurricane, "the danger of our quarter-boats being rolled under" was discussed in the ward-room mess.

Lieutenant Schenck spent the evening in our cabin. When Father looked out at eleven the wind had moderated and the sea gone down considerably.

Feb. 19th. Thursday. At seven, with very light wind, not enough sail was set to steady the ship, only making about two knots on a S. W. by S. course. Occasionally the sun appeared, but the air was very cold and uncomfortable. During the morning there were several squalls accompanied by the rain and hail, which are frequent here. The sun was out at noon, which enabled the Master to take a good observation, the first we have had for

some time at exactly twelve o'clock. He reported, latitude 59° 18′ S. Longitude 78° 45′. We are now further south than at any previous time, and the wind is such that we are still making southing. It seems now to be thought best by navigators to make 80° of longitude before standing north, and Captain Du Pont desires to follow this course.

While Mother was talking with Captain Du Pont towards evening, a squall which approached unobserved, struck us. The deck was instantly slippery with sleet, the ship bending before the blast. The Captain stepped forward and gave orders in rapid succession, "back the mainsail," "helm hard a-port," "brail the spanker," etc., and in a few moments the squall passed over, and he returned to resume the conversation.

This morning we tacked ship, and stood north, but as we could not avoid making some easting, we came back to our former course in about a half hour, and this continued the remainder of the day. At times it blew hard. Lieutenant Schenck passed the evening with us. Father went on deck at half past eleven,

and remained till after the mid-watch was called. He says it was cool, clear, the moon up, the stars shining brightly. He turned in soon after, and notwithstanding the heavy sea and constant rolling, fell asleep soon after two bells (1 A.M.). The thermometer ranged at about 40°.

Feb. 20th, Friday. Father left his berth very early, but fearing to disturb the sleepers, turned in again. On deck shortly before eight he found very little wind. They had just tacked ship and were standing N. by W., making less than two knots, increased afterwards to five or six. Lieutenant Parrott, officer of the deck, informed Father that he learned from the Master's statement that we were in latitude 59° 43′, longitude 80° 12′. This was supposed to be at 7 A.M., though he did not say so. A few albatross are sailing round looking for a breakfast. Mr. Morgan got an observation at noon, and our latitude was 59° 38′. Longitude 80° 15′. As we had been sailing northwest since eight, making six knots part of the time, it is evident the estimate of the morning was not exactly correct. At that hour we must

have been several miles further south than was estimated.

Frequent squalls struck us during the day, about seven in the evening one of great violence. The Captain and the Judge were standing on the weather side of the ship, when the former chanced to look out of a port and saw that a squall was just upon us. He gave instant and rapid orders, "all hands on deck," "haul up the mainsail," "brail the spanker," etc. Hundreds of men sprang to the relief of the ship, staggering under the fury of the squall, which burst on us before they could execute the commands. For a short time it blew *harder* than it had *ever* done, and was accompanied by rain. Before they could be stripped of canvas, the masts and yards bent fearfully, the mainsail was "jammed," but soon released. The frigate plunged and rose upon the immense waves, her timbers creaking as they had never done before, and the roaring of the elements almost drowned the voices of the officers. All was over in a few minutes, the sun shone brightly, and a magnificent rainbow, a perfect arch, spanned the whole heavens.

A bow at sea is more beautiful than on land, as nothing intercepts the view, and where the ends seem to dip the reflection upon the water is very brilliant. This squall came so suddenly that the officer of the deck, on the poop at the time, did not observe its approach until the Captain's commands began to ring out in trumpet tones. We had several similar ones in the evening, sudden but less severe.

Mr. Hyde visited us in the evening. Father went on deck at eight bells (12 P.M.), found "raw weather," so soon retired. The ship continued to roll and pitch, making sound sleep impossible to those who occupied berths. We are further south *than ever,* being very near the 60th degree.

Feb. 21st, Saturday. At eight the weather, wind, and course were the same as yesterday, we making four knots. The thermometer was at 41°. Being in the trough of the sea, the ship rolled unmercifully. At breakfast several of us lashed our chairs to the table, that our hands might be at liberty to save the dancing dishes. The usual disaster befell the molasses,

and we were obliged to put the coffee and teapots on the floor. Squalls were frequent but brief, some pass ahead, some astern, some give us a full broadside.

The two boys and little Mary enjoy sliding across the cabin on the smooth canvas, and it is funny to watch them. They are so experienced that they know when three heavy rolls are coming, then sit on their heels and slide across, turning quickly they slide back again, getting from three to five slides with lots of laughter. A novel Cape Horn amusement this.

A strong current setting eastward causes us the loss of considerable westing we had gained with so much difficulty. At noon the sun peeped out which enabled Mr. Morgan to ascertain our position, viz.: Lat. 57° 39′ S. and Long. 78° 58′. At meridian we headed directly toward the sun. Father noticed that as he stood on deck his shadow extended south two paces and a third, or seven feet. It seems strange to see the sun so far north at noon. The days are shortening. Squalls continued through the day; one quite severe, the heaviest,

was at 7 P.M., which was followed by a beautiful rainbow. Miss Johnson accompanied my parents to our deck at half past eleven, though it blew fresh. They remained until after twelve admiring the Southern Cross and Magellan clouds, when a squall drove them down. The ship's all-night rolling prevented much sleep.

Feb. 22d, Sunday. We celebrate the birth of General Washington in Virginia, 1732, also of Judge Turrill in Vermont, 1796; both of English ancestry. Nature smiles on this auspicious day. *All* things *conspire* for *our* happiness, the sea is calmer, the fresh breeze milder, our course N. W. by N, more favorable, and our speed increased to six knots. The temperature of the water is 45°.

It is the Sabbath, the first in many weeks when we have been able to assemble on deck for divine service. The Chaplain gave us no sermon, because the various sounds made it difficult to hear his voice, and it was too cool to stand long in the open air.

It is three weeks this morning since we made Staten Island. Mr. Morgan's observation at

noon made our position, Lat. 55° 12′ S., Long. 79° 1′. We stood on the same tack during the entire twenty-four hours.

Mrs. Ten Eyck's cough became more troublesome as soon as we reached this cold climate, her health has steadily failed, so that she has seldom left her stateroom, being confined to her berth much of the time. The past few days she has been worse, and this evening the Chaplain brought some homeopathic medicine, hoping it would relieve her. Lieutenant Schenck also called. He is always entertaining. The ocean continued more tranquil than for a long time past, so that the blessings of the day were crowned at night by undisturbed invigorating sleep.

Feb. 23d, Monday. At eight the thermometer was 46°, and our course north. The wind soon hauled, and at nine we were making a N. by E. course. We tacked ship and stood S. W. by W. ½ W., which with two points variation, current in our favor and drift, made it about W. Lat. at twelve 53° 35′ S., Long. 78° 44′. In the afternoon the wind hauled again so that we could only make a S. W. by

S. course. It then increased, accompanied by rain and squalls, sending us rapidly south! At six bells (3 P.M.) it blew a gale which lasted several hours. After Messrs. Schenck and Hyde, who passed the evening with us, left, Father and Mother stepped out on deck, but the storm sent them immediately back. The chairs were then lashed, and all retired, though with little prospect of sleep till the wind should abate. At midnight Captain Du Pont took his speaking-trumpet, and for the first time since we sailed, took charge of the deck. The officer of the deck went forward, he being more experienced than the midshipmen who stand watch there in ordinary weather. It was a wild night, and though we did not suppose the ship in great danger, we listened to the orders when we could hear them above the great roar, fearing the yards might snap, or the sails go by the board. But the ship, though strained by twenty days of rough weather, "worked well," and passed through uninjured. Several of the crew had severe falls, cuts, and bruises, but only one man was seriously hurt, he by falling from the ham-

mock netting across a gun. It is thought he will survive.

At four A.M. the storm subsided. We snatched a little sleep, though those who occupied berths were in danger of rolling out, owing to the high sea. Everything not secured was liable to fetch away, and there was much loss of crockery. Up to date this is probably our severest tempest, and our ship's action, as she plunged through it, was highly praised.

Feb. 24th, Tuesday. The weather was rainy and cool. At half past seven, we still drifting *south.* At nine we came about and stood N. W. by N., hoping within twenty-four hours to regain all we have lost. At noon the latitude was 54° 5′, the longitude 80° 45′. There were afternoon showers and little wind, but the evening was clear and the wind fresh and fair. Messrs. Hyde and Byers visited us.

At midnight Father was on deck. The ship was making eight knots. He then locked the doors, being as usual the last one to retire.

Feb. 25th, Wednesday. We rose early to look at a bark about three miles off, standing with us, flying at her peak the American flag

in answer to ours, supposed to be the same craft we sighted several times in the vicinity of Cape Horn. We outsailed her, and she soon dropped astern out of sight. From this it is evident that she must have taken a shorter route, or as some express it, "kept closer in" to Cape Horn than we did.

The sun shone brightly, but there was a stiff breeze, very heavy sea, and we frequently lost sight of the vessel entirely, as the waves rolled up between us. The wind continued fair all day and night. At noon we had reached latitude 51° 22′ S., longitude 81° 32′. There were a few little dashes of rain, but most of the day was clear, the air felt much softer, the thermometer being at 50°.

Commodore Stockton came on deck for a few moments, the first time since his severe illness. At times with a fair wind we made nine knots. Dr. Eversfield passed the evening with us. Mother and Father looked out on deck a few moments at midnight.

Feb. 26th, Thursday. At eight, with light wind, we were going on a course west by compass, only about two knots, with mild and

pleasant weather, with a comparatively smooth sea, the thermometer at 50°. Later the wind veered to the north, which caused us to go on our starboard tack, steering due west. Great numbers of albatross are about, some, the largest we have ever seen, hovering about our track in search of food; one or two Cape pigeons also made their appearance. The storm sails were spread out in different parts of the ship to-day to dry, in order to be stowed away. After tacking this morning, we stood S. W., varied from that to W. during the afternoon and evening. At noon our latitude was 49° S., our longitude 81° 35′. At eight P.M. our longitude was 82° 35′. As we made some westing in the night, we must have been as far west as 83°.

The afternoon was rainy, with occasional squalls, and during the evening hard wind. Mother and I remained in all day writing and sewing. Towards evening our stove smoked, but when the spanker was brailed up, we had a fire again. This is Mr. Ten Eyck's birthday. His wife is sicker than she has been at any time since leaving the United States. Mr.

Schenck and Mr. Hyde called in the evening. Father, always the last to retire, turned in at half past twelve.

Feb. 27th, Friday. At eight we were making about five knots on a N. by W. course. It was so foggy that we could not see 100 rods. It rained, more or less, during the first three hours of the morning watch. This may truly be called a stormy month. We have not had a single really fine day, and very few parts of days that could be called pleasant. The days are now growing shorter, the weather milder. We left Rio forty-four days ago. After a splendid run to the Cape have had head winds with head sea most of the time, and have literally beaten our way by the hardest. The severity of the cold does not seem to have been indicated by the thermometer. The crew so often wet have suffered. Yesterday we felt that we were clear of the boisterous Southern Ocean, and might hope to enjoy our cruise in the mild Pacific as we had in the Atlantic. From the 1st to the 24th of February we encountered a succession of gales and heavy seas, which occasioned discomfort and delay. This

is considered the most favorable season, the midsummer of this region, with from fifteen to twenty hours of day, bright moonlight, and showers of rain instead of perpetual snow and ice, the thermometer having been only once as low at 30°.

We have seen no icebergs, in fact they are never met with here, but fields and floes only, and at Cape Horn these are far from numerous. Sailors designate these masses of ice as "fields" when their limits cannot be ascertained from the masthead, and "floes" when from it their extent can easily be seen. At 55° south latitude there is no danger of falling in with ice, while half the year the Northern Atlantic is invaded by masses of ice often a hundred feet out of the water, frequently in the track of vessels, sometimes even in the Gulf Stream.

The sun was out long enough to enable the Master to obtain an observation. At noon we were in latitude 48° 18′ S., the thermometer then at 54°, but it rose during the day to 57°. At three our longitude was 82°. In the afternoon the wind freshened and we made eight

knots direct for Valparaiso. The evening was cloudy with more showers. Messrs. Schenck and Byers spent the evening in our cabin. Rev. Mr. Colton called. Before dinner we exercised on deck.

Feb. 28th, Saturday. At half past seven we were making seven knots with fair, fresh wind and mild air. The thermometer was at 59°, but by noon rose to 62°. Lat. 45° 8′ S. Long. 80° 24′. This last day of the month is the pleasantest. The last twenty-four hours we have made from three to ten knots. As there is no swell on the ocean we have very little motion in our cabin, which we appreciate after being so long tempest-tossed. We shall be glad of a supply of fresh provisions, as our variety is now quite limited, and the desire for fruits and vegetables increases as we approach the Chilean coast.

The crew are getting up and replacing the big guns, scraping the rust from iron, cleaning metal work, repairing the Commodore's barge, thus preparing the frigate for port. We are all reading Colton's "Ship and Shore." Had no visitors this evening. Father took his usual

survey of the deck, then, soon after eleven, retired.

March 1st, Sunday. This first day of the month and of the week begins with a decided change for the better. At breakfast time we had a fair eight-knot breeze, the thermometer at 62°, from which it rose during the clear beautiful day to 68°. Our noon latitude was 41° 59′. The breeze became lighter so that at evening we were making only five knots.

Officers, crew, and part of the passengers assembled on the spar deck, where the Chaplain read divine service, but to our disappointment gave us no sermon.

The ocean is so tranquil that the ship seems almost stationary, though we are making good speed towards our next port. We are forcibly struck with the smoothness of the Pacific. For the three days past, the frailest bark canoe could skim upon it with perfect safety, yet we have been making at the rate of from eight to ten knots. The vast Atlantic, covering one quarter of the earth's surface, is wonderfully free from islands, reefs, and rocks, which render navigation difficult; while this beautiful Pacific is re-

markable for its numerous islands, coral and volcanic reefs, sand-banks, and sunken obstructions, dangerous, and sometimes shifting, or unknown.

Mrs. Ten Eyck seems gradually sinking, so that anxiety is felt lest she should not live to reach the Islands, where she hoped the climate would restore her to health.

Our family were all on deck during the evening, happy in the relief from storms and lost in admiration of this ocean named by Magellan for its tranquillity.

Mar. 2d, Monday. One of the loveliest days of our voyage, bright sunshine, pure soft balmy air, with light wind all day. The crew fore and aft are cleaning iron, polishing bright work, painting, scrubbing decks, sending up topmasts, mounting the eight spar deck guns sent below before reaching Cape Horn, repairing the Commodore's damaged barge, putting up the new side ladder in place of the one smashed by the arm-chest, and renovating the frigate generally. Immediately after breakfast our family repaired to the poop deck, where we remained most of the day, while a

grand cleaning of our cabin and staterooms was done, coverings removed from carpets, curtains hung, and everything put in perfect order, ready for port. Mother had a pleasant conversation with the Commodore for the first time since his illness, he taking advantage of the fine weather to leave his quarters. He seemed in good spirits and much improved in health.

We saw several school of blackfish, a kind of small whale, some of them playing quite close to us. Their movements in the water resemble those of the porpoise. These are the first fish we have noticed since doubling the Cape. As they, like the porpoise, require the air, some doubt whether they can be called fish. Our noon latitude was 39° 48′ S., our longitude does not vary much. The thermometer was at 68°.

The band, with the rest, is preparing for port by practising new music and national airs. For the first time since the gales they came on deck to-day, and played before tea-time. Lieutenant Schenck passed the evening with us. Father closed the cabin doors soon after eleven and retired, but says he did not sleep until two

bells (1 A. M.). He was awake again at seven bells (3:30 A. M.), and did not sleep much more during the night, as the ship rolled considerably in consequence of the long swell; and there was nothing to steady her, the wind being aft.

Mar. 3d, Tuesday. At seven it was cloudy but mild, the thermometer at 65°. Later it cleared, and the day was beautiful. I spent the morning on deck. The children are delighted to be released from confinement in our quarters. Arranging our staterooms goes on to-day. The ship is making some five knots with a light breeze from the south, our studdingsails set for the first time in many weeks. The wind increased, and at eleven our course was changed to N. E. by N. From his observation Father thinks if we had borne to the east a day or two earlier, we should have reached our port sooner; in fact, it is doubtful if we gained anything by endeavoring to get beyond 80° W., after we had reached latitude 50°

All hands are engaged in brushing up. Painting and oiling masts, yards, boats; polish-

ing cutlasses, boarding pikes, carbines, big guns, goes merrily on; in fact, no part inside or outside the great ship escapes the general overhauling.

Messrs. Schenck, Guest, Hyde, and Dr. Eversfield spent the evening with us. Father and Mother on deck at half past eleven, found the ocean phosphorescent, the stars brilliant, and the sky clear.

Mar. 4th, Wednesday. Father, the first of us on deck, reported the weather mild and pleasant, the ship on her true course, and the thermometer at 66°. It is another cleaning up day all over the ship, and everybody is busily engaged in and out of our cabin. The waiter boys have made our cabin shine like new. The crew take great pride in removing every trace of the battle with the storms in the Antarctic seas. Scraping, oiling, tarring, burnishing, and painting goes on. The holystoned decks are spotless and white, in pleasing contrast with the rows of coal-black guns. We shall enter port "spick and span" as if just from the Norfolk Navy Yard!

Balls rusted in four of the guns could not

be drawn. Father took us all on the upper deck in time to see the last three discharged. We had before heard the whizzing of cannon balls, but now saw them skip along the water, and dash it up like the blowing of a whale. The balls struck twice, each time making a great splash, then sank about two miles away, it is calculated. We could hear the sound rolling back distinctly to us, after we saw the water thrown up by the balls.

We saw at a distance a school of blackfish and one of porpoises, also some ducks and smaller birds, and great quantities of sea-nettle. Not a single albatross; probably none will follow us longer. At noon the thermometer rose to 72°. Our latitude at the same hour was 35° 45′ S.

Dr. Moseley has almost lived in the Commodore's cabin for the past month. It is a relief to him and all on board to know that the Commodore is convalescent, and at intervals, when the weather is favorable, to see him on deck. The sick-bay has been overcrowded with nearly a half hundred patients, but the number is rapidly diminishing, while the list of ailing

men outside under treatment is growing shorter, as there is less hardship and exposure. The children resumed their play and run on deck from dusk to eight o'clock. Midshipman Byers called. The night was clear with bright moonlight.

Mar. 5th, Thursday. At seven it was cloudy, the wind fair but light. There had been early showers. A sail was reported three points on the starboard bow, which was afterwards made out to be a brig standing with us. We were becalmed several hours during the middle of the day, therefore could not speak her, although she came within three or four miles. Before dinner a great number of sperm whales spouted a mile or two off our starboard quarter. We saw them distinctly as they came to the surface. They were very large. In the afternoon we saw several more on our larboard quarter. A very large one rose twice and made a perpendicular dive, throwing the flukes of his tail high into the air as he went down. He remained under water some ten or fifteen minutes. Stormy petrel still follow us. At noon we were in latitude 33° 48′. Later a five-

knot breeze sprang up. At 6 P.M. we were 110 miles from port. We are out from Norfolk 103 days, from Rio 51, altogether have sailed 12,220 miles. The Commodore looks feeble, but persists in coming on deck for fresh air. Messrs. Colton and Byers spent the evening with us. Lieutenant Green, who has the morning watch, promises to knock on our window with his trumpet to-morrow to announce land. Father retired at twelve.

Mar. 6th, Friday. Awakened by the tap of Lieutenant Green's trumpet on our window, announcing the bold coast of Chile in sight, at a little past seven we went on deck. We could through the mist just see land, but were told it had been first reported an hour before. A light breeze in the night left us in the morning watch, so that we made little headway at that hour. Soon after breakfast, on deck again, we could see the coast distinctly with a glass, and in a short time with the naked eye could see the bluff shore, with the surf breaking upon the white sand, with the towering cloud-capped Andes in the background. The sun came out

about eight, the breeze freshened, our studding-sails below and aloft were out to catch every breath of it, and we again speed away, the coast, with no special landmarks to identify it, on our starboard beam.

Sailing on, soon after noon we discovered a little lighthouse, a delightfully welcome sight in its solitude. As we double this point the city of Valparaiso is seen, a veritable Vale of Paradise it seemed to the early navigators, after their tempestuous voyage and peril; so to us appeared the sheltered bay after our storms and struggles. Its hills, 2,000 feet high, might pass for mountains, if not thrown into the shade by the stupendous cordilleras with their everlasting snows. These hills are barren and we miss the rich shades and verdure of Brazil.

About nine we saw a small vessel just ahead, standing with us. We sent a boat alongside of her, and in a short time after the boat returned, we passed close by her. She was a Chilean brig, five days from Concepcion, bound for Valparaiso, but could give us no information as to the points of land. All sail

was immediately set, and we were soon sailing along at the rate of three or four knots.

Before we spoke this brig, we saw a large whale, spouting just outside the breakers, make a perpendicular dive. Commodore Stockton and Captain Du Pont were on deck during the morning, giving directions. All was interest and bustle, the crew brushing up and donning white shirts, while the officers and idlers gaze at the land, as we slowly pass along the barren coast.

Ladies and children disappear into the cabin as we approached the roadstead, the Commodore paces the poop deck alone. At four o'clock we take in our studdingsails, haul up our courses, and moor our ship in deep water, or about thirty-two fathoms by the mark. The chain of hills back of the city nearly surrounds the spacious bay or roadstead, and shelters it except from the north, a norther being always felt by the vessels at anchor, but except when gales blow from that direction, the stiff clay bottom affords a secure anchorage.

A castle and two forts at the north end of the Almendral, and another fort inland, pro-

tect this chief port and center of Chile's foreign trade. Careful survey of the shipping discloses only one vessel, a merchantman, flying the American flag, and no war-ship except a small French vessel, which salutes us. The salute is promptly returned. Our Consul informs us there are no despatches or letters for us, nor any news except a copy of President Polk's message, which arrived in the English mail via Panama.

We have martial music in addition to that of the band, at certain hours. Watches were set, men piped to supper. Then the crowd of bumboats were permitted to bring their fruits alongside. Before we could purchase any, Captain Du Pont sent us grapes, peaches, nectarines, pears and apples, a dish of similar fruits came to us with the compliments of the larboard steerage. All our family were on deck a short time after tea. The night was beautiful, but, without intending a pun, it was indeed "chilly." We enjoyed seeing the city after it was lighted, and hearing the evening music from our own and neighboring ships. All retired early, tired, yet delighted.

Mar. 7th, Saturday. Father went on shore with Mother, at seven, to take a view of the town and its surroundings before breakfast. Valparaiso extends along the shore at the base of the hills. It was founded in 1544, was nearly destroyed by earthquakes in 1736 and 1822, and still is subject to frequent shocks. Father and Uncle William went on shore in the ten o'clock boat, taking my brother Willie with them. They called at Mr. Hobson's store, and other places of business, and went into the exchange or reading-room, which is over Mr. Hobson's store. They were introduced to Captain Scott, who has recently arrived from the United States, having left Boston on the 26th of October. He has resided here about twenty years, and his family twelve years. Mrs. Scott, who has been on a visit to the United States for a year past, returned with her husband. He took a walk with them about the town, which he says contains 40,00 inhabitants. He showed them the effects of the great earthquake in 1822, when every house except one was cracked by it; that in '36 did not affect the town so much, but the harbor more.

Father returned with Willie to dine on board. During his absence the U. S. Consul, Mr. Dorr, made his official visit, left cards for Mr. Ten Eyck and Mr. Turrill, and received the usual salute. The "Congress" also saluted the Chilean flag, which salute was returned from the fort or battery. At half past four we all went ashore, landing from our boat on the jetty, which has been built out from the beach to avoid the surf and risk of a wetting.

We called at Mr. Hobson's store, then walked through several streets, one with handsome French shops, the others narrow and dirty. Valparaiso is inconveniently built along the sides of precipitous hills, through ravines where many streets are hidden, curving and irregular, with no definite plan. It consists chiefly of a straggling terrace built on one side only, with narrow lanes leading out of it into the gulches, in one of which is a small triangular space used for a market. On the sandy shore to the south, the Almendral on more level ground is regularly laid out, and its one-story houses are spread over more space.

On about the middle of this space or suburb, are the ruins of the church and convent of La Merced, destroyed by the great earthquake in 1822.

The houses of Valparaiso are low, with pitched roofs, many of them dingy, or weather-beaten. We walked to the Cemetery, which is on a high ridge of ground overlooking the bay, where the Chilean, English, and American cemeteries are inclosed within one railing. It is well arranged, and kept in good order by men who devote their time to the shrubs, plants, and flowers, tastefully interspersed among the tombs and monuments. We could hardly realize we were in the city of the dead. A large building with a cupola occupies the center, in which the gardener resides. The Chilean ground is upon one side, the English and American on the other. A gardener gave us permission to pick some flowers. We took geranium cuttings. As we were returning, Mrs. Young, our washerwoman, sent a servant to request us to call at her house for flowers. She lives in a white thatched cottage upon the side of a steep hill. We were surprised at the appearance

of neatness and comfort in the interior, and still more to find a case well filled with standard English and French books. Mrs. Young is the wife of a teacher in the Academy. She gave us flowers, and to little Mary, two shells, and said she would send a letter by us to her son in the Sandwich Islands.

We returned to the "Congress" by the sundown boat. Captain Walsh called to see us, and left cards for his wife, who is an invalid. He was formerly a merchantman and now resides here.

Mar. 8th, Sunday. Father on deck at eight, found it misty or rather rainy, the first showers, he was told, since July. The climate of this country is considered the finest in the world. At Valparaiso it is singularly dry and invigorating. Being in the south temperatate zone, its summer answers to our winter, December, January, and February being the hottest months. What is most surprising is the freshness of vegetation in a town where rain is practically confined to three months, and averages only about one foot for the year. Heavy dews and mists save the verdure, the

sea-breezes and air-currents from the Antarctic insure a refreshing temperature and cool nights. During the summer, between ten and three, there is usually a daily breeze from the south. From April to November, snow-storms are constantly experienced in the mountains. In January and February the snow melts from the lower slopes and disappears. We breakfasted at a quarter past nine, a fashionable hour!

Rev. Mr. Colton held service and preached on board, and the U. S. Consul, with several gentlemen from the town, attended. We had engaged to attend the Church of England with Captain Walsh's family, and all left in the ten o'clock boat. We met native ladies dressed in black going to mass, wearing nothing on their heads, and no gloves, as is the custom of the country. The older women occasionally wear a sort of cap, the younger ones have long braids of hair hanging down their backs like our schoolgirls. They have quite dark complexions and black eyes, and all dress simply when going to church.

Captain Scott, who is staying with Captain

Walsh, met us at the corner and walked up with us. We saw Mrs. Walsh, Miss Adams, her sister, and Mrs. Scott. After a brief call we, together with Captain and Mrs. Scott and Miss Adams, walked up to the church, a small building well fitted with benches having backs. The congregation consisted of the first English and American families of the place, numbering about 100 or 125.

Lady Seymour, wife of the English Admiral, with her children, sat next to us. Lady Seymour is a fine-looking woman, much liked here. The service was in the usual style of the English Church, with prayers for Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and the royal family. Rev. Mr. Armstrong, the clergyman, seemed an amiable, good man, but not a powerful preacher. The sermon was commonplace, Father said, reminding him forcibly of the remark of Rev. Sydney Smith that, "the characteristic of modern sermons is decent debility."

Descending by a winding carriage-road from the church, we rested at Captain Walsh's a half hour, then returned to the "Congress" in the one o'clock boat. At the wharf we met

several gentlemen, Mr. Hobson, Mr. Cox, and others. We had met also the U. S. Consul as we went ashore, and on our return introduced ourselves to him, and Father promised to see him to-morrow.

Our Consul and nearly all the American families have beautiful cottages, built in uniform style, surrounded with ever-blooming shrubs and flowers, upon Terrace Hill.

All but Sister Mary went ashore again in the sunset boat to attend vespers. Being early, we wandered about and passed the barracks. The first church we saw was closed. After much inquiry of the few we could understand, we found a Catholic church where they were just lighting up and entered. Mother touched the holy water, without making the sign of the cross as the custom is, but took off her bonnet, and went forward, where, by invitation, she shared a lady's mat, and there remained near the priest, who knelt before a table. As the church filled, Father, Willie, and I retreated, until we reached the very porch, where we remained standing, the congregation kneeling on mats which they brought,

or on the bare floor. After the first priest concluded his prayer or recitation, another delivered a discourse in Spanish, which we could not understand. The building was 100 or 125 feet long by 40 or 50 wide, inferior to the Rio churches we visited. What once was silver and gold here, is now tinsel. It was badly lighted, so that we could not see the priest's countenance as he stood in the pulpit, there being only four small candles on each side of the building, and eight in front of the altar, but none about the pulpit, which was midway on one side of the church. The house was filled even to the outside doors, the crowd apparently composed of the lower class, principally natives, or largely infused with native blood, resembling very much in hair and features the North American Indians.

After service ended at eight, we walked through the Market, bought peaches as we had missed our supper, and explored some of the rambling streets and alleys. Sunday is a holiday with all classes, much visiting is done, and many shops are open. Upon the arrival of the ten o'clock boat we returned to the "Con-

gress," which we reached a little after eleven, and found little Mary sleeping in her berth. She is a good child, and takes care of herself when we all leave her. She was well protected, for as Mrs. Ten Eyck does not leave her room, her maid Eliza, and little girl Hattie, stay with her, and Miss Johnson seldom goes away from her.

We saw a vessel off the harbor and soon heard a gun from her. A boat was ordered to her under the charge of Passed Midshipman Guest. It was midnight by the time we had all retired.

Mar. 9th, Monday. It is a clear pleasant day. Willie was allowed to accompany Sergeant of Marines Brown, with whom it was "liberty day," ashore. This man has related stories to the children from the Bible, Shakespeare, Walter Scott, and other standard works, and told them the whole of "Ivanhoe." They would sometimes sit by him on the deck at sea near the mizzenmast, listening to these tales, while he often had his manavelins bag and would sew or braid sennet for hats. When Lieutenant Schenck discovered them thus en-

gaged, he hastened to ask Mother if she was aware of it, but when he learned the subject of the stories and conversation he was perfectly satisfied. Seated on the deck abaft the mast facing our doors, they were ever in sight and scarcely beyond hearing. The Sergeant and Willie returned in the middle of the afternoon, the lad delighted with the excursion and loaded with fish-lines, fruits, and candy.

Father left at ten for shore. He met Captain Scott on the street, who asked him to step into a gig and ride down with him to the garden. Long strings of donkeys come into Valparaiso in single file from Quilota, forty miles distant, and other suburbs, loaded with huge panniers of fruits and vegetables. Queer vehicles are seen on the streets, sometimes rude and dilapidated. One resembling a chaise has one horse within the shafts, and another trots on his left, on which the postilion is mounted. Several horses follow for relays in case of need. Saddle-horses are much used, the saddle generally of rawhide with large wooden stirrups. Big spurs are worn, and a rider may stop anywhere to sharpen them with a file carried for

the purpose, the cruelty being evident in the sore and bleeding sides of the animals. Ponchos are in universal use by all classes of men. Women constantly wear shawls, both indoors and out, arranged gracefully.

On their return, Father and Captain Scott called at a garden managed by a Frenchman. In both gardens they saw great quantities of grapes, but they were not ripe. Father directed the Frenchman to pack for him six vines of three different kinds and two varieties of strawberry plants, three of each, one bearing in the spring only, but producing a fruit as large as a pullet's egg, the other a long common-sized strawberry bearing most of the year. These plants he hopes to introduce in the Sandwich Islands.

This village or suburb, Almendral, is built on a flat and is in fact joined to Valparaiso. Carriages run from the end of one to the further end of the other in which the fare for one person is 12½ cents. Father alighted from the carriage or gig at twelve, Captain Scott going to his lumber yard, while Father proceeded to the office of Consul Dorr,

who gave him two letters for Thomas H. Stevens, U. S. N., now Naval Storekeeper at Honolulu, and a package for Alexander G. Abel, U. S. Consul at the Sandwich Islands. Mr. Dorr was very civil and showed Father how he conducted the business of the Consulate.

Father returned to dine on board, after which he escorted us all to the landing. This pier is usually crowded with a mixture of seamen, boatmen, beggars, pedlers, muleteers, musicians, police, priests, and so on. A medley of all languages may be heard there. We visited several shops and were surprised at the variety and quality of goods and the reasonable prices. We strolled about the town and finally rested in the store of Mr. Hobson, formerly our Consul here, as there are no hotels in this city. We met Purser Speiden in our walks and afterwards Captain Du Pont, who offered us his gig, but as Father could not find the crew belonging to it, we waited for the regular sunset boat, in which we returned. An American vessel came in and anchored to-day. The vessel which fired a gun last night proved

to be the "Daphne," a British sloop of war. This morning she saluted us with eleven guns and the salute was returned. Bright moonlight tempted Father and Mother to spend most of the evening on deck, though sitting out in the open air was rather damp.

Mar. 10th, Tuesday. About seven the bark "Hortensia," Captain Harding, came into port. She is to sail for Baltimore in ten or fifteen days, so by her we shall forward mail. Father and Willie went ashore in the ten o'clock boat, saw Captain Scott, and returned not having accomplished much.

This clear day gave us an uncommonly fine view of the majestic Andes. Some of the peaks in sight were 100 miles distant, one of them a volcano. Their snow-crowned tops glistened in the sunbeams, the ravines, and valleys in strong contrast. They looked white in spots or rather white with dark spots. One can see great distances in the clear atmosphere of Chile. This is the best view of the Andes we have yet had.

Mr. Ten Eyck, with part of his family, went on shore to dine and attend the opera in the

evening. The Commodore, Captain, and most of the officers also attended the opera, which in the building, interior decorations, and music, compares favorably with similar establishments in Europe. We did not leave the ship again, and were on deck till eight, when Mr. Hyde called in the cabin, and remained until ten. After that we enjoyed the beautiful moonlight on deck for an hour.

Mar. 11th, Wednesday. Agreeable to directions given last evening, Sir William Johnson (colored) called Father to go on shore at two bells (5 A.M.). Day was dawning, though stars were still visible, but before he reached the jetty it was broad daylight. The market is fine, better than that at Rio, and prices much more reasonable. Father saw country people coming in with their produce for market, all brought on mules or jacks, in bags of hide or bundles. It is surprising to see the loads put upon these animals. Mules go in droves of ten or twenty, each drove having a bell-mare which leads, and Father was told that when the droves meet, or when several are traveling the same way, and come where they are to take

different roads, each drove invariably follows its own bell-mare.

Father returned early. At ten o'clock Mother and I accompanied him to shore, where he called upon the Consul and others, while we went shopping. Many English and French goods are cheaper than in New York, and everything more reasonable than at Rio. We bought figured muslins, buff, and blue and white for Mary and myself, at twenty-five cents a yard, a balsorine, all wool, orange and brown, very handsome, nearly twelve yards for $2.50. We saw much to interest us, returned to dinner, and did not go out again that day.

Ladies and gentlemen, all pleasant acquaintances, call daily. The English and American residents here are harmonious and hospitable. We are constantly invited, but seldom accept, partly on account of the children, as it is not always convenient to leave them or to take them visiting. Mr. Ten Eyck and family dined out to-day.

Mar. 12th, Thursday. At eight it was cloudy with no wind. Captain and Mrs. Scott

called with a party of Americans from Terrace Hill, among them a nephew of Mr. Joseph Trumbull of Hartford, Rev. Mr. Trumbull, the Seamen's Chaplain, sent out by the Foreign Evangelical Society. He is a small young man, delicate looking, and resembles the Trumbulls of Connecticut whom Mother knows. Mr. Wheelwright, an American, has a flourishing school in Valparaiso. Miss Adams, Mrs. Wheelwright, Mrs. Tillinghast, a widow visiting a young son, Mr. Barrell, and Mr. Barton, an American, surveying a route for a railroad between Valparaiso and Santiago. Mr. Hobson and others came to the "Congress" in a boat sent for them at eleven o'clock. After sitting in the cabin a while, they visited the Captain and partook of cake and wine. They were shown through the ship. Two ladies complained of feeling sea-sick, though we could perceive no motion. All returned to our cabin accompanied by several officers, waited until the one o'clock boat was ready, when they bade us good-morning and took leave. Miss Adams invited us all to dinner to-morrow, and left an invitation for Mr.

Ten Eyck and family, who were on shore at the time.

We all went on shore at three with Captain Du Pont in his gig. Midshipman Byers joined us, and we all took a carriage and rode through the Almendral, which was formerly an almond grove. That quarter is thickly settled, and contains the theater, also a large Catholic church called La Merced, the finest in this region. In the great earthquake of 1822 every house here except one was either destroyed or the walls cracked, and 400 persons who had fled to this church for refuge perished in its ruins. The church was only recently rebuilt.

We dismissed our carriage at the Public Garden, at the extremity of this settlement, after paying 12½ cents for each person.

The children rode on swinging horses. We next walked to the Frenchman's garden and greenhouses, beautiful beyond description, in full bloom and perfect order. We saw pomegranates for the first time, beautiful but not ripe. Geraniums grow wild in Chile and are of immense size and in great variety, fuchsias also, and jessamines grow large like trees. Father

took his grape and strawberry roots ordered a few days ago. We lingered long in this lovely spot, and were too late for the sunset boat. No shore boats are allowed to leave after dark, so we put Willie and Mary into the Custom House boat, and they returned safely to the "Congress."

We spent the evening admiring the beautifully lighted shops, and the Chilean ladies with their beaux, who do their shopping evenings. As far as we could make ourselves understood, we ascertained prices. A little after nine we went to White and Smith's store. Mr. Smith went with us for ice-cream, but not getting a suitable room, we returned to the store and he sent for some excellent ice-cream. At ten we took the regular boat and were soon on board. We found the children had enjoyed their usual play until bedtime, then had undressed themselves and were quietly sleeping. It was a bright moonlight night. Captain Du Pont, Lieutenant of Marines Zeilon, and Lieutenant Parrott, called on the Governor at twelve, but returned to the ship before the party from shore left.

Mar. 13th, Friday. The morning is clear and pleasant. Joseph Fort, one of our cabin boys, fell through the main hatch to the third deck three days ago, breaking one rib and cracking two more. Fears were entertained that he was internally and fatally injured, but he is now doing well and considered out of danger.

Our family went on shore at one o'clock to visit at Captain Walsh's residence. Captain and Mrs. Walsh have gone to Casa Blanca, to spend a month for her health, so her sister, Miss Adams, did the honors of the table, assisted by Captain and Mrs. Scott, who are staying there. Mrs. Tillinghast joined us at dinner. She has traveled extensively in Europe. An excellent dinner was served at four. Our family returned in the Commodore's barge a little before seven, leaving me to spend the night with Miss Adams, and meet some little girls she had invited to spend the evening with me.

Our band went on shore to serenade the Governor and a number of ladies. The music was distinctly heard on board. Father called

on Commodore Stockton between seven and eight, just before his tea. There is a delightful suburb on the outer edge of the bay called Vina del Mar, much resorted to by the residents of Santiago and other interior towns during hot weather. We have decided not to make excursions to the Capital or any watering-places. Mother and the children being fatigued, retired early before Mr. Ten Eyck and family returned from their riding party. The wind blew quite fresh during the afternoon and evening.

Mar. 14th, Saturday. Another clear and beautiful morning. Father, Mother, and Willie took the ten o'clock boat and returned at one to dinner, shopping being the object of the trip. Commodore Stockton and Dr. Moseley left this morning for a ride of thirty miles in the country. Some say they have started for Santiago. Numerous Chileans visit our ship. One party to-day, we hear, came all the way from Santiago. These native visitors enjoy our band greatly, and often indulge in an impromptu dance on the deck, as waltz strains prove irresistible. They are always treated

with the utmost courtesy, and are cordial in extending their invitations for return visits to their homes.

Father accompanied Captain Du Pont ashore just before sundown, expecting to meet me at the landing, but I did not return until the ten o'clock boat, when I came in company with the Ten Eycks, who had dined with Mr. and Mrs. Hobson and their daughters. It was exceedingly kind of Miss Adams to entertain me so delightfully. She gave me some handsome shells, which I shall add to the few I obtained at Rio. Mrs. Walsh has a choice collection which I examined, which greatly increased my interest. She has a valuable orange cowrie which was twice stolen and recovered. She has other curios, but I admired most the shells she has been gathering together for years.

The Chileans are good potters, making strong, light jugs and jars, in a great variety of shapes and sizes, with original decorations.

Mar. 15th, Sunday. The morning was remarkably beautiful. A large number of ladies and gentlemen from shore came on board to

attend divine service, which was held at the usual hour on the spar deck, with an awning spread over. The band accompanied the hymns sung. The sermon was preached by Chaplain Colton. The men made a fine appearance assembled in Sunday attire. At one, a boat was sent for the Intendente, or Governor, and his suite.

Governor Prieto is a fine looking man, aged about sixty. He was taken over the frigate, expressed himself delighted with what he saw, remained an hour, and received a salute of seventeen guns when he left. Several parties of gentlemen and ladies visited the frigate, the prettiest being the wife of a Pole, who is a teacher here, was formerly in our Navy, and acted as interpreter on this occasion. Our family remained on board all day and evening.

Mar. 16th, Monday. As usual the morning was lovely. I went on shore at ten with Father, to make some purchases. At noon returned with Miss Johnson in the captain's gig. Father saw Captain Scott, Consul Dorr, several gentlemen, and returned at one. The people on shore report an earthquake this

morning, so slight that it was not felt on the water, and probably many on land were not aware of it. However there was an earthquake, a genuine earthquake! About two months ago a shock injured many houses. Consul Dorr told us the walls of his house cracked, and Mrs. Tillinghast said the walls of her sleeping-room cracked. Before she could open her door to make her escape, all the plastering fell, and in the morning they found the terraces and gardens laid open in seams.

Some days since we met at Mr. Cross' store (where there are two or three pianos for sale), Marti, one of the opera singers, who kindly played and sang for us. To-day he dined in the wardroom and passed an hour in our cabin, the leader of our band acting as interpreter. At half past five Father, Mother, and myself had an extra boat, and started for shore, taking Marti with us. Though we knew there was a high wind, we did not realize its strength. We drifted very much, shipped several seas, felt the spray all the time, and after an hour and a half reached the landing at seven, ten minutes being the usual time for the row.

Mother and I were enveloped in a large cloak, which kept us dry. I was not alarmed, but Mother covered her head with the cloak, and was very much frightened. Father and Marti were thoroughly wet, as were all the boat's crew. We were anxiously watched with glasses from the ship. Captain Du Pont said afterwards he thought several times of calling the boat back, as he knew we could not reach the landing without great difficulty. Lieutenant Schenck, the officer of the deck, blamed himself for letting us start.

Captain Du Pont remarked to Mother he was glad she was satisfied with the perils of the deep, as she never was off Cape Horn! but she insisted that being in a large ship and in a small boat were widely different experiences. We made a short stop at White and Smith's store, went out to purchase some articles, and returned to the store again, then called at Mr. Walsh's residence, with the understanding that Mr. Smith was to stop there for us in a short time, and take us to his house. We remained there until twenty minutes to ten, and as Mr. Smith failed to appear, we

started for the boat, and met Consul Dorr and Mrs. Tillinghast as we went out. After a brief chat with them, the Consul walked with me to the jetty, the others following. The boat reached the wharf soon after we all arrived there, and we bade our friends good-night.

Here we met several persons who had just landed from one of the ships, with the body of a child. The city laws require all corpses to be carried by night to the Cemetery immediately after death, to be buried the next day. The wind had lulled and we had no trouble in rowing back to the "Congress." Our ship gives her men "liberty" in this port. They go on shore for the day in squads by a regular system.

Mar. 17th, Tuesday. A clear and delightful morning. Father was on shore from ten to one. Mr. Peter Robinson presented Mother a set of colored prints of Lima costumes, and some little curiosities made by nuns at Santiago, which are sometimes given away, but are never sold.

Mr. Ten Eyck's family were on shore, and

by some mistake of the officer, the whole party returned in the boat sent for General Santa Cruz. The boat immediately returned. At two o'clock the General with his wife, niece, two children, servant, two or three ladies, and as many gentlemen, arrived, took refreshments, and remained about half an hour. After viewing the ship they left, receiving the usual salute. General Mariscal Santa Cruz is considered the greatest man South America has produced since Bolivar. He was "Protector of Peru," and was President of Bolivia, which restored him his confiscated estates. On condition of living abroad, he now receives $6,000 yearly from the governments of Chile and Peru. He is waiting here to embark for England.

Our family engaged to dine with Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Smith, and afterward attend the opera, but the wind blew so strong, and it was so rough, we would not venture on the bay. At seven the wind lulled, and I accompanied my parents to Mr. Smith's store. It was arranged that he would accompany us directly to the opera, without going to his residence, as Mrs. Smith declined to attend. We had

some difficulty in securing a carriage, but at last succeeded with the aid of Mr. Spofford, whom we met on the street. A few moments' drive brought us to the opera. It was a beautiful night, still the house seemed thin. It was the benefit of our friend Marti, who was a little hoarse in consequence of his wetting yesterday afternoon.

Marti played the part of the *Doge* in Byron's "Marino Faliero," and of the *Pedler,* in the "Elixir of Love." Rossi, the prima donna, is a handsome woman, and a fine singer. Pantinella is a favorite with many, but did not please us as well. She was keeper of the Arsenal, and we thought her voice as masculine as her attire. This opera house is said to be superior to any in the United States. We were all pleased with the entertainment, but no one so perfectly delighted as myself. Captain Du Pont, Purser Speiden, Dr. Eversfield, Master Morgan, Lieutenant Schenck, Passed Midshipmen Guest and Duncan, with several others of our officers were present. Commodore Stockton had taken two boxes, but returning fatigued from his excursion, felt un-

able to attend. Mr. Smith was very courteous. Father could not prevail upon him to take anything for tickets or carriage hire. At the landing where we returned at midnight, boats were waiting for us all. We found the children sleeping, and retired at about one. A happy ending this to our eleven days spent in Valparaiso.

Mar. 18th, Wednesday. According to orders previously given, Father was called at four, and left for town in the market boat before the stores or business places were open. He returned in time for breakfast. Just as he left, "all hands" were called to unmoor ship, and during this morning all was activity, with preparations for departure. Many boats swarmed about us, some bringing merchants with bills to be settled, some with friends to say good-by.

Captain Hardie, of the "Hortensia," brought some little dishes, or tear-vases, made by nuns at Santiago of scented or spiced clay, ornamented by hand, with gold and bright colors, a present to me from Mr. Robinson. The Consul, Mr. Dorr, made his farewell call.

Messrs. Spofford and Barrel were among the guests.

Our anchor, with the usual song at the capstan, broke ground at about one o'clock, and sails were unfurled, but before we had spread much canvas a number of boats were seen rowing for us. Mr. Hobson, in the first, delivered a letter and was off, the next from the "Daphne," with a British officer came alongside with despatches for Admiral Seymour of the "Collingwood," now on the coast of California, the next after following us a mile or two further, came up with two "liberty men" picked up by the police, for whom Purser Speiden paid one ounce each, or $17.25, a gold piece worth with us $16. This was much more than twenty such men were worth, as they were notoriously among the worst of the crew.

No sooner were orders again given to make sail, than more boats were seen hastening after us at full speed. We hove to. A boat laboring hard to overtake us came near enough for our captain to speak to the gentleman in it. When he was told that we could not wait for him, he seemed greatly distressed. Captain

Du Pont finally beckoned to him to come alongside, at which he clapped his hands for joy. He soon delivered his packages and orders were given to "fill away." The other boat, which had followed five or six miles, seeing this, gave up the chase and headed for the town. It is rumored that the "Congress" lost seventeen men in this port, where all were given liberty, but we are not certain that it is true.

We had a fair and stiff breeze, and were soon out of sight of land, standing N. W. by W. The harbor of Valparaiso is an indentation in the coast, of the shape of a horseshoe, opening to the north, with deep water. We anchored in thirty-four fathoms. The wind usually blows out of the harbor, and sometimes very hard. The land rises abruptly from the sea several hundred feet high, at an angle of about 35°. It is filled with deep ravines or gullies, which seem to have been cut by the action of the water running down the hills for ages. All is barren as far as the eye can reach, with very little verdure and no trees. North of Valparaiso is the desert region,

without water or foliage. Rain never falls there.

Valparaiso is a place of considerable commerce, but prices are high in consequence of the great expense of transportation of produce to market from the interior, which is all carried on donkeys and mules. A railroad to Santiago would be of great service to the country, and would make Valparaiso an important city. A route has been surveyed, and it is expected that the stock will be taken in England, as the Chilean government offers to give the land and guarantee the payment of five per cent. on ten millions, for ten years. The population of Valparaiso is about 40,000. Rents are high, a dwelling house on the hill commanding from five to ten hundred dollars.

The ship "Essex" was captured in this harbor during the last war in violation of the laws of nations. We were told our government now demands of the Chilean government remuneration for the loss. The police of this country seem to be good, each militiaman taking his turn, which makes a kind of standing

army, and operates at the same time as a defence to the country and a protection to the cities. In contrast with this wise regulation the Chileans have some queer laws. In a recent case the court decided that the offenders should be disposed of as the offended party should desire, even to the taking of life; and the Consul informed us this was done according to some old Spanish ordinance, which the judge or counsel, or both, hunted up among musty volumes of old laws.

At Valparaiso the temperature in summer ranges from 78° to 62°, with cool nights. The Coast Range is known as "la Cordillera de la Costa," and looks barren from the sea. Mr. William Ward, an American, was senior partner of a large mercantile house in Valparaiso. We could not remember the names of many pleasant people we met there, much to our regret. After all these delightful experiences, we are glad to be at sea once more, headed for our destination.

Mar. 19th, Thursday. Father on deck at half past seven, found the wind fair, the ship making eight knots. There was considerable

sea on last night, and by some strange chance a window below was stove in. We passed most of the day arranging staterooms, storerooms, and stowing things away. At noon our latitude was 30° 41′ S.

Lieutenant Schenck passed the evening in our cabin.

Mar. 20th, Friday. At eight the wind was fair, but not so stiff as yesterday, the weather very pleasant. The ship moves steadily, though rather deep in the water for speed. The wind remained directly aft all day, and the fore-studdingsails were set. We have in two days sailed 440 miles on our course. Our noon latitude was 26° 50′ S. Sewing occupies part of our time. With Master Morgan, our only evening visitor, we discussed our progress over this tranquil ocean. Father, at eleven, was the last one to retire.

Mar. 21st, Saturday. The weather is warm and pleasant, the wind light all day. The thermometer at 75°. We crossed the Tropic of Capricorn at about five in the afternoon. The evening we passed on deck conversing with the officers, and watching the dance and play of

the sailors, who keep perfect time to the violin of our steward.

Mr. Colton says one of our missing men is a German from Bremen, the Samson of the ship, who stood seven feet in his stockings, his arm as large as the leg of an ordinary man. He could carry a water tank which any two others among the crew could scarcely lift. He went ashore with the rest on liberty, fell in with a few of his countrymen, drank freely, overstayed his time, and hid. He is a loss, owing to his unexceptionable conduct, his great strength, and fidelity to duty. After all was quiet Father retired at eleven.

Mar. 22d, Sunday. Father on deck at half past seven, found it cloudy, or a soft haze, and not so warm as yesterday. Divine service was held at eleven, the Chaplain's sermon was excellent and practical, upon the force of habit. It was followed by the reading by Captain Du Pont of the Rules and Regulations of the Navy. We remained to hear the roll call and see the men pass in review. Our noon latitude was 21° 36′ S., our longitude 75° 39′. We spent most of the evening on deck.

Mar. 23d, Monday. At half past seven it was cloudy, the wind fair but light. Our noon latitude was 19° 5′ S. We have made a hundred and seventy miles in twenty-four hours, so we creep towards the equator. In the afternoon we saw a large school of blackfish on our stern. They appeared to be from ten to fifteen feet long. Some came within a few feet of the ship. The sunset was remarkably fine.

Messrs. Schenck and Hyde were in our cabin in the evening. Mr. Hyde was born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 22, 1819, the third of the name, his father, George, born in Philadelphia, and his grandfather George, born in Scotland. He married Miss Ellen M'Coy in 1842, and was then practising law in Philadelphia, but was never robust, and desired this voyage for his health. After our guests left, Father and Mother went up on our deck, where they remained till after the watch was changed at midnight. Lieutenant Green was officer of the deck. The air was mild, the clouds which had overcast the heavens disappeared, and the stars were brilliant, the Southern Cross and Magellan clouds being prominent objects of interest.

At that time the frigate had on all the canvas which she could possibly carry under any circumstances. The thermometer ranged from 70° to 75°.

Mar. 24th, Tuesday. Uniformly pleasant weather gives little variety to cruising in the Pacific. The morning was cloudy, the wind fair, the air mild. Between nine and ten the sun made its appearance. At noon our latitude was 17° 51′ S. Mother experimented in making a linen jacket for Willie, and to our surprise succeeded quite well.

Father and Mother enjoyed an agreeable conversation with Captain Du Pont on deck, and remained out until late. A young Englishman reluctantly applied for his discharge at Valparaiso, because news of his having received a legacy of £20,000 from an uncle, recently deceased, had reached him. He was staying at the Astor House, New York, when he decided to ship as a sailor on this man-of-war. He is the son of a rich broker of Manchester, England. Commodore Stockton and Captain Du Pont under the peculiar circumstances authorized his discharge papers to be made out. He

will doubtless return to his relatives and native land.

March 25th, Wednesday. The weather continues clear and delightful, in fact nothing else is expected. By ten the thermometer was at 81° with the wind fair, the ship was making six knots. At noon our latitude was reduced to 15° 46′. Willie had the courage to go alone below without urging, and have a sound tooth extracted, to make room for front ones to straighten.

A young sailor created a sensation towards evening. Being somewhat insane, he imagined he would not see the sun again, so he stationed himself on the ladder leading up to the poop deck, to take his last look as the sun set, wildly reciting poetry he considered appropriate.

We promenaded the spar deck during the evening, going forward occasionally to see the sailors dance and waltz, which they do with great glee.

Mar. 26th, Thursday. The morning was warm and clear, our latitude at noon 13° 27′. "Sail ho!" was sung out from the maintop at noon, "about two points forward of the star-

board bow." We bore down for her, and at two in the afternoon beat to quarters as usual on such occasions. Every preparation was made for an engagement, even the surgeons spreading their instruments and bandages upon their tables in the cockpit, suggestive of destruction and death. Captain Du Pont spoke the ship, she being the "Balaene" of New Bedford, a whaler five months out. She had two men stationed in each fore and maintop, and one in her mizzentop, on the lookout for whales. After she showed the colors we hove, our men went through some of the evolutions of a marine battle, for practice, which was exciting, interesting, and satisfactory, so much so that Captain Du Pont shouted out, "Well done foretop, well done maintop, well done mizzentop, well done all!"

In consequence of the call to quarters, our dinner was delayed until three o'clock, as on such occasions every man, including cooks and servants, must take his proper station. All the galley fires must be extinguished. The delay so sharpened our appetites as to make a cold dinner relish well. We were out on deck most

of the evening. At ten we took in sail to prevent getting too close to land before daylight. With easy sailing it was calculated we would be within twenty-five miles of Callao by midnight. Wind and tide favor vessels sailing northward from Chile.

The remarkable rainless region extends more than 2,000 miles north from Valparaiso. We pass part of the rainless zone, which includes one-third of the Chilean seaboard and the entire coast of Peru to the Gulf of Guayaquil, where verdure is again rich and green. This dry belt where all is brown and barren, extends from the 17th to the 29th parallels and inland from twenty to eighty miles.

Mar. 27th, Friday. The ship lay to during the mid-watch last night. At daybreak she was stern to the land, which looked not more than ten to fifteen miles off. The sounds of busy preparation for entering port woke us at an early hour, and we were on deck soon after six. The rocky island of San Lorenzo, whose highest point is 600 feet above sea level, forming part of the principal port of Peru, the seaport of Lima, loomed into sight on our star-

board bow. We had a very light breeze for an hour or two, making only about three knots. As we approached the harbor, the wind freshened. We made more sail, set topgallantsails, and doubling the northern extremity of San Lorenzo, at about half past twelve, came to in handsome style, and cast our starboard anchor near this island, which protects one side of this fine harbor of Callao, nine days from Valparaiso.

A very large shark crossed our stern, and Commodore Stockton, who was on the poop deck, ordered a hook to be thrown out for it, and also sent for a musket, but before either was ready, his sharkship was out of sight.

San Lorenzo appears to be of volcanic formation, a desolate spot without a single green thing upon it. It is nearly six miles long and two wide, inhabited by numerous birds only, pelicans, buzzards, and other kinds. It is the resting-place of the American dead, none other being allowed by this Catholic government. San Lorenzo was split asunder by an earthquake, and is now two islands. The town presents an uninviting appearance, the houses are

poor, with mud walls and flat roofs, but the spires of Lima show well at a distance. Thousands of birds and fish enliven this roadstead, the best on the coast of Peru, well fortified, with good anchorage at from seven to ten fathoms' depth.

The usual salutes were fired. Our Vice-Consul Mr. Johnson came on board immediately. Several English and French officers from their ships called. Our inquiries for mail met with disappointment, as not a single letter for the " Congress " had arrived, and we almost six months from home! Boats crowded around us as usual, offering delicious grapes, pears, apples, plums, alligator pears, granadillas, cherumoyas, and other kinds of fruit. Father and Uncle William took the half past three boat and called first at the Consulate to see Mr. Johnson, then took a stroll through the town. They returned in the sundown boat which was rather late, as we are anchored nearly three miles from the landing, and it takes about twenty-five minutes to row that distance. They felt disappointed in the place, and disgusted with the lack of neatness. The Commodore

went to Lima to remain during our stay in port. We passed the evening on deck. Our band played at six, we heard martial music at eight, and after that our band played again.

Mar. 28th, Saturday. At seven we took a view of the harbor from the deck. At ten Father went on shore. After calling on Vice-Consul Johnson, he took a stroll down where the ruins of old Callao are still to be seen. The heat was great, but he continued his walk for nearly two hours, then returned to the Consulate. He saw in his rambles the vaults outlined with brick where the number of bones showed that many dead bodies had been thrown. They were open and accessible to birds and beasts of prey. As there was no one o'clock boat, he waited until nearly three, when Captain Du Pont came and invited him to take a seat in his gig. As they returned too late for our dinner, the Captain invited Father to dine with him and he gladly accepted.

Mr. Ten Eyck went to Lima this morning. In the afternoon he returned and took his family to that city. Purser Speiden also has gone to Lima. At five we all went ashore and walked

about the dirty streets. The place falls immensely below our anticipations. The houses are low and miserable looking, only one story high, owing to the frequent earthquakes and dread of tidal waves, with flat roofs sometimes covered only with hardened mud, so little moisture falls here. No prudent native would consent to sleep above the ground floor, and foreigners soon learn to avoid high rooms. We saw two immense piles of wheat from Chile on the wharf, without covering; each must have contained 20,000 bushels or more. Grain is often left on the moles for weeks without shelter. We took a view of the country round about from the top of Mr. Johnson's store, the only American in business here. Callao was incorporated as a town in 1671. It was completely submerged with all its inhabitants in 1746, during the memorable earthquake just one hundred years ago, and when the sea is calm the ruins are still visible under the water.

We saw the President of Peru, General Castillia, who is here with his wife for the benefit of sea bathing. He passed us twice on horseback surrounded by his guard of three officers

and six mounted men, three of them carrying small banners. He wore citizen's dress, with a plain frock coat. Some years ago he excited a revolt, and being in another province where he could not be reached, his wife was tried for participation in political matters, and sentenced to be shot. Mr. Johnson succeeded in getting her on board one of our sloops of war, thus saving her life. The fort or castle is the chief object of interest here. Once of great strength, it has been dismantled, it is said, because the government dreads domestic more than foreign foes. At sunset we returned, and had the quiet cabin to ourselves.

Mar. 29th, Sunday. Father and Brother Willie took the ten o'clock boat for shore. They saw the omnibus off for Lima drawn by six horses, three abreast. Seven officers of the "Congress" were in it, including Captain Du Pont. Chaplain Colton is at Lima, so we had no service on board and there is no Protestant chapel on shore. Lieutenants Schenck and Livingston are also at Lima. Father and Willie then went to a Catholic church, and remained until after services commenced. The

congregation consisted of all classes of society of all colors and shades of complexion. The building was a very indifferent one, cheaply fitted up; the only nice thing about it was the marble floor. It seems to be the only church in Callao, the only one at least we have seen thus far. They returned in the one o'clock boat, stayed on board the remainder of the day, and all retired at an early hour. Uncle William went to Lima, a seven-mile ride, yesterday, and returned this evening, having visited churches and various interesting places.

Fish of all sizes abound in this harbor; the small ones are dipped up in pails for bait from the ships and boats. Thousands of birds inhabit the islands. There is anchorage for the largest ships, and good moles where cargoes are received and discharged. On shore the fleas are a plague and, owing to swamp or stagnant water near Callao, ague and various miasmatic diseases are common.

Mar. 30th, Monday. We were up at an early hour, and breakfasted at half past seven. Later we all went on shore, leaving our quarters vacant for the first time this cruise. As our

steward had gone to Lima, Father left James, the cabin boy, in charge, with strict directions to lock his stateroom, as soon as he had put it in order, and to keep the cabin doors closed, and allow no one to enter. Mother locked all her drawers and doors, and the port-hole windows were both in. Uncle William accompanied us as far as Callao. After landing, we walked to the omnibus station, where the carriage previously engaged was waiting for us, a little before ten. It was drawn by three horses abreast, and we paid $6 for the use of it. We had not proceeded far, when we met an omnibus with Captain Du Pont in it, who bowed to us as we passed. At our right we saw an obelisk with a cross, marking the spot reached by the tidal wave in the great earthquake of 1746. The first part of the ride was through old ruins of convents, churches, private dwellings, and garden walls, some of which remained nearly entire, the rest scattered on the ground. The road is sandy and heavy the first few miles, so that the coach wheels sank deep into the sand, but our three horses made good time. We halted a few moments at the half-

way station, to allow the animals to rest. It is a mere shed. Nearby stands the ruin of an old church with dilapidated turrets, inhabited by birds, the front covered with carved images. A drinking-place, patronized by priest and people alike, completes the station. Lima is 500 feet above its seaport, but the slope is so gradual that the road seems almost level, and improves as it approaches the capital. We passed large burial-mounds from which bodies of aborigines have been disinterred. The last two miles of the seven are through a beautiful alameda, planted with a double row of willows, separated by a wall from orange groves on each side, with seats placed at short distances for the accommodation of pleasure seekers from the city. Donkeys are burden bearers and numerous. At times only the heads and legs are visible from beneath their loads. The southern or lower portion of Lima is inclosed by a wall built in 1683, which has twelve gates. We entered through a high and handsome gateway, which had several carved images on it, but the top had been shaken off by an earthquake. We passed the armed sentry unchallenged, and

drove through whole streets seeing only the high walls which extend in front of one-story houses. We passed several churches. Many of the business streets present a handsome but singular appearance with their balconies and lattices. Most of the streets are narrow and paved with cobble-stones. A broader street in the center of the city led to the Main Plaza, containing about nine acres. We alighted on the north side at Morin's Hotel, kept by Len Drell, at eleven, where rooms engaged for us overlooked the Plaza, fronted the Cathedral and the Archbishop's house, built by F. Pizarro. On one side of the large square is the Palace of the Viceroys and other public buildings. On two sides, over paved walks, are ancient arcades, under which are the chief and best patronized shops of the city, where a variety of dry goods, jewelry, and fancy articles are displayed for sale, the upper story being occupied as dwellings. In the middle of the public square is a fountain surrounded by a wide marble basin, around which cluster the water-carriers who distribute the water throughout the city. Men, women, and children with water-jars, and don-

keys with water-kegs slung across pack-saddles, are seen everywhere. These useful little animals are trained to deliver the water to regular customers, who pay a real or 12½ cents for two kegs full. It is a busy and curious scene. All day long a crowd of all nations and costumes throngs the sidewalks, paved with smooth pebbles, shaded by the long colonnades around the sides of the Plaza, in front of the attractive shops.

After a brief rest we started off at eleven sight-seeing, first to the church and monastery of San Francisco, which cover six or seven acres of ground. The church abounds in images and old paintings, among them a magnificent portrait of Sta. Veronica by Murillo. It was built by Francisco Pizarro, who was assassinated June 26, 1541, and was buried beneath the grand altar, where a guide shows his bones, for a fee. Some parts of the interior are imposing, for example, the nave with its lofty arches sumptuously ornamented with much rich gilding, and the niches over the altars filled with artistic statues, among which it is curious to see a St. Benedict holding a *black*

infant Saviour. This cathedral is of stone, and surmounted by two towers 133 feet high. It was greatly damaged by the earthquake of 1746, and was rebuilt by the Viceroy, Count Superunda. We found the monastery open and lighted at noon, and some were at worship. Only Father and Willie were allowed to enter it. Its luxury, in contrast with the mendicant vows of the fraternity, which led them to expect a severely plain interior, surprised them. We walked on to the convent of Santa Clara, where through iron gratings we saw nuns at their devotions. The chapel is adorned with numerous images and paintings. Next we explored the market, seeing many fruits unknown to temperate zones, such as the chirumoya, granadilla, a water-lemon, palta pear, resembling our peach, flowers, vegetables, besides flesh, fish, and fowl. Chickens are quartered, and each quarter sold for two reals, or twenty-five cents. Beggars are here as elsewhere, and some of the priests dispense blessings in return for produce, which they carry away in baskets. We walked over the identical stone bridge, spanning the Rimac, on which just 300 years ago Rolla

stood, and held up Cora's child. Though built several hundred years ago, it was named Rolla's Bridge for him. A priest was there selling consecrated rosaries, and I bought one for a memento.

Turning our steps hotelward, we passed many beautiful buildings, and arrived in time to dress for the half past three dinner. While we were in our rooms, Father repaired to the reading-room, where he met agreeable gentlemen. He was introduced to Mr. Upcott, a young Englishman, clerk in an English house in Lima, who has resided here nine years, and kindly proposed to call after dinner, to escort us about. At table were Dr. Eversfield, and Lieutenants Tilghman and Gray of our frigate, also Mr. Ten Eyck with his son Egbert, and Miss Johnson, besides the two ladies of the house and the gentleman proprietor, and many others who appeared to be regular boarders. Mrs. Ten Eyck did not feel equal to appearing in the dining-room, so remained in her rooms with her baby Hattie and her maid Eliza. It is a rule with Peruvians to have their meals seven hours apart, and in no case to drink any-

thing till three hours have elapsed after eating, also never to eat between meals. This rule extends to the sick with such rigor that medicated drinks will not be tolerated within the three hours.

About five we all started with Mr. Upcott, passed again over the bridge, and along the banks of the Rimac as far as the Arena, where the bull-fights take place, and to a celebrated battle-ground. We walked through an alameda to the foot of the mountain of St. Christoval, upon which is planted a cross, and over much ground that is classic in the history of Peru, Mr. Upcott showing and explaining much that was new and interesting. Taking another route, we went by a different alameda down by the place formerly used for miniature naval exhibitions, a singular artificial lake with high arched gateway, intended for the mimic sea-fights of a naval school, but owing to damage by frequent earthquakes, little water remains. Through these alamedas, branches of the Rimac are conducted, and occasionally fountains and seats are interspersed. We saw the Viceroy's country seat situated upon this branch of the Rimac,

used now as a mill for grinding grain. We soon reached another alameda; passing down it, came to the small but beautiful church of St. Lazarus. Attracted by the music and lights, it being the feast-day of the saint, we went in for a short stop. One big fat man near the door was singing, and fiddles, flutes, and other instruments were in full blast. Leaving the church, we soon arrived at the end of the walk, where was a convent. It was closed, so we had to content ourselves with an outside view. It is situated under the hill or mountain called St. Christoval, upon which is erected a cross, every year taken down for some ceremony and carried through the streets of Lima. It was now dark, and we directed our course towards the bridge. After entering the gate, we passed round by the Cathedral, supposing it was open, only to be disappointed, but we were admitted to the Archbishop's chapel under the same roof, which when lighted is very beautiful and filled with paintings and images of saints.

We were all much fatigued when we arrived at the hotel. Mary and Willie retired at once, and as soon as they were asleep, Father and

Cathedral and Plaza de Armas, Lima

Mother resumed their sightseeing, taking me with them. We walked through several of the nearest streets, among the elegant shops containing rich goods, made a few purchases, watched the throng of promenaders, and after an hour or more returned to the hotel. Unlimited variety of costumes are seen on the streets, worn by all classes.

Mar. 31, Tuesday. Father rose at an early hour and went through the market again alone. He returned and took us all to the Cathedral in time for early mass. After this service, we examined the various objects of interest throughout the building. The high altar was once of solid gold. Some years ago it was coined, and silver substituted, except for the cross, which remains of gold. The curtains are of red silk velvet, the paintings and images seemed to us almost endless, and some of them quite handsome. Father gratified our wish to see the great bell, by ascending to the belfry with us. The view from it is extensive and varied. The largest bell measures between four and five feet in diameter.

We walked back through the arcade, mak-

ing a few purchases in the attractive shops fronting upon it, and breakfasted at nine. To improve all our limited time, we went out again immediately, walked among other shops, visited the church of San Pedro, one of the most splendid churches of Lima, saw there many paintings sent as presents by the kings of Spain, some by Murillo and other old masters, visited the Museum on the same bank forming a part of the same establishment. It contained many antique vases, heathen gods, coins, shells, stuffed birds and animals, disinterred bodies of aborigines, also valuable collections of paintings, full-length portraits of all the Viceroys, Presidents, Generals, and great men of history, from Columbus to the present day, all originals.

We returned to the hotel. After a brief rest we went to the palace of Pizarro, entered the garden, drank from the fountain, and filled tiny vials purchased in the arcade for the purpose, with water as mementos. We noticed very old fig trees, and got some ferns.

The U. S. Consul, Mr. Prescott, called this morning, also Mr. Foster, who is at the head of Alsop House, one of the large importing

houses here. Commodore Stockton dispenses hospitality lavishly, in the elegant apartments he secured at the hotel, where he has his own table and servants. Every one from the "Congress" is welcomed, and all who are entitled to his acquaintance and friendship are cordially entertained, whether residents or from the ships. Another short walk, and then our departure from the City of Kings. At half past three we left in our carriage for Callao, over the same road of course. We found a boat waiting, and reached the frigate about five, where we were glad to rest, highly gratified by our excursion. We have had no time to describe half of what we have seen, and must try to note some things from memory as we find leisure. The interesting places seen and the kindnesses received would fill pages.

We discovered on opening our staterooms that some persons had entered and examined them, so we will search to find out any losses we may have sustained. Captain Du Pont and Mr. Cox called in the evening to see and welcome us back, and remained until ten.

April 1st, Wednesday. Father went on

shore in the ten o'clock boat. The Commodore's barge reached the wharf just before him. Soon the Commodore and Dr. Moseley drove in from Lima. Mrs. Ten Eyck and family, except her husband, also arrived soon. By mistake they took the Commodore's barge and went off to the " Congress." Three of the men belonging to the barge had deserted, among them Charles Gibson, of bad repute. The barge soon returned, when the Commodore and Doctor proceeded to the ship. Mr. Ten Eyck arrived together with several officers soon after they left. Father joined them and all went on board the one o'clock boat.

Mrs. Ten Eyck discovered that her stateroom, which was locked, had been entered, and her bureau drawers thoroughly ransacked, but she missed nothing of value except two sovereigns, which belonged to Miss Johnson. In our rooms, also locked, everything was overhauled and left in confusion, but apparently nothing taken, there being no money there; silver and jewelry were untouched. Our commanders are anxious to detect the offenders.

By way of relief to the monotony of ship

life in this dull port, Mother prepared some First-of-April cakes. She made them by sewing cotton onto slips of pasteboard in shape of nut cakes. Ananias dipped them in batter and fired them for her. At tea-time she sent a dish of them with her compliments to Dr. Eversfield and Master Morgan in the ward-room, and another dish to the starboard steerage officers. Peals of laughter and clapping of hands soon announced the success of the joke. In the evening she received thanks from all quarters for the excellent cakes, and she was informed that the Chaplain, and many others whose sharing in the joke she had not anticipated, tested the merits of the treat.

The costumes on the streets of Lima are probably more varied and the colors brighter than those seen in any other city of the world, and many are peculiar to Peru. The street dress of ladies has undergone slight changes and been modernized from time to time, yet retains its chief characteristics, though the narrow skirt so close to the feet, formerly universal, is now seldom seen. The "saya y manto" still prevails, but the skirt worn is very full, of rich

material, bright color, then the gay crape shawl, and drawn over that from the belt over the head, is the thin black manto, held with one hand in such manner as to show only one eye, though the covered eye can be seen somewhat through the material. As black eyes are universal, it is difficult or well-nigh impossible to recognize a well-known friend. Bright-colored handkerchiefs are carried, and large beads are worn close around the neck, the only jewelry we noticed. Elegant crape shawls, embroidered in China, are the favorites, and a few of the most progressive ladies wear them over their heads, clasped to show only one eye, and allow them to hang gracefully over the entire person, discarding the manto. Skirts are worn rather short, showing the small feet in dainty silk stockings and slippers with crossed lacings. A rarer innovation is an elegant shawl worn from the shoulders, with a large heavily embroidered black lace veil thrown over the head, reaching down over the shawl, below the waist. Liveried servants walk behind the ladies to church, carrying rugs to kneel on.

Numerous priests, in various costumes recog-

Ladies' Street Costume (Style 1846)—Lima

nized by the faithful, but not so easily distinguished by foreigners, show the many orders and castes among them. Many of them beg, others sell lottery tickets, or rosaries, or sacred pictures. They attend cock-fights, bull-fights, and are seen everywhere. Nuns and Sisters of Charity or Mercy, also of various orders and corresponding variety of garb, go about the streets, while others never leave the convents.

It is common for the women to smoke. Market men and women indulge in white satin slippers, often without stockings, or are frequently seen with bare feet. Cock-fighters gayly dressed go about with drum and fife, a cock in a cage, carried on top of the head, to attract spectators to the game. Street-pedlers and street-criers are too numerous to be described. They wear a great variety of bright-colored ponchos, and display their wares on the ends of poles, or carried on their heads, or in baskets or trays. Open air tables for refreshments are seen, the native wine, brought around in huge earthen jars on donkeys, being sold at retail. The same drink is also carried about the streets in glasses on trays, the pedler

taking on his arm a basket containing cakes or crackers.

Common beggars are picturesque, with long black hair braided, white pants, gayly striped ponchos, bare feet, offering givers a box to receive cash, a tray for choice bits, or a basket for gifts less choice.

Of all the singular sights, however, none probably strikes the stranger as more novel than the college boys, who appear in cocked hats with overtowering black plumes, and red and white cockades, red and white ribbon holding a medal round the neck, tailed coats "all buttoned down before," and canes with tassels. Very curious in the eyes of strangers are the children, who dress like their parents, miniature men and women in appearance—quite comical to behold—little boys who appear like dwarf generals or merchants, and tiny girls demure in long skirts, ladylike imitations of their mothers. Professions or trades on foot, or mule or donkey back, the native-born recognize by their costumes. A doctor with his stovepipe hat, and cloak with one corner thrown over his shoulder, jogs along upon his mule. A baker

Lady Dressing for the Street (Old Style)—Lima

Ladies' Street Costume (Old Style)—Lima

sits behind his panniers, on the haunches of his mule, holding a red umbrella over his head. A milkmaid rides in from the country in front of her two hide-covered cans, her long hair in two braids, beneath her tall-crowned straw hat, her feet bare; the gentleman of leisure with his bright poncho, and tall wide-brimmed gray felt hat, a silver or gold hat-band or cord maybe, and flying tassels, prefers a saddle-horse; and a young girl astride a fine horse, wearing gay colors, with a big straw hat and braids of long hair down her back, is also out for pleasure. The donkey boys are a striking feature, whether with or without loads, sitting so far back as to seem in danger of slipping off tailward, with only a sharp stick to goad and guide the animal, with cross-sticks for load saddle, a jolly lot; the water-carriers, and plenty more, compose the motley crowd with its indescribable variety.

Dancing is a favorite amusement. Waltzing is universal, and a graceful national dance for two persons is described as something like the cachucha, but we had no opportunity to witness it.

April 2d, Thursday. We heard the men weighing anchor, and every preparation making to get under way, but for some reason the order to leave port was countermanded. Some think we remain to capture the three deserters, as a reward of $50 each is offered, and the police have traced them as far as Chirillos, the fashionable bathing-place, nine miles from Lima. One of these men is known to be the ringleader of the attempt to rob our cabin and staterooms, and the Commanders are particularly desirous to retake him. We sent letters on board the "Mississippi" bound for Baltimore. On the invitation of Lieutenant Morgan, I enjoyed a boat sail with Mrs. Ten Eyck and Miss Johnson. The remainder of the family did not leave the ship all day. In the evening Lieutenants Guest and Schenck visited us.

April 3d, Friday. None of us left the ship to-day. The ladder was put out again this afternoon, and it was rumored about the ship that we might be detained here until the mail steamers should make a trip to Panama and to Valparaiso and back here, or some think the Commodore may go to Payto to meet the mail.

We sent letters to the U. S. Consul to be forwarded by way of Panama, and then Mr. Cox is to take charge of them, as he returns by way of Cuba to his home in Philadelphia. Mr. Colton and Mr. Lee were in our cabin part of the evening.

April 4th, Saturday. The Captain early informed Father that one of the deserters had been caught. After breakfast, as the ten o'clock boat was about leaving, Uncle William met the Captain near the gangway, who requested him to inform Father and our family that the "Congress" would not sail at present. Uncle asked him if any time for sailing was fixed, and he answered no, it might not be for a month—we should not sail till the deserters were caught. Allen, the deserter, who was captured yesterday, was brought on board about eleven this morning.

It will be weary waiting here for the mail. We regret that the probable detention was not known to us sooner, as the "Mariposa" left for Honolulu last Monday, and we might have taken passage in her. It makes less difference to the U. S. Commissioner, whose salary be-

gins when his appointment is confirmed, but to the U. S. Consul—whose fees are regulated by law and begin when he takes possession of his office—the long and unexpected delay is a serious matter.

April 5th, Sunday. Palm Sunday is celebrated with much ceremony, processions, images, pomp, and street parades in Lima, and the cities of Peru. Chaplain Colton preached a good sermon on board, from the text, "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities."

At ten, the British steamer having the President of Peru and suite, passed under our stern, bound on a pleasure excursion. We fired a salute, and the band played. After divine service the Commodore said in the presence of my parents, Miss Johnson, and Mr. Ten Eyck, that Charley Gibson was the man he wanted, and that had he been arrested instead of Allen, he would have sailed the next day, for he did not care a straw for the other deserters. Many "natives" came off to see our ship in the afternoon, the women wearing hats like the men's hats. Father and Mother walked on the spar

deck until nearly eleven, the evening was so pleasant.

April 6th, Monday. Our whole family, with Egbert Ten Eyck, and the maid Eliza, went on shore in the ten o'clock boat, Mr. Colton also, on the way to Lima. After calling at Johnson's store, we strolled along the beach about two miles to the Point, where there is a bath-house, and gathered a few shells and sea-urchins. We walked by the ruins of Old Callao, saw the vaults or cellars filled with human bones piled indiscriminately, and scattered about the sand, some fragments of rags attached to them—the whole a revolting sight. The Castle has been the scene of much bloodshed, the dominant party always having it in possession. Lieutenant Livingston says he was here during one of the frequent revolutions, when 400 prisoners were brought out and shot in one day. The Vice-Consul says it is common to see bodies half devoured by dogs and buzzards. Fleas swarm all over the sand, their vast numbers constituting a plague.

The earthquake which destroyed Old Callao in 1746, with 4,000 of its inhabitants, 200 only

escaping, was brought to our mind as we passed the ruins still visible under water. We walked back much fatigued, in time for the one o'clock boat. When the band played on deck towards sunset several of us waltzed.

About ten o'clock at night the fishing party, which included Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Ten Eyck, returned from the island of San Lorenzo with a boatload of fish, leaving as many more upon the beach. Most of them were taken at one haul of the seine. The cooks of all the messes on board took an abundance, the rest remained in the boat till morning, when they were thrown overboard.

April 7th, Tuesday. There were no incidents to-day worth recording. We stayed quietly in our quarters, resting after our excursions of yesterday, and had no company. Mother read Robertson's " America."

April 8th, Wednesday. Lieutenant Schenck invited all our family to make an excursion to San Lorenzo. Egbert went with us. We had a pleasant four-mile sail to the island, landed at the new wharf now being constructed, left our baskets at the grass house, and started for

a walk on the beach and through the graveyard. The island is nothing but rock and sand, no soil, no verdure, not a blade of grass, and the sand burning hot. We picked up a few poor shells, watched the birds and fish, then returned to eat our lunch at the only house on the island, built of grass by the wharf workmen, the only inhabitants of the island, and they but temporary. This burial-place for the shipping is the most dreary resting-place for the dead imaginable. The sand drifts upon or blows off from the graves, according to the winds, and the innumerable buzzards, pelicans, penguins, ducks, gulls, and divers, are all, except the surf, that break the death-like silence. These birds feed upon the myriads of fish with which the harbor is alive, and the busy vultures are also the scavengers of Callao, protected by law with a fine of $20 for killing, and $5 for *frightening*. We enjoyed the trip exceedingly, and returned in time for dinner. San Lorenzo is about nine miles in circumference, of volcanic formation, at its highest point 600 feet above the sea level, a barren waste, occupied solely by the dead.

April 9th, Thursday. Captain Du Pont was

anxious we should see Lima during Holy Week. Father and Mother prepared to go, to remain over Good Friday, but heard, when too late for the two o'clock omnibus, that there was to be none later, so were obliged to abandon the trip. The Peruvian vessels have their yards at cockbill or crossed, after which no carriages run until Monday. They were told they could ride on donkeys as far as the gates of Lima, which they must enter on foot, kneeling whenever they met a procession. Not fancying such an expedition, they gave it up. No business is carried on to-day, all shops and business places, even to the Consul's office, are closed, but all the churches are open. The Fort fired guns at intervals.

They strolled towards the Rimac, through the only groves and gardens they had been able to discover in Callao. The gardens and banana groves were inclosed by ditches, conducting water from the Rimac, by which they were irrigated, there being little or no rain in this climate. They returned in the sunset boat. The only church which they visited presented, in contrast with the splendid churches they

saw in Lima, a gloomy and uninteresting appearance.

April 10th, Friday. We all spent the day on board, reading or writing. Uncle William went on shore, found the shops and business places closed, and the town nearly deserted, all good Catholics being in Lima, where the ceremonies for Good Friday are elaborate and generally attended.

April 11th, Saturday. This was another day spent quietly on board by our whole family. The missing bargeman, Charles Gibson, came on board in the one o'clock boat. Father understood that Johnson, our steward, hearing where he was, sent him word that he had better give himself up, and Gibson says that being charged with having stolen, he was determined to clear his character, though he knew he should be punished for desertion. Father also understood that the other bargeman is in Lima, and can be had at any time. Not speaking the language of the country, it was impossible for these men to keep out of the way. Had proper means been used, they could all three have been taken before this. It appears, however, that the war-

rant for their apprehension had not even been indorsed over in Lima. Charles Gibson is on board in double irons, and still we lie idle in this harbor, for what reason we *idlers* know not. Captain Du Pont and Dr. Moseley returned from Lima this evening. Holy Week ceremonies now terminate.

April 12th, Sunday. Easter Sunday passed without service on board, because Chaplain Colton remained at Lima, to observe the Catholic keeping of the day. He is gathering material for letters he sends home for publication.

April 13th, Monday. Father went on shore at ten. All was bustle in Callao, as the English steamers leave to-day for Panama and Valparaiso. It is said we shall wait here until they return. Stores are still closed, as the holy days are not yet over. Father paid fifty cents postage on two letters, and gave them to Mr. Cox after they had been stamped. "Two Years in the Pacific," by Dr. Ruschenberger, describes many places we have visited. Our colored steward, Johnson, writes poetry, and gave me a piece on devotion.

April 14th, Tuesday. Father went on shore at ten, and returned at one. Dr. Moseley was in the boat. They called for Captain Jenny, of the "Meteor," who was to dine in the ward-room. Father dined with the Commodore at half past three. Mr. Ten Eyck and Lieutenant Livingston were also guests. Captain Du Pont was absent. Before they left the table Captain Jenny and Dr. Moseley came in to smoke a cigar. Captain Du Pont had been suddenly called to Lima by the unpleasant dilemma of one of his young officers, a Passed Midshipman, who, on Sunday evening, having taken too much wine, got into some difficulty in the streets of Lima, was arrested by the police, two of whom he wounded, and was thrown into prison. Our officers there immediately used every exertion to effect his release and compromise the affair. Not succeeding, they sent for Captain Du Pont, who took Lieutenant Gray as interpreter. It is no trifle for a foreigner to be arrested in Lima, and a trial there in the police court is a trial indeed! Our young officer's experience was not only disagreeable, but expensive to the amount of several hundred dol-

lars. He might have had heavier damages to pay, and not have been released so soon, had not the Commander gone to his rescue.

April 15th, Wednesday. We remained on board all day. Joseph Fort, our cabin boy, who a month ago was severely hurt by falling through the main hatch, was discharged from the sick-list, and returned to duty.

April 16th, Thursday. Willie and I accompanied our parents to the landing, leaving little Mary in our cabin. We returned in the one o'clock boat. It is impossible to describe the religious festivities of the past week because we did not see them, still we have the advantage of having visited the churches. From the officers who were in Lima, we learn that the preparations were elaborate and carried out on a grand scale. The processions, music, bell ringing, and tableaux were varied and constant, the city crowded with visitors, and churches thronged. Different scriptural scenes were represented in the principal churches; for instance: in San Lorenzo, the Last Supper; in San Domingo, the Trial before Pilate; in San Francisco, the Agony in Gethsemane; in the

Cathedral, the Cross on Calvary; in San Pedro, the Watch over the Tomb, and so on. All classes and ranks went from church to church to view these spectacles, and the devout to take part in the services. We really missed a great deal of novelty and interest by not being in Lima to witness them. The Passed Midshipman was released from his imprisonment on the payment of all damages. A dear experience.

April 17, Friday. We all went on shore for variety and spent most of our time in Mr. Johnson's store, as there are few interesting features around Callao. We met there Captain Bailey of the whale-ship "Citizen," a pleasant and intelligent man. He is last from the Sandwich Islands, and told us much about those tropical lands.

April 18th, Saturday. Father and brother Willie visited the ship "Citizen." Captain Bailey explained to them the operation of capturing whales, extracting oil, saving whalebone, and other features of the business. He gave them a package of bananas curiously put up at the Society Islands, dried in strips and

wound tightly so as to keep for months, and a bottle of sunfish oil, said to be a remedy for rheumatism, also a keg of New England butter well packed. Captain Jenny of the "Meteor" was imprisoned at Callao. He had come down to the landing to go on board his vessel, and found his crew in conflict with a shore party, a midshipman of the Peruvian Navy having struck one of the sailors, an American. Captain Jenny failed in his efforts to separate his crew from the row and was placed under guard with them. Commodore Stockton, en route to Lima, chanced to arrive just then, and heard a statement of the case. The Commodore replied "No! Captain Jenny must be released immediately, his two men can be retained until the matter can be investigated." Captain Jenny was released at once! and when the affair was investigated by the authorities, he was acquitted of all blame. Commodore Stockton's prompt action and firmness saved the Captain unjust imprisonment, and possibly unmerited fines.

April 19th, Sunday. At the eleven o'clock service Chaplain Colton preached from the

text, "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost," Titus iii, v. Mrs. Ten Eyck is at Lima hoping to improve in health by a change from the ship, but all who see her consider her failing in strength daily. Father went on shore at half past three and engaged a seat for Lima in the omnibus for nine o'clock to-morrow.

April 20, Monday. We were up early and Father went off in time for the "bus." A large number of our officers left to attend the bull-bait in Lima. Ladies witness these entertainments, but we did not desire to go, as the fights are sanguinary and brutal. Two men were torn to pieces at the last exhibition, and horses are always terribly wounded or killed, besides the lingering torture of the bulls. A sport certainly not attractive to American ladies.

Father arrived in Lima at half past ten, and after dressing, called on Mr. Jewett who was not in, therefore he left his card. Dr. Moseley told him Commodore Stockton had

taken Box 72, and wished him and Mr. Ten Eyck to occupy seats there. Father walked alone up to the Amphitheater, Plaza del Acho, in the suburb of San Lazaro, about half past two o'clock. It is some three hundred feet in diameter, surrounded by a fence seven feet high, and has three tiers of boxes raised on brick pillars, with accommodations to seat between 8,000 and 10,000 spectators. It is owned by the Government, and the rent is applied to charitable purposes; the University, founded in 1571, taking a share. Formerly it was open nine afternoons in the year, and rented for $4,000 a day, now it will not bring that amount for the whole year. The cost of getting up a bull-fight is about $1,400, and it is often difficult to find men willing to risk that sum. On the present occasion it was understood that the lessor cleared about $3,000, but there had been no such amusement for a long time. People of all classes, ages, and descriptions were flocking from every direction towards the Arena. A large portion of the seats were filled already. The President and his retinue were in attendance, and inside and out, some

10,000 spectators in all, principally of the lower classes.

At three o'clock about 200 well-dressed and well-drilled soldiers made their appearance. After going through various evolutions which they performed to admiration, they marched out, and the performers in the bull-fight, about a dozen on foot, and as many on horseback, variously designated as toreadors, banderillos, picadores, and matadores, entered the ring. The first bull let in was a large, fine-looking animal, and made a good fight. He stuck his horns into the thigh of one horse, making a deep wound of some eighteen inches in length, then stuck them under the belly of another, throwing him on his side, wounding him severely, also injuring the rider, whose leg fell under the horse; and finally, when a man rode up to him in front for the purpose of giving a fatal stab, the bull made a plunge at the horse, letting out his entrails. After repeated wounds, the bull expired, and was drawn from the ring by four horses, going out on the full jump.

The bill announced that sixteen bulls were to enter the ring. Father remained till eight or

nine had been disposed of, two horses so injured that they would die, and two men terribly gored, when, having seen enough of the cruel sport, he returned to the hotel with Purser Speiden, near sundown. Everything went off quietly, the populace behaving well. Afterwards Father dined with Commodore Stockton at Zuderills at half past six. Captain Du Pont, Dr. Moseley, Messrs. Gray, Parrott, and Lee of the "Congress" were also guests and Mr. Upcott of a large English house in Lima. The U. S. Consul, Mr. Prescott, joined them at table after the dinner was over, and they did not leave it until half past ten o'clock.

April 21st, Tuesday. Father returned this afternoon, gratified that he had for once seen a bull-bait, but wishing that he might never witness the brutal and demoralizing spectacle again. Another favorite diversion with Peruvians is cock-fighting. The pit in Lima is fifty feet across and a tier of boxes and nine benches surround it, crowded usually on Sundays and all holy days. Fighting cocks are exhibited on the streets in gayly decorated cages to attract attention to the games.

Having risen at seven this morning, Father walked with Purser Speiden to the stone bridge of six arches over the Rimac, which separates the city from its suburb, San Lazaro. It is a favorite promenade, being built with recesses and seats. The wall which surrounds the city, except on the river, was built in 1685, is from eighteen to twenty-five feet high, about nine feet thick, and is protected by thirty or more bastions. The six gates are opened at four o'clock in the morning, and closed at eleven at night. Later they went to the Market. Criers and pedlers in various costumes are met everywhere. Lima is regularly laid out in squares or cuadros. The delightful valley in which it is situated has an even temperature, the thermometer at 70° all the year. Buzzards are the scavengers as in Callao, and swarm unmolested. On his way back to the hotel, Father stopped at the Cathedral on the east side of the principal public square in the center of the city. Its corner towers rise nearly two hundred feet, with several bells on them. They were thrown down by earthquake in 1746, and rebuilt in 1800. The interior is magnificent, and rich in

gold and silver, carvings, draperies, and paintings. The parish church next to it is also richly decorated within. After breakfast Father visited the Mint in company with several gentlemen, including Lieutenant Gray. He took passage to Callao in the two o'clock omnibus, all in it being strangers, The road is quite straight, and next the city from the fine gateway, for a couple of miles, is a beautiful boulevard. On each side it is walled with brick, shaded with large trees, irrigated by running streams, kept in good condition, with stone seats at intervals, affording delightful resting places. Arriving in time for the half past three boat, he received a cordial welcome, and entertained us with descriptions of what he had seen.

April 22d, Wednesday. The bark "Meteor," Captain Jenny, bound to Baltimore, sailed today with our letters. As she passed under our stern with all sail set, our band slowly played "Home, Sweet Home." Uncle William is hunting deer in the country. We hope he will bring back venison. Father escorted us all on shore this afternoon for an outing. We returned at sunset. Mrs. Ten Eyck fails daily as

her husband and others say, and recently seems conscious of it, though not till now. She may rally after she has the comforts of home in the mild and steady climate of the Islands.

April 23d, Thursday. Our greatest annoyance here is *fleas*. They torment us on shore, and are brought on board. Uncle William seemed proof against them until last night, when he says a thousand came into his bed! They neither slept nor allowed him to sleep. We have delicious fruits, and in great variety, but like everything else here, fruit is dear. Our heavy expenses, increased by this unexpected and protracted detention, add to Father's disappointment and anxiety. There are other reasons, more pressing still, why he and Mr. Ten Eyck feel impatient to reach the Islands, besides which, Mrs. Ten Eyck's condition causes grave anxiety about her reaching our destination. We are doubtless eagerly watched for at the Islands by the government, and our own government expected us to speed on to the relief of the strained diplomatic affairs. Father spent the afternoon on shore to pass the time. He heard that an Englishman committed sui-

cide in Callao, and a criminal sentenced for murder, one of the ball and chain gang, was shot dead while attempting to escape.

April 24th, Friday. This day passed without interesting incident. Father took me on shore for a walk. Life on a man-of-war is well calculated to inspire love for our national flag, and a deep interest in the flags of all nations, and the pennants, banners, and signals, with their great variety of colors, sizes, shapes, and uses. The constant making and mending of these as seen between decks, the care with which the men unfurl them or fold them away, the ceremony with which the colors are hoisted in the morning and lowered at night when the sunset gun is fired, often as the band plays, the salutes in its honor at home and abroad, the never-ceasing watch for its appearance at sea or in foreign ports, the constant reference to it in nautical conversation, the carrying it in all small boats, are only a few of the ways in which it deepens its hold upon heart and memory.

From the thirteen white stars in a circle on a blue field and the thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, of the original flag, ordered by

Congress in Philadelphia June 14, 1777, which remained unchanged for fourteen years, to the fifteen stars arranged in the shape of a star in 1791, after Vermont and Kentucky came into the Union, up to 1818 when the number of states, now twenty, made the star form inconvenient, and arranging in rows was adopted. The addition of seven more states, Texas being the latest added to the Union, made necessary in the flag twenty-seven stars, the number in the flags of the "Congress" and all our national ships at the present day. As statehood increases stars will follow in corresponding numbers until the blue corner will be closely spangled over with these five-pointed emblems of our grand confederacy. Chile's flag resembles ours in that it has a broad red stripe and a stripe half white, half blue, in the corner of which is one large white star. The flag of Peru has three vertical stripes, red on each side of white and on the middle white a coat of arms.

April 25th, Saturday. This day completes six months that we have lived on board the flag-ship "Congress" of the Pacific Squad-

ron, and seven since we left our home in Oswego, N. Y.

A shoal of mackerel and other small fish, pursued by large fish, surrounded our ship, covering many acres, and attracted scores of sea birds, which hovered over and darted at them as they passed into the harbor. They made a noise like heavy rain, and the surface of the water as they moved through it was disturbed as by rain falling. Boat-loads could have been dipped up in baskets had our boats been ready and the crew so disposed. Father whiled away the time by spending the morning on shore.

April 26th, Sunday. We all remained quietly on board. Chaplain Colton at the eleven o'clock divine service continued the subject of his last sermon from the text in Titus iii, 5.

April 27th, Monday. Father went on shore as the best method of passing the morning. Mother and I occupied the time in sewing. Mrs. Jewett, wife of our Chargé d'Affaires at Lima, is attended by Dr. Moseley of the " Congress " and has been very low, but is now recovering. The latest accounts from Lima represent Mrs. Ten Eyck as improving in health.

April 28th, Tuesday. Uneventful days. Father spent another morning on shore. Mother and I were busy sewing. We often gaze at our superb masts and spars, wonder where they grew, and try to clothe them in imagination with limbs and bark and evergreen, as they stood gigantic white pines in the primeval forest of New Hampshire, equaled in the world only by the lordly trees of Massachusetts, coveted during the past two hundred years by the kings and queens of England for the building of their royal navy, and since the Revolution in demand for our own and foreign ship-building. One would imagine that the havoc made among these straight and stately pines would render ship timber scarce, yet the supply still equals the demand, for their value was understood from an early date and "mast trees" were searched for, carefully marked, registered, and protected by law.

April 29th, Wednesday. This is the anniversary birthday of my mother, and sister, named for her mother, Mary Hubbard Turrill, seven years old to-day. In honor of the occasion our entire family went on shore, leaving

at ten and returning at two for dinner. We walked to the English and American Cemetery, the only interesting spot which we had not previously visited. This ground has been recently granted, San Lorenzo having been the only one previously allowed the shipping. It is neatly inclosed by a high wall, and we passed through a small building into the burial-place, which is destitute of trees and shrubs. We saw the graves of several Americans and Mother planted a few flower seeds on the grave of Commodore Dallas, interred here in 1844. Our guide gave us lovely flowers from an adjoining garden, among them the Ceylon jasmine, which is very fragrant and beautiful. Returning, we walked to the Monument and Cross, about a mile and a half from the landing, which marks the spot where a French frigate was left stranded by a tidal wave which submerged the old town of Callao. We were much fatigued, but enjoyed the trip and the large supply of flowers we brought home.

April 30th, Thursday. Willie went ashore with Father in the afternoon and collected a basketful of fish. They were about as long

as one's finger, a kind of sardine, and were thrown alive onto the beach by the surf. We found them very fine eating. Percival Lasher, one of our cabin boys during the illness of Joseph Fort, is now quite low with lung disease. As he was not expected to survive the day, the Chaplain was sent for and returned this evening from Lima.

May 1st, Friday. This is our first May day south of the equator and is the commencement of the Peruvian winter. It does not rain but there are very heavy dews at night, quite dangerous to health. The thermometer ranges from 66° to 70° and the days are pleasant. Father spent a dull morning on shore. If Lima were nearer he could find abundant entertainment seeing its varied sights to relieve the tediousness of this wearing waiting, but he does not feel inclined to leave us over night and the ride is too long for a few hours of pleasure. We children are better off in our comfortable quarters in the harbor where the air is pure.

May 2d, Saturday. Father spent the morning on shore, returned and took Willie in the afternoon. They brought back a basket filled

with fish which Willie took from the water as the waves washed them onto the beach. Thousands chased by large fish and sea-birds are gathered in this way and are excellent eating.

May 3d, Sunday. We remained on board all day. At the services at eleven, seats were provided for nearly all the men. They usually stand. Mr. Colton gave an excellent practical sermon from the text, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise." Wm. P. Johnson, our steward, versified the sermon. Considering his lack of educational advantages he has written several pieces of much merit. Captain Du Pont came in to see us after service. Commodore Stockton returned to the ship about seven and with the Captain called in our cabin during the evening.

May 4th, Monday. Mother received cards from Mrs. Gallagher inclosed in a polite and friendly note explaining why she could not call personally. In the afternoon Father took Willie after more fish and they returned in the sunset boat with a good supply. Willie enjoys these fishing excursions immensely. We passed the evening on deck conversing with Captain

Du Pont and Messrs. Schenck and Morgan, quite like old times at sea. The officers have been constantly scattered of late, chiefly sight-seeing in Lima, of which they give us interesting accounts.

May 6th, Wednesday. My parents took me on shore at ten o'clock. We stopped at the sperm-candle manufactory, saw the lower jaw of a sperm-whale, of white bone and about twenty feet long, the teeth all perfect and shorter as they extend back. We called on Mrs. Gallagher, an agreeable lady living very pleasantly in a Peruvian house of the better class. She entertained us with much kindness and insisted that Mother should send her children to spend the next day with herself and children at her house.

May 7th, Thursday. We three children went on shore with Father at ten. He left Mary and me at Dr. Gallagher's to spend the morning, while he and Willie wandered around in search of novelties. Mrs. Gallagher made our visit delightful and gave us a few nice shells and curios. Father and Brother called for us to go off in the one o'clock boat.

The steamer from Panama arrived at five o'clock, or about sundown. Edward F. Beale and J. Parker Norris came as passengers from New York via the Isthmus and brought many letters for the Commodore and Captain and a few officers, which were unequally distributed, some having twenty, others one, the majority none. We passengers were obliged to be satisfied with a large quantity of newspapers lent us. The gentlemen left New York March 19th, and the latest dates are March 27th, which they procured in the West Indies. Soon after Messrs. Beale and Norris came on board the rumor was put in circulation that we were to sail on Saturday direct for the Sandwich Islands. It is evident that we have remained forty-four days anchored in this harbor waiting for their return. There was great rejoicing over it and many tales of adventures by sea and land have been related—with more to follow as time permits.

May 8th, Friday. All is bustle around us. Father was engaged on shore all the morning getting things for the remainder of our voyage. Mrs. Gallagher would not excuse Willie from

visiting her children and he therefore spent the morning with them, rode the English pony, the rocking horse, swung in the grass hammock, enjoyed himself finely, and returned with Father at one. We are requested to be ready to sail to-morrow.

May 9th, Saturday. All is activity on board. Preparations for putting out to sea were apparent at an early hour. Many gentlemen came off in boats, among them the Vice-Consul, Mr. Johnson. At eleven the U. S. Chargé d' Affaires to Peru, Mr. Jewett, was received with the usual ceremonies. With his little daughter he gave us a call in our cabin. The manners and conversation of both were pleasing. On their leaving the ship the usual salute of thirteen guns was fired. At two o'clock we hoisted anchor, stood out of the bay with a light breeze and were not out of sight of the island of San Lorenzo at dark. Mother and Father spent a large portion of the evening on deck. Towards midnight the breeze freshened.

May 10th, Sunday. Father on deck before eight found a fresh breeze, we making nine knots on our course. It is my brother's tenth

birthday. He is named William for Mother's brother, Mr. William Henry Hubbard, now with us. At the eleven o'clock service Mr. Colton gave us a continuation of a recent sermon on the force of habit. Several gentlemen visited us in our cabin and we all walked on deck during the evening. I have taken cold in my face and am under Dr. Whittle's care. An American whaler passed close under our stern, but on a different course. We retired early.

May 11th, Monday. The wind was fair all night and has been steady on our larboard quarter to-day, we averaging eight knots, besides a strong current in our favor. It was cloudy and the air cool for this latitude. We sailed 260 miles in twenty-four hours. Some small birds were noticed for being white all except their black heads, and for the strange noise they made. Mother, by way of an amusement, commenced embroidering a small pattern across a breadth of muslin. The sunset was beautiful. Father was on deck most of the evening with Messrs. Guest and Colton. We had company in our cabin.

U. S. FRIGATE "CONGRESS"

May 12th, Tuesday. A cloudy but pleasant morning with fair wind found us making seven or eight knots. As we approach the equator it grows warmer. Since leaving Callao we have daily averaged 200 miles. Mr. Ten Eyck went below and had a tooth extracted, which shattered his nerves completely. We saw quantities of flying-fish to-day. Sister Mary caused a great fright this morning. A sudden lurch closed the outside door and she, standing near the back crack, had her thumb caught in it. The door latched, so that it was difficult to release her, and her thumb when extracted was flat. Messengers were sent at once to find a surgeon and the three surgeons of the ship were soon on hand. They at once decided that no bones were broken and she would only lose the nail. No accident more serious than this has befallen either of the children on board and no sickness of consequence, a remarkable record, all the circumstances surrounding them taken into consideration. The harmony, the freedom from friction between children of two families, strangers until the voyage began, may also be mentioned as unusual and creditable.

We all spent the day in our cabin and the evening on deck enjoying the beautiful moonlight.

May 13th, Wednesday. It is clear and pleasant and a fair wind more directly aft increases our speed to nine or ten knots. The swell is long and smooth. Mr. Schenck sent me a box for my shells. I am not sick but have a sore mouth, which Dr. Whittle is treating. The gentlemen of our party are deeply engaged in reading files of U. S. papers which the Commodore has sent up. The band as usual played at sunset and we spent a large portion of the evening on deck.

May 14th, Thursday. The wind is fair and the weather decidedly warm. At general quarters the crew exercised well. Interest was increased by the muskets and pistols being loaded, only with powder however. The new zeal manifest in drilling with small arms may be inspired by the possibility of fighting at close quarters "at the coast." English ships are watching events over there. Threatened hostilities with Mexico may lead to contest over California, or for Oregon. The cry "54° 40′

or fight," may call men to the guns in real war.

Boobies sailed around our head and finally perched upon our yards, but were not molested.

May 15th, Friday. The wind is fair but not so fresh. There was another call to general quarters and all the rest of it, after which Commodore Stockton came into the cabin and sat a half hour talking with the ladies. By noon we were 1050 miles from Callao, which is considered a fine run. For the last day or two the thermometer has ranged about 80°.

May 16, Saturday. The wind continues fair and strong. At meridian our longitude was 97° 27′. We have averaged over 200 miles a day since we sailed and are twenty-eight miles ahead of the record of the frigate "United States," which made the passage in thirty-one days.

The band leader and a piper were in our cabin till half past eight, and played for Miss Johnson and me and several officers to dance. We spent the remainder of the evening on deck. Percival Lasher is considered out of

danger and his slow recovery is anticipated. Mother finished her embroidery.

May 17th, Sunday. The wind still fair is not so fresh as yesterday and the air is warmer. Service was held on deck. The sermon was from the text, "Forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forward unto those which are before." We spent the evening on deck.

May 18th, Monday. The same steady wind continues with scarcely a variation, also our usual employment during the day. Father went into the Captain's office to examine charts, and remained there an hour and a half. I have learned to do tatting. Mrs. Gallagher gave me a Chinese carved ivory tatting-shuttle. We saw porpoises after dark, which made bright, fiery streaks in the water, like those from the grab-ropes. Lieutenant Schenck visited us. The moon rose late.

May 19th, Tuesday. The wind is fair, the atmosphere heavy, and we make eight knots. The thermometer was at 80° and in the evening there were slight showers, as is quite usual in the vicinity of the equator.

May 20th, Wednesday. This is my birthday. I am fourteen years old and named Elizabeth Douglas Turrill for Mrs. E. D. Palmer of Watertown, N. Y. I am exactly double the age of my sister, which will never in our lives be the case again. We are in S. Lat. 6° 1′, with the thermometer at 81°. There was again a beating to general quarters, with an exercise of the big guns, some of them on the main deck 44-pounders. Broadsides, fifty-four guns in all, were fired, and I appropriated them as my salute in honor of my birthday. Mother commenced more embroidery to do at her leisure.

May 21st, Thursday. The wind is constantly fair, so we speed on our way. I was occupied with sewing. The climate here is fine and we spend all the evenings on deck enjoying the society of our friends, from whom we must soon part to land among strangers.

May 22d, Friday. Our favorable wind still continues. The thermometer is at 80° or 81° and there are slight showers. Our Captain has been trying the caps to the guns. We were on deck during the evening.

May 23d, Saturday. The wind is still dead aft, with little change in the weather, but rather warmer. In the fourteen days we have been out we have sailed 2,800 miles without a blow. Father, Mother, Uncle William, and I dined in the wardroom at three o'clock. Lieutenant Schenck and Dr. Eversfield escorted us from our cabin to the wardroom. At table Mother was seated between Lieutenants Livingston and Schenck, while Dr. Whittle and Lieutenant Morgan took charge of me. It was a pleasant party and an hour and a half passed rapidly and delightfully, after which Dr. Whittle and Lieutenant Morgan gave us their arms to our cabin. The evening we passed promenading and in conversation on the deck. There are no seats there and the children often sit on the deck, which is as clean as a "New England kitchen table."

May 24th, Sunday. Early showers of rain soon cleared. The wind was mild and fair, the sea smooth, the thermometer at 78°. Divine service was held at eleven with all hands present. Mr. Colton continued the discourse of last Sabbath, calling attention to the example of the

early Christians. We were on deck most of the evening. At ten, for the second time, we crossed the equator. The first time was before our arrival at Rio, in Long. 28° 30′, at about five in the morning, Dec. 10. We crossed it now in Long. 120°, having made a great westing between these dates.

May 25th, Monday. With a light breeze our progress is slow. At noon our latitude was 48′ N. The ladies are occupied with sewing. I am reading Prescott's history of Ferdinand and Isabella. We all spent the evening on deck, where Father remained until midnight.

May 26th, Tuesday. The weather was warm and early clouds indicated rain but soon disappeared. Our breeze is slight though favorable. Lieutenant Schenck spent the evening in our cabin and Father went on deck after he left and stayed until midnight.

May 27th, Wednesday. What little breeze there is is almost ahead and scarcely ruffles the surface of the sea. After eight this morning our course was W. by S. We object most decidedly to the "south." From our stern ports we had a fine view of a large shark, which fol-

lowed us about noon, led by two pilot-fish. A hook, baited with about two pounds of pork, was thrown over. After the pilots surveyed it and returned to him he immediately seized it and was with difficulty hauled on deck by the united efforts of five men. He lashed the still waters into foam and made a ferocious fight on deck, but was overpowered and his head cut off. We went forward to see him. He appeared in some respects of different shape from those previously caught, not larger but thicker. Shark steaks were served in the different messes. Another shark appeared about the time this one was captured. The baited hook was thrown over, but he soon disappeared.

I spent the evening on deck with my parents. We saw the North Star just above the horizon and recalled the lines:

"Once more I cross the burning line,
And hail thee, Northern Star, again;
Dim o'er the rim of ocean shine
Thy beams, familiar to my ken.
Oft in my own New England sky
I've watched of yore thy cheering light,
Until in thee I seemed for aye
A dear old friend to keep in sight."

We are in Latitude 3° N. and the beautiful Southern Cross is still visible. There is almost a dead calm, the sails flapping and the water swishing against the ship's sides as we scarcely move. A shoal of cow (?) fish, which we failed to see, were about the ship. Father, as is his habit, was up late.

May 28th, Thursday. Our sails continue to flap idly against the masts. Scarcely a breath is stirring and that little is from the northeast. With the thermometer at 85°, the heat below is almost intolerable. Our noon latitude was 4° 9′. Later in the day rain fell in torrents, flooding the spar deck before the hatches could be covered, which rendered the situation below still more uncomfortable. We spent the evening in our cabin, visited by Mr. Morgan.

May 29th, Friday. Heavy rains, beautiful rainbows, warm air, and a magnificent sunset marked this day. In the evening, which continued showery, Mr. Schenck was our guest.

May 30th, Saturday. It rained at intervals throughout the day and night. A finback whale tumbled and plunged about for several hours, many times arose very near alongside and under

our stern-posts, affording us a fine view of his shape and movements. He was called a small whale, but was certainly a monstrous fish.

That rarity at sea, a tipsy seaman, created a disturbance below. On being questioned as to his condition, he declared that the liquor came from the grog tub. If his story is true, the mystery is how he managed to obtain more than the one portion allowed by law.

Messrs. Schenck and Morgan visited us and left shortly before eleven.

May 31st, Sunday. In consequence of frequent showers, services were not held. This might have been the case had the weather favored, for the Chaplain was ill. In the morning there was rather more wind from the northeast. Our latitude at noon was 7° 39′. The wind continued to freshen and by night there was quite a stiff breeze. We all retired firmly convinced that we had got into the Northeast Trades.

June 1st, Monday. We begin the month which will end our voyage! The wind is fresh and fair with occasional sprinkles of rain and we are making a rapid run direct for our port. The long Pacific swell continues. All concur

in saying that we are in the "*N. E. T.*" which will haul us into harbor, the Northeast Trades. Our noon latitude was 9° 41′. As it was damp on deck we spent the evening in our cabin, Mother reading aloud to us.

June 2d, Tuesday. We are now running about ten knots an hour with this stiff trade wind. Father waited half an hour in the Captain's cabin for the Master's report. Our latitude was 11° 15′, our longitude 135° 54′ 30″. During the last twenty-four hours we have made 260 miles, the best run since leaving Callao. The Sandwich Islands are in Longitude 158.

June 3d, Wednesday. The same trade wind drives us steadily on our course. Our latitude to-day is 13° 1′. All the passengers except Mrs. Ten Eyck and her baby Hattie dined with the Commodore and Captain; Lieutenants Livingston and Gray guests also. It was a delightful party and we regret to think it was in anticipation of farewell. Messrs. Schenck, Morgan and others spent the evening in our cabin.

June 4th, Thursday. We dash ahead on our course with the faithful trade wind, racing

by chart with the "United States," and have distanced her record by several hundred miles. Since noon yesterday we have sailed 210 miles and are in Latitude 15° 2′. The cabin was thoroughly cleaned to-day and put in order for port and we commenced packing up. Several gentlemen, Messrs. Colton and Morgan among them, were in our cabin. Now that the voyage is nearly over, our friends visit us more frequently.

June 5th, Friday. The wind continued the same. Our latitude is 17° 13′, our longitude 145° 40′. Our small boxes are filled and part of the day was occupied in packing the large sea-chests. The moonlight and society of friends induced us to spend the evening on deck. One by one the northern stars appear, like the return of long absent friends.

June 6th, Saturday. There is very little variation in the trade wind, if any. Father, Mother, Uncle William, and I dined in the wardroom. Dr. Whittle and Lieutenant Morgan came for us at three o'clock and escorted us below. After a delightful visit we made a tour of the frigate, calling in the rooms of

several of the officers, the cockpit, dispensary, sick-bay, storerooms, magazine, in fact everywhere, and found everything in the neatest possible order. Lieutenant Schenck spent the entire evening in our cabin. Messrs. Baldwin, Guest, and others, called in anticipation of our departure. After Lieutenant Schenck left, Father and Mother took a moonlight walk on deck.

June 7th, Sunday. The seaman Matthew Mills, who has been sick for nearly three months, died early this morning. He was from Philadelphia, respectably connected, and in the prime of life. We assembled for service at the usual hour. Commodore Stockton advanced to the capstan and addressed the officers and crew, expressing approbation of their conduct, giving salutary advice, and alluding to the probability of his leaving them soon. He commended the study of the Bible to the officers and crew as the only safe guide. The Chaplain did not preach, but, after a few remarks, read the service and dismissed us with the benediction. Lat. 20° 1′. Father was on deck till nearly midnight.

June 8th, Monday. The wind is fair. Most of the day we were busy packing. The boatswain's call, "All hands to bury the dead," was heard at seven bells this forenoon (11:30 A.M.), and the body of Matthew Mills was committed to the deep with the usual rites, which we have previously witnessed and described. He was wrapped in the hammock in which he had slept so many months, was borne by his messmates up the main hatch around the capstan, followed by the men, while the band played the dead march. The plank rested in a starboard port, the funeral service was read by the Chaplain, and with the words, "We commit this body to the deep," one end was lifted and the great deep became his grave.

Father took lunch with Mr. Schenck at twelve in the wardroom.

"Land ho!" was cried from the masthead this afternoon. It was first seen on our larboard bow. At four o'clock Mother and I accompanied Mr. Morgan up the ladder to the poop deck to take our first sight of the Islands, the Mecca of our hopes so long deferred. Maui

had been in view some time. We were running ten knots and at sundown, to avoid passing the channel, we shortened sail in order to check our speed, taking in all except the fore and main topsail aback, and even then we made six knots all night.

June 9th, Tuesday. Deep interest in our tropical home nearby roused most of us soon after daylight. The land visible was the southeasterly part of the island pointing to the north. We stood off to the southeast until we could double the most southerly part of the island by standing in a northerly direction. When the observation was taken at eight o'clock it was found that we had run by the passage between Oahu and Maui. We tacked ship, going ten to eleven knots, cruising along the east end of Oahu. A little after two, rounding Diamond Head, we sighted the harbor of Honolulu, and at half past three took a pilot aboard. Mr. James Jackson Jarvis and the health officer came off in the pilot boat. At four o'clock in the afternoon we, for the last time, watched the crew of the "Congress" cast anchor and clew up the sails.

Honolulu on the south side of Oahu is the capital and the scenery round about it is charming and wholly tropical. The harbor is a deep, commodious basin, surrounded by coral reefs, with only a crooked, narrow channel, which prevents large ships from entering. It is well sheltered from all winds. We consequently anchored outside in the open roadstead, about two miles from the wharves and landing.

We had compared our reckoning daily with the dots on the chart of the voyage of the frigate "United States," but did not beat her, for she was only out thirty-one days, the shortest passage on record of a voyage of about 6,000 miles. We sailed from Callao May 9th and reached this port June 9th, experiencing good weather the entire month.

The U. S. Consul, Alexander G. Abel, soon rowed off. After his official visits he came into our cabin and insisted that our family should come directly to his house and remain until some arrangements for housekeeping or a permanent location could be found, as there is no hotel in the village. Father courteously declined, declaring his intention to search for

some boarding-house or lodgings, feeling unwilling to incommode any one. Mr. Abel, however, understanding the difficulties, urged us to accept his invitation, insisting that there were no boarding-places at which we could have accommodations and unless we accepted his offer we should be under the necessity of remaining in the street, for he could assure us there was no other house in the village to which we could go. Under these peculiar and unexpected circumstances we consented to avail ourselves of his proposal, he remarking that it would put him to no inconvenience, or if it did it would only be paying a debt, for when he arrived four years previously he received like accommodation from other residents and felt bound to extend similar civilities to other newcomers.

Mr. William Hooper arrived and offered his furnished house to Mr. Ten Eyck and family, who accepted. He hopes to rent it to them. Uncle William went on shore for our mail, but, getting quite wet by the surf, he decided not to return until morning, a wise resolution but a great disappointment to us. All

the rest of us remained on board and retired early.

June 10th, Wednesday. We were up early making preparations to leave our floating home, to which we were so deeply attached. Uncle William returned with letters, the first we had since leaving Norfolk, with dates up to December 21st of last year. Soon after ten, Mr. Ten Eyck and family left and received a parting salute. At eleven the frigate saluted the national flag of the Islands. About twelve, Governor M. Kekuanaoa came on board, also the U. S. Commissioner, Mr. Brown. When the Governor left he was saluted, and later another salute was fired for Mr. Brown on his leaving.

As had been previously arranged, many officers assembled in our cabin at one o'clock to bid us farewell, and all expressed regrets at parting, and hearty appreciation of the pleasure our society had given during the long voyage. After many expressions of friendship and sad leave-takings, Commodore Stockton gave his arm to Mother and escorted her to the gangway, we following with other offi-

cers. The usual boys were lined up on either side, and the boatswain piped us over. We pushed off with tears flowing, which we did not attempt to conceal. Mr. Baldwin was the officer of the boat and Mr. Norris accompanied us. A salute was fired for us, we lying on our oars at the time, our final parting.

There was considerable sea on and had we not been provided with overcoats, cloaks, and shawls, we should have been drenched with salt water. After we passed the reef into the harbor the water was still and we rowed to the landing delightfully, where Mr. Abel waited with two carriages. A mixed crowd, chiefly natives, had gathered on the wharf, their language strange to our ears and their costumes odd. We drove a short distance to the corner of Fort and Beretania Streets, to the roomy two-story dwelling built in New England, brought around Cape Horn, set up and finished here. It is painted white, with many windows and green blinds and verandas, and catches the regular breezes, is surrounded by trees and vines, and furnished with every comfort and convenience. The cook-houses here

are always detached. The house is occupied jointly by Mr. and Mrs. Abel and Thomas H. Stevens of Middletown, Conn., now Naval Storekeeper here, with his wife, a daughter of Dr. Christie of the U. S. Army, and their infant daughter Nellie.

We dined at three. Many officers and citizens called during the afternoon and evening. Father and Willie took a walk for a mile or more on the Nuuanu Valley road and were much pleased with the appearance of the country.

June 11th, Thursday. We engaged a native woman, Kakaiuleli, or as we call her, Becky, to come every morning, put our rooms in order, and take our clothes, which she washes in the valley stream, dries on the grass, and irons in her grass hut, using arrowroot for starch and no bluing. Father went to the Consulate after breakfast. He has decided not to qualify for the office immediately, but leave the business and emoluments in possession of the present Consul while we are his guests, as the only return for his hospitality possible. This still further shortens Father's term of service, al-

ready curtailed by the great length of time spent en route. Father took a stroll around town and returned to dinner at three o'clock and walked out again afterwards. He carries an umbrella, for sun or showers when they dash suddenly. Mother and Lieutenant Morgan rode up Nuuanu Valley on horseback. Many ladies and gentlemen called during the day and evening, the missionaries being among the first to welcome us. Nuuanu Cemetery, recently purchased and tastefully laid out—Mr. J. F. B. Marshall and others helpful—is a mile or more from the Bethel, on a slight elevation and shaded with native trees. The Seaman's Chaplain, Rev. S. C. Damon, has a guest's cottage in his yard, ever ready for strangers. He invited Rev. W. C. Colton to occupy it—where he now is and where many missionaries and others call on him. Several officers have succeeded in renting rooms in town. Grass huts of the natives are scattered over the broad plains and in the valleys. They contain no modern furniture and few cooking utensils, as the natives sleep or sit on piles of mats and cook with hot stones.

June 12th, Friday. Mr. Hooper came for Father this morning to make calls—first to his residence, delightfully situated back from the street shaded by large trees—which the Ten Eycks have rented. Next they visited General William Miller, H. B. M.'s Consul-General—met Mr. P. A. Brinsmade there. Then to see Dr. R. W. Wood, and next Governor Kekuanaoa. Father then accompanied Mr. John Ladd to examine the U. S. Marine Hospital—next to the Polynesian office for a paper. A number of officers spent the evening with us.

June 13th, Saturday. Father accompanied Mr. Stevens to the Naval Store House and went from there to the Consulate. He met Purser Speiden and went to the printing-office with him for a paper. They met Mr. Armstrong. They went to see Lieutenant Parrott, who was quite ill—after which father accompanied Mr. Armstrong to see Dr. G. P. Judd, Mr. R. C. Wyllie, and the Attorney-General, Mr. John Ricord. Scarcely a day passes without some of our officers to dinner. The Abels and Stevenses literally keep open house. Among

callers to-day were Commodore Stockton and Dr. Moseley. After tea Father, Mother, and I went to see the Ten Eycks.

June 14th, Sunday. We all attended the Bethel Chapel in the morning. Mr. Colton preached. Scarcely a vacant seat—congregation composed of sailors and foreign residents. A seraphine was played to accompany the singing. Mr. Damon rowed off to the "Congress," conducted services, and preached on board. The streets are very quiet on the Sabbath. After church General Miller and Mr. Wyllie called on us. In the two large churches for the natives the services are conducted in the Hawaiian language,—Rev. Richard Armstrong, pastor of the big stone church, and Rev. Lowell Smith in the grass church—to large congregations. We remained indoors all the afternoon and evening and retired at an early hour.

June 15th, Monday. A number of visitors this morning, among them Attorney-General Ricord and Editor Jarvis of *The Polynesian*. We were invited to a party at the Armstrongs' for this evening, but declined, as we had not

yet returned calls. The Commodore and many of our officers attended.

June 16th, Tuesday. Few horses are trained to harness and carriages are scarce. Horse-back riding is quite general. It costs only about one shilling a day to keep each horse. Kanakas daily bring long bales of fresh grass, hung on each end of a pole slung over the shoulder, going at a sort of dog-trot. A saddle-horse can be hired for one dollar per day. A few hand carriages, holding two ladies, are used, drawn by natives, sometimes one man pushing behind, while another is in front drawing, gentlemen walking by the side or near. We dislike this mode of locomotion and prefer to walk. Dust is an annoyance.

Intercourse between this Government and the United States officials is suspended. The ruffianly defiance of international law and diplomacy by these leaders in revolt and their followers is beyond description. The King had requested the President to recall Commissioner Brown. July 29, 1845, the King informed Mr. Brown that "his presence on these Islands is prejudicial to the peace of this kingdom."

Negotiation by correspondence is now pending between King Kamehameha III. and Commodore Stockton in relation to national affairs. Feeling anxious not to miss seeing our officers who frequently call, we seldom leave the house. They are often here to dinner or tea and to spend the evening. Mr. Abel gave a Diplomatic dinner to-day.

Mr. Robert Gordon, a graduate of Cambridge, who came out in the packet ship "Charles" has a school of twenty-five pupils from foreign families.

June 17th, Wednesday. There is a feast of sociability when ships of war are in port or when strangers arrive. We are looking around for a settled home. An informal interview, lasting two hours, took place to-day between R. C. Wyllie, Minister of Foreign Relations, and R. F. Stockton, Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Naval Forces in the Pacific. The following extract from a note sent to the U. S. Commissioner shows the result: "I am directed by the King to inform you that His Majesty's Government has agreed that Mr. Brown should resume his functions as Commissioner

until Mr. Ten Eyck is received and recognized by the King as the Commissioner from the United States. R. C. Wyllie. To George Brown, Esquire, Commissioner of the United States, &c., &c., &c."

Every night at ten o'clock a gun is fired from the Fort, at the foot of this street, as a signal for all public places to close.

June 18th, Thursday. Vegetables are fine and fruit excellent, melons the richest we ever tasted, plenty the year around—all brought to the door daily in calabashes, by natives, who sell fish in the same manner, and sometimes bring eggs and live poultry. Milk is scarce and no butter is made here. The nights are always cool—considerable bed covering is required. There are day and night mosquitoes, nets are necessary. We sleep with windows open—half the sash permanently removed in many cases.

June 19th, Friday. Events crowd. This week Father has met Commodore Stockton, several officers and officials at General Miller's and at Commissioner Brown's. He also went to one supper party attended by officers and residents

Consul General Turrill's Residence, Fort Street Honolulu

and has declined several invitations. This evening Mrs. Stevens gave a dance, having musicians of the band from our frigate. Ladies were much and tastefully dressed—many have their wardrobes sent out from their former homes. Dancing continued until about two o'clock. The missionaries do not attend parties where there is dancing. Frozen refreshments and iced drinks are not served, because there is no ice on the islands. Lemonade is freely used at all times, made with delicious limes. Lemons do not grow here.

Mother has taken a second horseback ride with Lieutenant Morgan. We desire to purchase two saddle-horses when suitable ones are selected. Some families pass the summer in grass houses in Nuuanu Valley, closing their town houses. The "Congress" will leave her chronic sick and incurable cases at the Marine Hospital. Last February, 1846, Mr. Abel reported that the whole number of seamen arriving at the ports of U. S. Consulate Honolulu and Lahaina during the past year in American vessels is 13,457—and the number departing during the same time is 13,802.

June 20th, Saturday. Sergeant Brown came ashore "to see the children" to-day. Mother and Father finished returning all calls of the missionaries. We are all, children included, invited to a large dancing party at the Bremen Consul's, Stephen Reynolds, near here, for this evening, but have declined.

According to previous appointment, his majesty Kamehameha III. admitted Commissioner Brown and Commodore Stockton and suite to an audience at the palace at twelve o'clock—the object being the installation of Mr. Ten Eyck as U. S. Commissioner at this Court. There were present chiefs, members of the Cabinet, Executive officers generally, quite a numerous assembly. Full dress resulted in a brilliant display. Music by the "Congress" band enlivened the event. Mr. Brown presented Mr. Ten Eyck, speeches were exchanged, etc. Afterwards Commodore Stockton presented his suite, viz., Captain Du Pont, Lieutenant-Commander Howison, of the U. S. schooner "Shark," Lieutenants Schenck, Green, Gray, Surgeon Moseley, Purser Speiden, Chaplain Colton, Lieutenant of Marines Zeilein.

Commodore's Secretary Norris, and Midshipman Lee. They had all assembled at the Commodore's rooms and walked together to the palace. This royal residence is built of coral, with verandas in front, situated in large and shady grounds. It is expected that a more commodious building will soon be erected.

June 21st, Sunday. Mr. Damon again exchanged with Mr. Colton this morning. In the afternoon a vast audience assembled at the King's Chapel—or Big Stone Church—consisting of the King, chiefs, government officials, foreign residents, navy officers, new arrivals,—and crowds of natives. It is estimated that this congregation numbered about 3,000. Mr. Colton spoke briefly from the pulpit, Mr. Armstrong interpreting. After singing by the choir, led by accordions played by young ladies, Mr. Armstrong descended and escorted Commodore Stockton, who was sitting near the King, to the platform, where he delivered a lengthy and masterly address, which was interpreted by Mr. Armstrong as spoken. Marked attention was paid by all present. At the conclusion of these interesting services the

King, chiefs, and prominent citizens, gathered around the speakers, thanking them heartily and lingering to be introduced to all strangers, and shaking hands and expressing good-will. We can never forget these novel scenes or the cordial welcome extended so sincerely. We spent the remainder of the day and evening quietly in the house. Arrived to-day the U. S. Storeship "Erie," Lieutenant-Commander Turner—thirty-one days from Mazatlan.

June 22d, Monday. We remain closely at home, in order not to miss seeing our seafaring friends who call. They have been hospitably entertained in Honolulu and have evidently appreciated all the kindness extended to them. A donation from the "Congress" amounts to $200, which is to be appropriated to the support of the Seaman's Chaplain or to the publication of *The Friend,* as Mr. Damon thinks most expedient. Mr. Damon gratefully acknowledged the gift and replied that the $74.65 contributed by the officers, seamen, and marines would be devoted to the cost of publishing *The Friend* and the remainder, $125.35 given by the officers, to the general expenses

of the Chaplaincy. We learn that the officers and crew of the U. S. schooner "Shark" have donated $49 to the support of *The Friend*. Reading matter is constantly placed on board vessels. Bibles and Testaments in various languages can be obtained at Chaplain Damon's study. Our seafaring friends express hope of meeting us in the future, as we all move about the world, and several promise correspondence when the irregular mails are available.

The natives, quick to observe, have named Judge Turrill, the "Konikela Nui," meaning the Large Consul. Their love of flowers is universal. Wreaths are constantly worn on head or neck and long green "leis" reaching nearly to their bare feet are favorite decorations. Music attracts all ages. They sing—but thus far we have only heard them wail, as for mourning or some distress. They squat on the ground or in the house, anywhere, not being accustomed to chairs or seats of any sort, and are a cheerful, childlike race.

June 23, 1846. We have not undertaken to express our sadness at the leave-takings of

yesterday, nor attempted to state what the farewell to the good ship which brought us safely 18,000 miles, means to us. We will only say that at daylight this morning, all being on board, the "Congress" weighed anchor—spread her white wings, and stood out from the open roadstead of Honolulu. The fresh breeze was favorable, and in a few hours she was lost to sight. As she faded from our view, we realized that the friendships formed during the long voyage would be life-long. With the departure of our noble frigate, this narrative ends.

APPENDIX

After thorough searching a house was selected, which Consul-General Turrill rented from Mr. McClurg, and we moved in. Ex-Consul Abel had *insisted* upon being appointed Vice-Consul, which was impossible, because Mr. Hubbard already held that office and was going to Lahaina, Maui, to enter upon the duties at once. Moreover, Mr. Abel was displeased when he found that Father remained firm for the principles that he held and declined to listen to incendiary political schemes. He declared we "should not stay in that house," and he immediately prevailed upon Mr. McClurg to raise the rent nearly four hundred dollars! We moved out, after ten days, into a furnished dwelling on Fort Street, next to the Catholic church, owned by Mr. Paty, where we lived one month. Good fortune then made it possible to purchase the house next door from Captain Dominis, who had just moved into his new residence, "Washington Place," where he left his wife and son, John O. Dominis, and sailed for China, taking ex-Commissioner Brown and his tall young son as passengers. This ship was never again heard from. As Mr. Hubbard expressed it, "We moved our plunder over the fence," and settled. We continued to own this place, for which father paid $4,000, several years after we returned to New York. In it a son was born April 18, 1847, named Frederick Turrill, who is now living (1913) at Honolulu. He is Commander of the Grand Army Post at Honolulu, Oahu, Hawaiian Islands.

ADDENDA TO THE APPENDIX

Latest Date, 1913.

All the officers of this voyage of the "Congress" died many years ago.

So far as ascertained, the seamen and marines also have all crossed to the other shore.

Of the twelve passengers, Judge Turrill's two daughters are the only ones living, namely:—

Elizabeth Douglas Turrill, who married Daniel Van Denburgh, of Syracuse, N. Y. Their children are:

Mary Turrill Van Denburgh,
Douglas Van Denburgh,
John Van Denburgh.

Mary Hubbard Turrill, who married Daniel Herbert Temple, of New York City. Their one child is Grace Douglas Temple.

The two survivors of the hundreds who sailed the seas over on this cruise of the "Congress" now have homes in the Golden Gate of California.

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